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NO. 12.

WHERE ART THOU?

BY A LADY.

Oh, where art thou, my life, my love,
This grand, this solemn night?
My thoughts are with thee, as I rove
Beneath the moon's pure light.
Bright clouds upon the fitful wind,
On wandering pinions stray;
I watched them with an absent mind—
For thou art far away!

Where art thou, love? The night is fair,
And soft the breezes blow;
And many a holy, watchful star,
Looks down with fervent glow.
I raise my eyes to Heaven above;
I lift my hands to pray;
Devotion dies, in bleeding love—
For thou art far away.

Within thy bosom lies my heart,
I am but one with thee;
My soul is with thee where thou art,
And what is left of me?
I sigh, the wind that sigh returns,
As ripe leaves rustling play;
But beauty dies, my spirit mourns—
For thou art far away.

Oh, where art thou? And what am I?
What means this bosom's swell?
The trembling heart, the blush, the sigh;
Ah me! I know too well!
Too well, I know, that I am thine,
And doom'd from thee to stray,
Ten thousand torturing thoughts combine—
For thou art far away.

Oh, where art thou, my life, my love—
Where smile thy beaming eyes?
Are they not rais'd like mine above,
Where love immortal lies?
Oh, meet me there, with ardent heart,
At every close of day;
Until we meet no more to part—
Where peace and rapture stay.

THE DIRGE OF THE MARINER.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I ask not to sleep where the ancient church-bell
Will fright the young birds from my grave—
More dear than its chime is the requiem swell,
And musical moan of the wave:
Let not the frail herbage grow over my bones,
Which the winter-gale covers with snow;
O! bury me not where memorial stones,
Earth's chronicled sepulchres show.

But place me away where the curlews sweep
Round the Ocean's unlaurelled goal;
On the sparkling beach, where the surges sleep,
And the waters forget to roll:

I have lived on its mighty and solemn breast,
And I love it far more than land;
O! when I am dead, let my ashes rest
Entombed on the weltering strand!

For there the green billows with chaplets of foam
Will come from the midst of the sea,
Like friends from the haunts of my ocean-home,
To utter their sorrow for me;
They will bring gay weeds from the fathomless caves
And twine them above my head,
And the ambient gleam of the distant waves
They will cast on my lonely bed.

With shells like the rainbow, and pebbles rare
They'll enamel the polished strand,
And the signs of their faithful vigils there
Will be traced on the silver sand.
Sadly the sound of their mournful retreat
In the distance will die away,
And wildly the sobs of their coming will greet
The home of the mariner's clay.

They'll haste on the wings of the tempest, to wail,
Or under the starlight, to sigh;
They'll throng like an army its chieftain to hail,
Or meekly creep thither to die.
Let my slab be inscribed by the radiant wave,
My shroud be enwove from the surge,
Let no tears but the spray wet the mariner's grave,
And the sea sound forever his dirge!

OUR NAVY.

[We present below another article from our correspondent H. B., whose previous papers upon naval subjects, we have taken occasion to commend to the notice of our readers. We invite their special attention to the following essay. While we hope that every contribution that finds admission into the columns of the Messenger will be worthy of their regard, and each, after its manner, contribute its quota to their amusement and instruction, we deem the subject that is discussed below, as having a strong claim independent of its great literary merit—nay, as laying, by the deep considerations of patriotism and duty, a requirement upon each one to whom the interests and honor of his country are dear, to study, to reflect and to act.]

We would that the sword were sheathed—that the standard of battle were furled forever. But such is not the case. We are yet exposed to the perils of conflict, and that with mighty nations. Dark clouds are gathering in the horizon, that threaten every moment to burst, and to involve us in the consequences. In the event of such a crisis, can any one doubt that it is to our Navy we must look as our strongest arm of defence? that Navy that has won for us so many laurels upon Lake and Sea, and beneath whose bunting has cowered even the Red-Cross of Saint-George? But is this agent of national defence in a condition to meet such an exigency? This is an important question, and for an answer let the reader look to the following and the preceding articles from the masterly pen of our correspondent. We assure them that it is a pen fully capable of discussing this question.

The plan for a *Corps of Reserve*, proposed for the Navy, is believed to be wholly original. We can only say, read and act upon the important suggestions therein contained. Let it be remembered, *if war should come, we must look to the merchant service*, not only for men, but for officers for our Navy. And what shall be the qualifications of these officers? Shall they have all the advantages of a training in the school-ship, as proposed below, or shall they rush totally unprepared to the quarter-deck, and be called from the quiet routine of commercial prosperity, to "stand to their guns, and be ready?"

But, the school-ship appears to be almost as important to the interests of our country in peace, as in war. *Let Marine Insurance Companies* attend to the valuable suggestions which they will find in this paper, relative to the increased safety in the navigation of merchant-ships, which would flow from the employment of commanders well educated in the naval school-ship. But we will not detain the reader. Once more we respectfully yet earnestly request all to study this paper. Would that it could be spread before the eyes of the whole country!

The pen that has performed this labor, is wielded by one deeply informed as to the subjects upon which he writes—by one interested, as every true sailor must be, in aught that concerns the firesides of mothers and sisters, the proud flag that floats over him, and "the wooden walls" of his country.]—*Ed. Mess.*

SCRAPS FROM THE LUCKY BAG.

No. III.

DETAILS OF THE SCHOOL-SHIP.

France, England, and Russia, nay, even the Grand Turk himself, Mr. Editor, has his Naval School. These schools, though severally conducted under different systems, agree, nevertheless, in this one principle; viz:—that the proper teachers for officers, are officers. This principle is well known, and forms a striking feature in all military institutions. Divest the faculty at West Point of its military character, and what think you would be the state of discipline, and consequently, the national advantages, of that institution? Disrobe the chairs at Brienne and at Woolwich, of their military cloaks, and what kind of soldiers, let me ask, would have been turned out upon the field to manœuvre the armies of France and of England? In the schools of *homoeopathy*, the dogma is, that "like cures like." And this dogma reversed, becomes the doctrine which is every where preached, that, in normal schools, like begets like. Would you, Mr. Editor, have a surgeon to teach sculpture; or a lawyer medicine? Neither, sir, would I have a landsman to teach a sailor the way of his ship over the sea; nor a citizen, from the walks of private life, to direct the education of officers for the Navy. Give me for that your old sea-dog, whose mind is well stored with professional lore—who can instruct the Reefer in the art of doing things "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," as well as "according to Gunter, and in man-o'-war style,"—who can introduce the discipline and etiquette of the quarter deck into the school-room—one who, in the course of instruction, can impart to the Mid-

shipman all the pride and feelings of the officer—excite him to noble emulation, and imbue him with the spirit of a sailor; so that the young aspirant, ere ever he has tasted salt-water, can imagine himself almost 'web-footed;' and, when domiciliated in his ocean-home, feel that he is indeed on his element. Such, sir, should be the teachers for our little School-ship.

It was remarked by the sailor-king of England, William IV., that the best school for educating gentlemen, is the quarter deck of a man-of-war. Change the present system, so as to introduce the discipline of the quarter deck below hatches, that it may be felt in the school-room, and the fact would soon become obvious, that the best school for training up sailors, and officers, and gentlemen, would be the little man-of-war school-ship of the Americans.

Under the present arrangement, the duties of the school-room, when one is to be found on board of a man-of-war, are subordinate to every other duty in the ship. There, the Midshipman is practically taught to consider his attendance at school, as the matter of the least importance in his routine of duties. He is interrupted at his lessons to go on shore for the Captain's pig; or he is called from recitation, to count the duck-frocks and trowsers contained in the wardrobe of Tom Brown, the sailor. I have known a Captain, who forbade the Midshipman to "work out longitude," on the ground that it was a secret of the Captain and Master; and, therefore, it was exceedingly officious, and unbecoming the character of gentlemen, for Midshipmen to be prying into the rate and error of the chronometer, or to have any thing to do with the longitude.

If you reflect that all the authority, on board of a man-of-war, is in the hands of the Captain and Lieutenants—that the school-room, even when one is tolerated, is too often made the pretext, by many Midshipmen, for avoiding duty on deck, or elsewhere,—you may understand why the school-room is by no means considered in the light of a subsidiary to the discipline of the ship; but quite the contrary. Discipline is always, and deservedly so, a matter of the first importance on board a man-of-war. Upon it is based the efficiency of the ship, and even the safety of men and officers. On the Captain and Lieutenants depends a proper state of discipline, and they are held responsible for it. Discipline can only be maintained, by requiring from every one a prompt and ready response to the calls of ship's duties. And whenever, not heeding such calls, the luckless Reefer urges for excuse his attendance in the school-room, the school-room is considered as a bore, and from that moment is looked upon too much in the light of a skulking place for lazy Midshipmen. Hence it is considered by no means discreditable to the Midshipman never to be seen in the school-room; and many

make it a matter of pride, never to enter there. Every officer is so fully convinced of the futility of attempting to teach Midshipmen under present arrangements, that there is no one to take any interest in the matter. Even the professors themselves, when they come to understand the difficulties in their way, "go through the motions" of their *duty*, merely for form's sake—conscious that they labor in vain.

Education is a matter of primary importance, and it must be treated as such, else it will never flourish. That any school, either ashore or afloat, should prosper, among other requisites it is an essential one, that the duties of the school-room should be of paramount importance. Hence, you may readily enough perceive, how that, education can never flourish under any system of instruction on board of one of our public vessels, where every thing is made to bend to the man-of-war—where the reefing of a topsail, the crossing of a yard, or the cleaning of a cutlass, is made a matter of more importance than the demonstration of every proposition in the six books of Euclid.

For this reason, I would set apart one of the idle ships in the Navy for a school-ship. On board of that ship, the duties of the school should be paramount to all others,—that is, she should be *first* a school-ship, and then the man-of-war. Every officer on board—Purser, Chaplain, Master, Surgeon, Lieutenant and Commander,—every one, should have a chair assigned him, and take part in the duties and management of the school. The Captain should be tactician, and, ex-officio, the President. Him I would hold responsible for the condition of the school-ship, and the proper management of the school, as he is now for the discipline and efficiency of a man-of-war. The Chaplain should instruct in Languages; the Purser, in Gymnastics; the Master, in Drawing and Naval Architecture; the Surgeon, in Chemistry and Natural History; and the Lieutenants, in Mathematics, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Navigation, &c.

I have assigned languages to the Chaplain, because his clerical character presupposes him learned in the *dead languages*; but I would none of them, Mr. Editor; the *useful, practical*, living languages, I advocate; first, that most difficult, arbitrary, and useful of all languages, the English; and after this, your French, or German, or Spanish. The study of languages constituting an important part in the education of a clergyman, it would appear that the duties of Linguist in the school-ship, might be more appropriately assigned to the Chaplain, than to the officers of any other grade in the Navy.

Gymnastics—particularly that department which includes the cunning art of fence, and the sailor's amusement of "single sticks"—I have assigned to the Purser; not from any peculiar qualifications which the officers of that grade are supposed to

possess in this respect. It is not enough that the Navy officer should understand the use of the weapon at his side, merely for his own sake. But when he goes to sea, he will find that "his division" would be doubly strong, if, in boarding and repelling boarders, they understand the broad sword. He should be prepared not only to set them the example, but qualified to instruct them in the skilful use of the arms that are put in their hands. Therefore some officer should have especial charge of this department; and, if in the economy of the organization, it were not deemed expedient to raise the science of the sword to the dignity of a chair, I would assign gymnastics, including fencing, to the Gunner; and the Purser might take some other chair for which he is better qualified,—international and maritime jurisprudence for instance. If that grade, in its present numbers, would afford no one properly qualified to fill such a chair; let it, with a Purser's commission, be tendered to some one, ably competent, in civil life. I would make a similar tender of a Master's commission to a Naval Architect and Draftsman.

The twenty thousand dollars annually wasted under the present system, on professors of mathematics in the Navy, if added to the pay, as Navy officers, of the professors of the school-ship, would make the salary of these more than sufficient to command for the faculty, the best talents the country can afford. Every professor should be a regularly commissioned officer of the Navy—thereby placing him under military law, subjecting him to the rules and regulations of the Navy—identifying him with the service, the more effectually to secure his interest in the school, and more surely to enable him to impart the proper *esprit du corps* to his pupils.

I assign the chair of Chemistry to the Surgeon, because the Navy affords many officers of that grade, who could fill either that chair, or the chair of Natural History, and of Philosophy, or the three, with great ability. It is an important item in the economy of the school-ship arrangement, that no branch of science should, ex-officio, attach to an officer of any particular grade. As Professors, they should be all equal; one chair should be as important as another, whether filled by the highest or the lowest officer on board. But, as officers of the ship, every one should enjoy his appropriate rank.

Officers on board of such a ship, who have nothing to do with the school, would be like misplaced lenses in a telescope. There should be none to interrupt, or to confuse; but all should be engaged in the business of teaching, that the powers of all might be concentrated upon the one great object. Therefore you will observe that I have multiplied chairs, and distributed more professorships than under other circumstances might be thought judicious. But you will see sufficient

reason for this, when you consider, that one important feature of the school-ship is to train up the young officer with proper ideas of the discipline on board of a man-of-war. Therefore, have all the officers on board of that ship, upon whom that discipline is to operate, and who have their part to perform in maintaining it; that the pupil may see it in all its bearings, and have continually before him a practical illustration of the wholesome effects—of the efficiency and strength—which a well regulated system of discipline imparts to the man-of-war.

Take for your school-ship one of our 74's that are rotting at their moorings—for a ship in ordinary decays as rapidly as a house without a tenant; and the putting of one of these in commission for a school-ship would be an actual saving in arresting the progress of decay by means of more perfect ventilation and frequent cleaning of the ship. But if a 74, or a frigate may not be had, the Navy will be content with a sloop-of-war, having simply a light deck thrown over her, and being lightly sparred and rigged, that the Midshipmen may be taught to hand and reef; and, in her annual cruise of two months at sea, constitute her crew proper.

Besides cooks and servants for the table, there should be on board ten or fifteen good seamen, as 'a stand by.' The Midshipmen of the school should have an appropriate uniform, allowing free exercise and use of the limbs and muscles. They should be practised frequently at handing and reefing, at making and taking in sail, sending up and down top-gallant-yards, and the like. Every one should take care of his own hammock. They should, for the benefit of the exercise, and for other purposes, take frequent excursions in row-boats and in sail-boats, always their own oarsmen.

Those who were the best sailors, should be rated as captains of tops and other petty officers; those who were first in gunnery, as gunner's mates, &c.; and those who stood highest in their several classes, should be rated as master's mates; and thus an incentive would be created, and an inducement held out, for calling into existence, and for bringing forth, every quality that is becoming in the sailor or is graceful in the officer. If the Navy were increased, as I have shown it ought to be, so as to allow a full complement of officers for every ship, the number of pupils in the school-ship, required merely to fill *vacancies in the Navy*, would be about one hundred and fifty—supposing the period for graduating to be three years. This estimate is made on the supposition, that the admissions of each year would be lessened by fifteen, previous to graduation; and that the remaining number, in the course of three years at sea, would be attended with a still further reduction; leaving about thirty to fill the vacancies that annually would occur in the list of Lieutenants, from deaths, resignations, dismissals and promotions: But if

the school-ship were to cruise at sea two months in every year, the scholastic term might, with great advantage, be extended to four years; after which, a cruise of two years at sea, should entitle the graduate to an examination in seamanship alone; on which, if found qualified, he should be passed and promoted. Under such a system, Mr. Editor, you would see the service invigorated with young officers. We should then have boys for Midshipmen and young men for Lieutenants. You would no longer see gray headed Midshipmen; or superannuated grand-papas, for young officers.

In this age of discovery, of invention and improvement, Mr. Editor; when nautical skill, geodetic operations, and every problem of science in whatever branch with which the mariner has to do, have been reduced to exact rules, or the process of solution greatly simplified, it is no longer a matter of choice whether the rising generation of our Navy officers shall be properly educated or not. It will not do now for the navigator, when asked to point out the place of his ship at sea, to slap his out-spread hand down upon the chart—and say, *there*. His place on that chart is a point; and as such he must designate and mark it. A ready solution of the long-sought problem of longitude has been obtained; our means of observation have been multiplied; and new data have been afforded to us, by which latitude, as well as longitude, may be determined. Invention, discovery and improvement are daily adding to the navigator's resources; and every officer should be familiar with the principles involved in each and every process by which longitude, latitude, or magnetic forces, may be determined; whether that process be simple or complicated. Before the facilities of the present day were known, many sought in vain to devise the means of procuring an artificial horizon at sea, as an adjuvant of longitude—yet a desideratum. Swinging chairs and hanging tables were proposed and tried, without success. But the most ingeniously impracticable method for the purpose originated with a Frenchman, who thought to accomplish the object, by fixing a circular mirror on the crown of a top, and spinning it on the deck of a ship at sea.

Magnetism too has been called on to aid in the solution of the grand problem of terrestrial longitude. Variation charts were constructed at a very early day. But modern improvements have invested this science, hitherto but little understood, with a new importance, and given it an interest which it never before possessed. As an auxiliary in the development of the laws of magnetism, charts have been also constructed to show the lines of equal inclination and intensity, as well as of variation. These lines, apparently of fanciful convolutions, and of arbitrary course and flexure, are found on examination to be governed by fixed principles; whether under the form of lunes, as-

symptotes, lemniscates, or circles; or in the many "variations of conjugate oval, cusp, and node, in which the geometry of curves luxuriates," they are the exponents of magnetic quantities, regulated by mathematical rule, in obedience to certain laws of physics, which present research is seeking more fully to investigate. In his *magnetic storms*, Humboldt, a few years ago, discovered a new principle in magnetism, which, when properly investigated and fully understood, may lead to most important results; affording the means of determining longitude with an accuracy hitherto unknown. It is impossible to calculate the bearings on the economy of mankind, which the discovery of any new principle in physics is destined to have, however trifling that principle may appear when first revealed. The fall of an apple, and the motion of a frog's leg in the kitchen of a philosopher, have led to the most important results, and given powers to man, the extent and value of which, though already great, are not yet fully developed. The discovery of Humboldt has revealed, in the cosmical circulation of the magnetic fluid, the existence of a *pulse*, which is found to be synchronous in its action over all parts of the world where observation has as yet been directed to the subject. The beats occur at intervals, and, acting simultaneously on the needle every where, this discovery may constitute a natural telegraph, in perpetual operation, for the communication of longitude. Impressed with a sense of the importance with which this science has thus been invested, the Pacha of Egypt, and the semi-barbarous Rajah of a Hindoo province,* in concert with England, Russia, Belgium, Austria, Prussia and Bavaria, joined by a few private citizens of America, are at this time engaged in conducting a grand series of magnetic observations; of which Gottingen is the centre,—the out-skirts reaching from Siberia to a voyage of circumpolar navigation in the Antarctic ocean. With such an impulse and under such auspices, the laborers are already clearing away the rubbish in this branch of knowledge. The work of a few years past is throwing down the rude scaffolding of former theorists; and in its place something is seen rising up, like the pillar and spire of a less fanciful edifice, having the rigid but beautiful proportions of an exact science. Yet a course of magnetism constitutes no part of the professional education of the American Navy officer. The Midshipman, who seeks to become learned in the branches of science that pertain to his profession, and who, before the Examining Board, should so far stray from the lids of Bowditch, as to get among the isodynamic and other lines of a magnetic chart, would be black-balled as certainly as though he were to club-haul a ship for the Board in the Hebrew tongue. Such is the present system, that the young officer finds but

few incentives, and no official inducements, to undertake an extensive course of professional studies.

If you will examine the records of a mad-house among any commercial people, of little more than a half a century ago, you will find there frequent instances of men who had cracked their heads upon 'longitude at sea.' Large rewards, both by governments and individuals, were offered for the practical solution of this problem. It was even classed by some with perpetual motion and the quadrature of the circle. Yet, now that it is understood, it is quite as easy for the scientific navigator to ascertain the longitude of his ship, as it was to resolve Columbus' problem of the egg, after the demonstration. And in these days, the wonder is, not how the solution of the problem for finding longitude was discovered, but how it remained hidden so long,—so obvious and so palpable were the means of the *quæsitum*. The whole secret of the matter consists in knowing the difference between the time of day at the ship and at any other place. And—borrowing an idea from the beautiful simile of Dr. Wollaston—the moon is the hand of a great clock, placed by God in the sky, for this purpose. Therefore, he who can tell the time by the celestial clock, knows the longitude of his ship.

Another method, more simple, but less infallible and therefore not so beautiful, for determining longitude, is found in the substitution of a watch in the cabin of the ship, for "the great Greenwich clock in the sky." This watch is set by Greenwich time, and, supposing it to run correctly, always shows the true time at the Royal Observatory. Then all that remains to be done for finding longitude, is to tell the time of day by observation at the ship. But how can the place of a ship at sea be known, by reflecting the sun in a little mirror, and bringing its image to the horizon? Or how can it be discovered, by looking through a brass tube at the moon, and moving an index along the arch of a sextant? What, it may be asked by those unacquainted with the principles, have the sun and moon in the sky, or those things in the sextant, to do with a ship on the ocean? When told of Augmentation, Semidiameter, Dip, Parallax and Refraction; of the Equation of time, of Horary angles, Azimuth circles and Zenith distances, Right Ascension and Declination; of the inclination of the orbit of the earth, and of the focii and conjugate axes of an ellipse, &c.—and when the spherical principles involved in the calculations, are mentioned, the catholic proposition, the circular parts, the product of Radius and "middle part's sine," extremes conjunct and disjunct, and the final process of $x - y = \&c.$, the young officer uninstructed in mathematics, becomes dispirited at the difficulties in the way of *his* understanding the lunar problem. There is no one to encourage, or to expound to him the analytical symbols of Algebra, and to guide him among the mystic circles

* Lond. Qr. Review. No. CXXXI.

of the sphere; hence, many a time, the energies of his young mind "are turned awry, and lose the name of action." Therefore, without knowing whether the *data* and *quæsitæ* of the lunar problem, be arcs or angles, it is often, very, very often, the case, that Midshipmen, turning to Bowditch, commit to memory the formula of his first or second method for "finding the longitude at sea by a lunar observation." Thus crammed, or "drilled," as it is called, they go before the Board of Examination, where, strange to say, there is a premium offered for such qualifications. He who repeats "by heart" the rules of Bowditch, though he does not understand the mathematical principles involved in one of them, obtains a higher number from the Board, than he who, skilled in mathematics, goes up to the black board, and drawing his diagram, can demonstrate every problem in navigation. And, as merely to pass is the great object with many, you may well imagine how low the standard of mathematical attainments is thus brought, under the present system.

I once had a friend who possessed considerable attainments in mathematics. Therefore he cared not to commit to memory the rule for working any mathematical problem, but took pleasure in solving each of the various problems in navigation, according to the strict principles of mathematics. He thought to gain credit for those attainments, and relied on them to carry him safely through this branch before the Board of Examiners. When put upon his examination for promotion, and questioned as to the Lunar problem, he pretended ignorance of the 1st and 2nd methods of Bowditch, which, in those days, the candidates were merely required to repeat by rote: but, stepping up to the black board, he drew the diagram, and proceeded to treat the problem as a proposition in spherical trigonometry. The mathematical examiner floundered in the midst of the demonstration, the midshipman insisted; and they appealed to the Board. But no one of these being capable of judging between them, my friend was unanimously voted wrong, in spite of a mathematical truth. One of the members rose from his seat, and, with a magnificent air, advised the poor fellow to go to sea and study his profession. A knowledge of mathematics, like the legacy to Dickens' Cobbler, had "almost worked his destruction." It proved a rock on which he struck, and had well nigh 'bilged,' for he found that by differing with those 'potent siegnors' he was kept out of promotion for nearly two years. However, when the merits and qualifications of those who had appeared before the Board were made known, he had the satisfaction of finding, that though he himself had not been considered well qualified to pass, he had proved a most excellent teacher; for all those whom he had drilled, passed high upon the list and with great eclat. Therefore, Mr. Editor, if you have any young friend in

the Navy, preparing for the ordeal of examination, advise him to adhere to the rules as they are laid down in Bowditch,—to commit them to *memory*, and not to attempt to *understand* the mathematical principles on which they are founded, for such information will profit him nothing under the present system.

In Lord Anson's time, less than one hundred years ago, the only means of ascertaining longitude at sea was by the "log," which is a chip thrown over board with a string tied to it. By it is told the rate at which the ship is going through the water, but not over the bottom. It was then no uncommon thing for the reckoning to be 15° or 20° out of the way. I have myself seen those who kept 'Dead Reckoning,' *reckon* their ship on top of the Andes. Lord Anson, when navigators had not the facilities which are now afforded for correcting Dead Reckoning, came near running his ship ashore at Tierra del Fuego, though he thought himself 9° or 10° to the westward of it. And one of the ships of his squadron actually made the land on the side of the continent, opposite to the side on which he judged himself to be. And since Cook's time, which is much later, an error has been discovered in the means then afforded of finding longitude by lunar observations, which produced an error of thirty miles in the longitude.

Although the mathematical solution of this problem requires the simple addition of but eight logarithms, division by 2, and the subtraction of one logarithm to give the true lunar distance, wise men and astronomers have tortured their brains in search of a process for finding longitude at sea, less operose and more practicable than this. And there are now outstanding large rewards, proffered by one or more societies in England, for the discovery of some such method. Both governments and societies have acted unphilosophically in this respect. They have attempted to rob the science of navigation of its charms, by seeking to strip from it the attributes of intellect, placing it thereby on a level with the capacity of the unlettered mass of mariners. That these efforts have been attended with success, to a certain degree, is true. But how far the science of navigation has been advanced, or the safe conduct of ships promoted, by making the solution of most problems in the science a mechanical, instead of an intellectual, operation, let others determine. For the sake of dispensing with the use of one or two logarithms more, in the solution of the lunar problem, to intrust a long rule to the memory, at the expense of the understanding, may sometimes be of individual advantage; but it is doubtful whether it has resulted in giving that nicety to the calculations of the navigator, which the knowledge necessary to a proper mathematical solution is sure to impart. Therefore it may be considered very problematical, whether the world in general, and navy officers in particular, have

been benefitted by this 'simplifying process.' If, instead of such measures, steps with the same zeal had been taken for the diffusion of knowledge among seamen, so as to raise among them the standard of attainments for the navigator—placing him thereby on a level with the science of his art—this problem would long ago have ceased to be considered difficult and tedious; and then the philanthropic end for which the rewards were offered, would have been more than accomplished. For as it now is, an expert navigator—one who is accustomed to the logarithmic solution of mathematical problems—can perform the whole operation in ten minutes; and there remain to him, beside, all the collateral advantages of his mathematical attainments derived in the necessary course of previous instruction.

The process of finding longitude by chronometer is less tedious and more simple. It has been brought to its highest perfection in our own day. It *supposes* the chronometer to run at a previously established and uniform rate, during the longest passages at sea. Therefore, though the structure of these instruments has been brought to a wonderful degree of accuracy, longitude by chronometer can never be implicitly relied on; and the longer the passage, the greater the probable amount of error. Though there may be perfect agreement between two or more chronometers in the same ship, this does not prove the longitude correct, but only makes it less doubtful. And though a chronometer may run correctly for ninety-nine days, or as many passages, it may change on the hundredth, and the confidence, which it before inspired, prove the rock on which the ship and all hands are lost.

But there is a means of testing chronometers at sea, which is not unfrequently, but by no means generally, resorted to—viz., that of a lunar observation. The moon, though emblematic with the poet of all that is fickle and changeable, is, to the sailor, ever constant and true. For his use, she controls the tides; and, ever chiming to the 'harmony of the spheres' for him, at every moment, she writes with her silvery pencils in the sky, the place of his ship on the ocean. To read the writing on that blue scroll is the highest and the most beautiful accomplishment that can be practised by the mariner on the deep. Among the wonders and mighty works seen by those "that do business in great waters," there is not one more striking and grand, or more sublimely eloquent than this. An expert lunarian may always rely, within five miles, on his observation; but, allowing ten miles to be the limit within which ordinary skill will bring every one, the navigator has always within his reach, at sea, the means of detecting any error in his chronometer, beyond certain limits. Even that degree of proficiency is not difficult of attainment, which will enable him to ascertain, with a wonderful accuracy, the error of his chronometer, and even to assign for it a new rate at sea.

Do not imagine that I disparage the great body of those who navigate the ocean, or that I would underrate the attainments of our Navy officers. The latter, entering the service at fourteen or fifteen years of age, and before the groundwork of education in their young minds is completed, have difficulties in the way of their education, which none but they themselves can understand. And it is surprising, how, in the face of such difficulties, they should ever become the accomplished and intelligent officers and gentlemen, they are known to be. It too often happens that, after six years of service, there appear before the Board to be examined for promotion, Midshipmen, who are required to "work ship," manœuvre fleets, and fight battles on paper; when it is known by the Board, that many of them have never been permitted so much as to tack a ship, or to load and fire a gun. And as for the 'great body of navigators' not being properly instructed in the science of their profession, I might, by way of illustration, cite the case of one of those accomplished seamen who command the Liverpool packets of New-York. He tried the experiment of navigating by two chronometers. But they, having separate errors and rates of course, only served to confuse him, as he said, by "making a botheration in his longitude;" and as the shortest way of getting rid of this difficulty, he put one of the chronometers in his drawer and locked it up. To this day, many of the traders from Boston and New-York to the West-Indies, make their voyages without any means whatever of ascertaining longitude. On their outward-bound passage, they steer due south, till they make the latitude of their port; and then steer due west—thus sailing along the legs, instead of the hypothenuse, of a triangle. That numerous and valuable class of vessels, known under the patronymic of 'coasters,' is seldom—indeed I have never known an instance of one being—provided with any nautical book, chart, or instrument whatever, except the compass and the lead, or as they call the latter, 'the blue pigeon.' If you would see some of the practical disadvantages of their rude method of navigation, look to the Jersey shore; or go to our own Southern coast. Hundreds of wrecks strew the beach between Hatteras and Henry. And what are they, but monuments to navigators who have lost their reckoning?

A year or two ago I coasted along that shore. The beach, a few miles from Cape Henry, all the way to Cape Hatteras—I might add to Cape Lookout, but particularly to the north of Hatteras—was literally lined with wrecks. Eight or ten were often seen at one view—but never less than two or three—dotting the beach, or the foam of the breakers, with their black and riven hulls. Some lay dismasted in the edge of the rollers; some, not yet gone to pieces, were wallowing in the surf. The crew of one that had just gone ashore, were seen

pitching tents of her sails on the sand, and were endeavoring to land the cargo. Most of the wrecks had gone to pieces. But there was one—a nice little schooner—which had been thrown high and dry several yards from the water, and was standing upright in the sand, with masts and rigging complete. The little turrets that were seen from time to time peering up from behind the sand-hills, told to the fancy many a silent story of false beacons, wrecks, and plunder. The legends of the coasting trade abound in shipwrecks and “cast-aways;” in tales of false lights, murdered crews, and pillaged ships. According to these, the wreckers along some parts of our coast are as savage and as merciless as ever were those on the coast of Connaught.

Undertaking to classify the human race, and to compare the mortality incident to the followers of the different trades and professions, some one remarked, that he knew not whether to class the sailor at sea with the living or the dead. But the dangers incident to the sailor's calling, are not all owing to the winds and waves. If the immense losses of life and property that annually occur among ships could be traced to the true causes, it would be found that a large proportion of them could not be fairly ascribed to the “dangers of the sea,” but rather to reckonings lost, and bad navigation. As a work of benevolence with the humane and philanthropic, and as a matter of interest among insurance offices and merchants generally, it deserves consideration, whether some effective means may not be devised, and put in execution, for raising the standard of the merchant captain's qualifications; and for having every vessel supplied with the instruments and persons necessary for safe navigation. The subject is one, too, of national concern, and therefore commends itself also to the consideration of the patriot and statesman. With these the means are ready, simple, and economical, and would be abundantly supplied by a well-regulated school-ship. The number of pupils already proposed to be there entertained might be increased, so as to extend beyond the immediate wants of the Navy, and reach our commercial marine—supplying this last in times of peace, with a body of highly educated, well-trained, and skilful officers, who, in war, would constitute a corps of reserve for the Navy. However great may be the powers of expansion, which the Navy of such a commercial people as this may possess with regard to ships and seamen, the power of a corresponding increase, with regard to well-trained officers, is wanting; nor has the Navy been ever endowed with the means by which this power may be obtained. Six years of schooling and training are considered necessary to prepare a Midshipman for the duties of Lieutenant; and six years then must be the time, which, in any emergency, under the present system, must elapse, before any increase above the

usual ratio can take place among the commissioned officers of the Navy. In war, the merchant service would afford hundreds of vessels and thousands of seamen for the Navy. In less than one month after a declaration of war, scores of armed schooners, brigs, sloops and corvettes, superior to any vessels of their class in the last war, might be bought, equipped as men-of-war, and sent against the enemy, could the government spare from the Navy, proper officers to command them. Possessing beyond dispute the finest commercial marine in the world, is it wise entirely to neglect every course of policy, or totally to disregard every measure, which shall render available in war, the very great advantages to be derived from such a resource? The question needs no reply. Suppose that a greater number of pupils were admitted in the school-ship, and permitted at the end of six years to be examined for promotion, than should barely be sufficient to supply the Navy with its yearly quota of officers? Striking a balance between the merits and demerits of each one, let those having the greatest number in their favor be commissioned as Lieutenants in the Navy, until the yearly number of vacancies should be filled; then let certain inducements, if necessary, be held out to the others, for entering as mates and masters in the merchant service, with the understanding that they shall be received back into the Navy as Lieutenants, should a state of war, and the exigencies of the public service, render it necessary to call on them. It cannot be doubted, that the advantages of their education, their high-toned moral character and gentlemanly bearing, would soon gain for them the preference of ship owners. Without such advantages in their favor as the school-ship would give, we find half-pay officers of the Royal Navy already in the enjoyment of a like preference with the ship-owners of England. They are sought for the command of East Indiamen; they are preferred for all distant and important voyages; and we find the Great Western, and other of the English steam-packets, commanded by Navy officers, who are now becoming acquainted as pilots with our principal ports; and are acquiring a fund of information, that in war would prove most valuable to their country, and injurious to this, *Verbum sapientibus*. Ceasing then to be at an expense to the government, these school-ship officers would find employment, at once honorable and profitable to their country and themselves; they would reflect credit on the wisdom of their government; and serving, by the force of example, by their skill, and the tone of their character, to raise the standard of the ship-master's attainments, they would make still more respectable that already highly respectable class of men, and add to the safety of American ships at sea. Trained in the man-of-war school of discipline, their employment in the merchant ship, would daily increase their experience as seamen; by the

force of early habits and of education, all their predilections, whenever a state of war should interrupt them in their peaceful pursuits, would be in favor of the Navy; and to it they would naturally look for employment. By these arrangements, every man-of-war, in time of peace, may be furnished with her due quota of Midshipmen, which cannot be the case under any system, unless the yearly rate of appointments greatly exceed the yearly rate of promotions. Thus, at an expense too trifling to be taken into account, a corps of reserve of well-trained officers may be created for the Navy, and maintained in constant training ever afterwards, without the expense of a single dollar to the public treasury. Commending this subject to the reader for reflection, with the promise to enter more fully into the discussion of it at another time, let us return from the merchant service, and the "*corps of reserve*," to the Navy proper.

One of the most intelligent officers of the Navy writes: "I have written to the committee on naval affairs, to urge the necessity of a more perfect reorganization of the Navy." The letter concluded with the avowal of the conscientious belief, that "rather than the present system should continue, it were better to dismantle and sell the ships, and turn the officers adrift to seek a livelihood; for many of us feel that we are instruments, (unwilling instruments, it is true,) nevertheless we are instruments for deceiving and defrauding the public." This is by no means an uncommon sentiment, or a partial feeling among the officers. By the act of 1814-'15, a dose of slow poison was administered to the Navy. The Navy has lingered and pined under its operation, until its effects have been felt in every member of the body. Never before has the spirit of discontent, among all grades in the Navy, walked forth in the broad light of day, with half such restive but determined steps. The period is fast approaching, when something must be done to stay the evils of the deranged system. Officers, and the friends of the Navy, have forborne, until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. They feel that to remain longer silent with the Navy in its present condition, would be but to betray the interests confided to them by their fellow-citizens.

The Navy, as at present organized, may be compared to a ship without discipline—the officers, to her crew. One Captain has been relieved by another, only to perpetuate the evils of the system. "Skulks and lazy louts," have been made the first and second Captains of the main-top. The best men in the ship have been "black-listed and put in the waste" without cause. Before the crew of one gun has been properly exercised, or well drilled, the whole division is thrown into confusion—some have liberty to go on shore—some are stationed elsewhere—and others put in their places, only to be severed in like manner. All is in confusion, and there is no system in any thing on board, ex-

cept in the bad management of every thing. If a mast or a yard be sprung, the cost of repairing it is more than the expense of a new one—yet it is repaired. The most wasteful expenditures are made in some departments; and others are grossly mismanaged. The crew have remonstrated, have stated grievances and threatened exposure. But ears, as deaf as the breakers towards which they are drifting, have been turned to their entreaties. And in the face of such things, official reports continue to be made to the owners of this ship, that she is in excellent order, and in the most efficient state—that the most rigid economy, perfect management, and wholesome discipline obtain in every department—and that all's well on board. With such a picture of the Navy, Mr. Editor, does the feeling among the officers, "that they are made instruments for deceiving and defrauding the public," appear over nice, or fastidious?

In the work of reform and reorganization required for the Navy, an examination into cause and effect will show, that the slow rate of promotion under the present system is not without its evil tendencies. Of the Lieutenants, one fourth of them have been in the service a quarter of a century and more; and in that time have been only advanced a single step. The officer who is at the head of the Passed Midshipmen's list, has been in service half of that time, and has not yet been once promoted; and the officer who is at the foot of that list, has the prospect before him, of serving not less than eighteen years for his first commission. This is owing to the circumstance, that the Navy has been overstocked with Midshipmen, by appointing more in one year than can be promoted in two. But the school-ship provides a remedy for this evil. One part of the plan proposed in the economy of the school-ship, is that the supply be regulated by the demand for officers—that the number of graduates admitted thence in the Navy, be only sufficient to fill the vacancies that annually occur in the list of Lieutenants.

The number of officers in each grade ought to be regulated by law; and not left, as it now is, to the caprice and fancy of those in power. There is no law to prevent the appointment of ten thousand Midshipmen to-morrow. The Navy has become a permanent establishment, and should be regulated by fixed principles. Other nations have their naval schools, and are reaping the benefits of them. Under the superintendence of Capt. Hastings, a school of practice has been opened on board the *Excellent*, for the Royal Navy. This school was intended for Gunnery alone. Lieutenants, and other officers who have graduated in this ship, are sent to the fleet in the Mediterranean, and to other stations, that they may diffuse through the ships in commission, the advantages of a well-regulated and uniform system of training. So admirably has this plan of teaching by officers on

board a ship set apart for the purpose, succeeded, that the Admiralty are preparing to admit Captains also, as pupils in this school. If a Captain in the Royal Navy, may go to a school of practice, surely a Midshipman in the American Navy, might be sent to a school-ship, and study with profit and advantage to his country and himself, the theory as well as the practice of his profession.

Notwithstanding, that for many years, officers of the Royal Navy have had the advantage of a naval college at Portsmouth, yet such have been the improvements of late years in navigation, ship-building, surveying, and in every department of nautical science, that England now finds it expedient, not only to establish this college upon a new and more comprehensive plan, but of reeducating officers who have passed through it. Formerly the Spaniards were preëminent in hydrography. Charts constructed from old Spanish surveys, are yet considered by sailors as the most accurate charts of their day. But what was considered sufficiently accurate then, is gross and palpable error now, and would be utterly inadmissible in any survey of the present day. In one of the most important hydrographical surveys ever undertaken by any people, an argument entered into the data for calculating for the oblateness of the earth, as a spheroid, which produced an error of only *nine inches*, in the latitude and longitude of places,—not on the chart—but in actual position on the surface of the earth. In mathematics it is easier to be right than wrong; and any error that is not less than the least assignable quantity, is an error of magnitude. And this error of nine inches in the sphericity of the earth, is deemed of sufficient *magnitude* by the accomplished man of science at the head of that survey to be taken into account in the reconstruction of his charts.

It was but the other day, that the Board of Admiralty bought up at considerable expense and suppressed, on account of inaccuracy, charts of the straits of Magellan and of the coasts of Tierra del Fuego, which had been constructed from the surveys of a public expedition sent out for the purpose of surveying those straits. Well may the college at Portsmouth be remodelled; and much better may something be done for our little school-ship, or for some plan of education in the American Navy. The day has gone by, when in hydrographical surveys, it was admissible to step off a base line, on a *tolerably* level beach, and when that could not be found, to measure the height of a mast with a rope yarn, and use that measurement as the argument in calculating the base line. More is thought of inches now, than was then thought of fathoms. In the preliminary arrangements for that important national work, now in progress along our own coast under the superintendence of Mr. Hassler, highly polished steel bars of uniform temper and dimensions were used for measuring the base line. They

were first subjected to every degree of temperature between the freezing and the boiling point; and the rate of expansion noted. Every time the length of a bar was admitted in the measurement, its temperature was observed by a thermometer attached, and also noted. And acting upon the mathematical, as well as the philosophical truth, that the ends of those bars, though brought together, were not in actual contact, the space between them was at each time measured with the assistance of a nicely constructed micrometer. In the final determination of the base line, the bars were reduced to a uniform temperature, in order to obtain their standard value. And to Mr. Hassler belongs the honor of having obtained the most accurately measured base line, that has ever been determined in any country. The accuracy of this line will pervade the whole survey.

A work of such perfection is to form the standard which our officers, in their surveys, should seek to attain. But to those unaccustomed to the niceties of mathematical induction, and who have not been properly indoctrinated into the art of surveying accurately, no service can be more forbidding and unwelcome than hydrographical duty. Whereas, to the initiated, it is not only inviting, but extremely interesting and agreeable. This is a knowledge which comes not by intuition. It may be learned in the school-ship, which proposes to teach both the theory and the practice of this, as well as of every other branch of science, that pertains to the calling of a sailor. On certain days, an hour or two spent in boats on the survey of the harbor where the school-ship may be, would be a pleasant recreation to the Midshipmen of the school. Much of the time besides allotted for relaxation, should be devoted, as well for health to the body, as for profit to the mind, to the manly exercise of the seaman at the duties of his calling: among which, frequent training at the guns, firing at targets, and the like, should not be omitted.

If the school-ship were a 74, she might have a tender for two months in the year, in which the Midshipmen could take their annual cruise at sea. Indeed, this vessel might be advantageously employed the rest of the year as a practical school of seamanship for naval apprentices: a class of youth, who, if properly trained, are likely to prove an invaluable acquisition to the Navy. For an agreeable combination of the *utile cum dulce*, this cruise with the Midshipmen* might sometimes be

* In 1817, at the suggestion of Commodore Bainbridge (I think it was) the United States Brig Prometheus, Commander, now Commodore, Wadsworth, was sent, manned principally with Midshipmen, to cruise on the coast. They were birthed on the birth-deck, as the sailors usually are; and were required to perform all the duties of the latter, not only in handing, reefing, and steering, but in holy-stoning the decks, and cleaning the ship also. During this cruise, they surveyed Portsmouth, and several other harbors. These officers now recur to this cruise with pleasure; and allude

extended, from our own coasts, to foreign countries. The promise of a visit to the dock-yards of England and of France, would serve not merely to stimulate the pupil at his studies, but it would have its advantages in other respects. It would tend to take away from the tedium of the scholastic year, by constituting something pleasant and attractive to look forward to. It would give a zest to the holiday, and serve as a sweetener to its rough duties. To make the profession of arms agreeable to those who take them up, is one of the first duties of those with whom the power rests. The most comely feature in the economy of a well-regulated ship, or in a military corps, is that which looks to the comfort and contentment of men and officers, and which seeks to make their duties as pleasant and agreeable as the nature of the service will allow them to be. The great secret of teaching too, is to make the duties of the school-room pleasures, if possible. Besides the charm which, in the young minds of its pupils, this cruise would prove in making the school-ship agreeable, they would reap the further advantages of visiting other Navy yards than their own; of examining all improvements, and of comparing the system of others with our own. Other advantages not less real than these, would result from such cruises.

It is curious and instructive too, to look back into the maritime history of the world. Until our own day, the sailor has been considered as a being who either did not require, or could not receive, the advantages of education. For the diffusion of knowledge among seamen, less has been done by all nations, than for any other class of citizens. When the needle and the astrolabe "had weaned creeping commerce from the coward shores;" and printing, "giving wings to paper, emancipated knowledge from the cloister," Isabella encouraged the admission of books free of duty, "because, by promoting knowledge, they brought honor and profit to the kingdom." It was not till then, that the grandees of Spain began to think "letters might be no obstacle to the profession of arms;" and to send their sons to the schools of P. Martyr, tutor to the accomplished brother of broken-hearted Juana Loca. Three hundred and fifty years afterwards, the opinion of the Spanish grandees remains to be carried out in the United States of America, at least so far as it regards the profession of arms at sea. For hitherto, when asked to endow a naval school, government has replied in effect, that officers were wanted to *fight*, and that *book* learning was a thing with which a man-of-war's-man to their time in the *Prometheus*, as the most pleasant and instructive period of their life of Midshipmen. As I write, there is one of them sitting near, who says that he and those who were with him, learned more of their profession during this cruise of a few months, than they had learned in years before. Taking them as a class, those of these officers who remain, are the best officers of their grade in the Navy.

had nothing to do. That sort of rude education acquired between the years of infancy and puberty—his life of hardihood, peril and adventure, may now and then fit the sailor to weave in beauty his gossamer nets of fiction, or of travel; but such qualifications enable him by no means to manage the woof and web of more substantial learning—or qualify him for the analytical and synthetical investigation of physical laws and the abstract principles of science.

In the palmy days of geographical discovery, the question was tauntingly asked by a mariner, "what have you landmen ever discovered?" "Navigation for seamen," was the reply. And a striking exemplification of how little the minds of seamen, in all ages, have been trained by education to the inductive process of reasoning, or to scientific research, is afforded by the fact, that but few inventions in art, or discoveries in science, have originated among them. Wedded to 'old notions,' they have been slow to adopt the improvements of others, and as a class are often found far 'behind the times.'

The use of an implement, which, without the efficiency, took the place of the bee-hives of the ancients, has not been long exploded in maritime warfare. As late as the revolution, sailors have been known to attack their enemies with 'stink pots;' and when closely pressed in chase, they were wont to cut away timbers, and saw bulwarks, that their vessel might 'have play, and work;' for the notion was that a ship, like a horse, would go the faster by straining.

Within my own recollection as a sailor, it was by no means uncommon, and before that it was general, to see vessels with *bags* to their topsails, for holding wind. These bags were known under the graceful term of 'flowing reefs;' and with the wind free, they were used under the idea that the more the sails could be made to 'belly out,' the more wind was in them; and therefore the faster the ship would go. The idea that the surface of actual impingement for the propelling power of the wind, is to be measured by the area of a plane from 'clue to ear-ring,' and contained between the head and foot ropes of a sail, has been acted on only of late years. And so far from a flowing reef now, a sail fits well only when it sets as 'flat as a board.'

Looking into the history of navigation, we find that the discovery of the magnet extends back beyond the reach of history; and that tradition is doubtful as to the inventor of the mariner's compass. But the intensity apparatus, the azimuth compass, the dipping needle and the diurnal variation instrument, with a variety of magnetometers, are all modern inventions, or comparatively recent improvements, which do not owe their origin to 'them that go down to the sea in ships.' The Dip Sector is the work of Dr. Wollaston; the sex-

tant is an improvement on the quadrant, the invention of Dr. Hadley, and the most valuable instrument in modern navigation. I have seen the quadrant used on board the *Bonne Homme Richard* by Paul Jones; it resembles its type of the present day, quite as much as the Great Western and British Queen look like the offspring of Fulton's first steamer. A Frenchman, in 1500, was the first to invent port-holes to ships. Men-of-war at that time carried their guns mounted over their bulwarks, like those of a battery 'en barbet.' Before this they had a castle built forward, and another aft, as a sort of strong hold, to which the crew might retire to make their last stand. All that remains of these castles in ships of the present day, is the name; 'unde' fore-castle. Nine years after the Frenchman had made known his discovery, Henry VII had the first double-decked ship built in England. She measured a thousand tons; and though not so large as some of the Liverpool packets of the 'Dramatic' line from New-York now are, was the largest ship in the English Navy.

Sir Walter Raleigh, was among the first to argue that a powerful Navy, as a means of British independence and national glory, must needs constitute an essential feature in the policy of England. A successful courtier, and the rival of Essex and of Cecil for the favor of Elizabeth, he was counted a man of learning in his day. And though famed for "ditty and amorous odes," he found time to contribute largely to navigation. A soldier in his youth, he was sent to quell a rebellion in that 'commonwealth of common woe'—as he described Ireland. In arms he behaved most valiantly, and without following the sea as a profession, obtained from his sovereign the rank of Admiral. His feats before Cadiz and Fayal gained for him great renown. Dazzled with the splendor of a geographical fiction, he embarked for the new world, to spy out a land of 'barbaric pomp and gold,' called by the Spaniards, El Dorado. The warriors there were said to be female Amazons of singular prowess—and its capital to be a gorgeous city called Manoa, having its houses roofed with gold, and situated in the 'upper country,' on the lake Parima, the waters of which also rolled over their beds of golden sands. Disappointed, but not disheartened, he returned from the search, with all his bright visions flitting before him, to drag out in the tower, thirteen long and weary years of imprisonment. Here he was not idle, but employed himself perhaps more usefully than ever before. It was there that he wrote his 'History of the World,' the most remarkable work of the day. Often breaking its thread in his love for theological disquisition, we find him with zeal and earnestness engaging in the enquiry with Polemics concurring the locality of the 'orb of Paradise.' He gravely discusses whether the forbidden fruit were not the prickly pear, and if Noah's ark were not

lighted with a carbuncle. Turning from these subjects to his gallipots and stills, he sought recreation in a hen-house, and there compounded nostrums for the Prince of Wales, and cordials for the sick Queen of the relentless James. The 'Raleigh cordial' is said to have effected as many miraculous cures in its day, as have since been performed by the 'pills and panaceas' of more enlightened times. Released from his prison walls, he again embarks to seek the land of his golden dreams, and actually ascends the Orinoco a second time, in search of the gilded capital and glittering lake of El Dorado. Disheartened by losses and a fruitless search, the expedition is resolved into a swarm of pirates, to "look for homeward-bound Spanish men." Baffled here too, he again returns to his native land, and to prison, whence, after a short interval, he is brought to the scaffold. In the midst of such occupations, scenes and times, this man found leisure to write the first treatise that ever appeared in the English language, on naval architecture. And without having been bred to the seaman's calling, he wrote on 'the art of war at sea;' a subject, which he observes, 'has never been handled by any man, ancient or modern.' His account of the fifteen-hour fight between Sir Richard Grenville's ship, and the whole Spanish fleet of 53 sail and 10,000 men, 'more moveth the heart, than a trumpet.' After the Englishman had expended all his ammunition, he commanded his ship to be sunk, that 'nothing might remain of glory or of victory to the Spaniard.' Notwithstanding that naval architecture has been so much improved as an art—as a science—it is comparatively but little in advance of the stage at which Sir Walter left it. The rule will not work both ways—for though ships may be built from models, models cannot be built from ships. It is well known, that while the first builders in New-York will charge \$500, or \$1000 for the model of one of their favorite ships, they will allow other builders to go on board, and afford them every facility for measuring all parts of the ship, conscious that without the model and drawings which are locked up in the model-room, her like cannot be built. Under a well-regulated system of naval instruction, would this have been said?

The fact that every nation, in sending out ships on voyages of discovery, has found it expedient to furnish them with men of science from private life, is a striking comment on the system hitherto pursued by every nation in the education of nautical men. Cook, that *beau idéal* of a sailor, whose voyages have sent so many school-boys to sea, was a man of sound mind, without the advantages of learning;—Sir Joseph Banks was his 'vade mecum.' During the expedition of Captain Baudin (now Admiral!) it was discovered that the virtue of all the spare magnetic needles had been impaired

in consequence of rust. "All the articles provided by government," said he to a member of his scientific corps, as he unlocked his case of rusty needles, "are shabby beyond description. Had they acted as I could have wished, they would have given us silver instead of steel needles." This brings to mind the extravagance with which an expedition of a more modern day was fitted out. It had a *cart blanche* for its out-fits. One of our old commodores in amazement at the prodigality displayed in some of the articles, said to his Gunner of the Yard, "If you have any gold guns on charge, send them to the Exploring Expedition." I have no doubt, that under such circumstances, Captain Baudin might have been furnished with silver needles. When anything went wrong in the Expedition, the Frenchman had a way of rectifying it by "throwing his hat on deck and giving it two kicks," an expedient that is sometimes resorted to also in other Navies. His journal was filled with the most beautiful drawings, executed by one of the sailors, and is remarkable for nothing else but its wordy and barren pages.

Free-booting Lord Anson too was a strong-headed Englishman without education. "Marvellously frugal both of his speech and pen," he is said to have been "round the world, but never in it." His voyage was written by his stay-at-home companion, the accomplished Robins. Anson destroyed Payta, after having pillaged its citizens of a million and a half of dollars. He left the figure-head of his ship there, which a few years ago was to be seen standing at the corner of a square. He robbed the church; and one of his sailors gave, with a cutlass, the image of *Nuestra Señora* a gash on the cheek, which, to this day, remains as fresh and as bloody as it was at the moment when the 'Maldito Ingles' fled, horror-stricken, from her presence. The anniversary of this sacrilegious act is still retained as a feast day in the church. Once a year, the priest exhibits to a motley and superstitious crowd, the bleeding wound of Holy Virgin, "whose blood no art can quench." Anson captured the Acapulco ship, laden with the whole year's revenue of Mexico—the richest prize ever known. The story is somewhere told of his crew, when they were paid off, dressing up in cocked hats trimmed with gold lace. One of them appeared under a hat with silver trimmings. The rest were indignant at him, and were about to deal with him in no gentle terms, as a disgrace, to his companions, their ship and the sea, when he explained, that there were no more gold trimmings in the place, and he had "made the man charge for this hat all the same, as though it had been trimmed with gold."

But the point in the history of this remarkable man, to which I wish to call your particular attention, is a fact which serves better than any I have cited, to illustrate the proposition stated above—

viz:—that hitherto the education of nautical men, has not been such as properly to train their minds, either to the inductive process of reasoning, or to the systematic investigation of cause and effect. Lord Anson was the first to *put in practice* a system of naval tactics, which has since been found to be the greatest improvement ever made in maritime warfare; and which alone has gained for England her celebrity on the water. I do not say *to discover*, because like the man who had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, neither Anson nor his contemporaries appear ever to have discovered, that there was any thing remarkable or uncommon in his mode of attacking the combined squadrons in 1747. For three successive wars after this, the English officers, unmindful of Anson's *fete*, always adhered to the old plan of "preserving the line" in their fleet engagements. In all actions between single ships, the English were generally triumphant; yet, when they assembled their ships in fleets, and went into battle, it is remarkable that no decisive engagement took place during the whole course of these three wars. That "Our Hawke did bang, Monsieur Conflans" forms no exception to this remark; for the French on that occasion, not waiting to receive the attack, ran away, and were fairly overtaken and picked up by the English.

"Let any one imagine," says Clark, the expounder of the new system of tactics, "a rencontre of horsemen, where the parties, on coming to the ground appointed, had pushed their horses at full speed, exchanging a few pistol-shots as they passed one another in opposite directions, at the distance of forty or fifty yards, and then some idea may be formed of the effect of rencontres, where adverse fleets are brought to pass each other on opposite tacks." When they engaged on the same tack, the English always sought the windward—and the French, as invariably, the leeward position. The former then running down, each ship for her opposite, exposed themselves to the raking fire of the enemy, for the sake of making the action general along the whole line. In this manœuvre, the English generally suffered; and when they hauled up, so as to bring their broadsides to bear, the enemy, galling their van, would run down five or six miles to leeward, and then wait for the English to re-form, and to renew the attack. In this way it may be said, that the English did all the engaging and the French all the fighting. And if the English fleets ever captured a ship it was by accident, and in violation of their rules of fleet-fighting. It was not uncommon for fifty or sixty ships of the line, mounting 4,000 or 5,000 guns, and manned by 35,000 or 40,000 seamen, to be engaged for hours, and to separate without the loss of a ship, and sometimes without even the loss of a man.

But it generally happened, that the English fleets, in seeking the weather gage, and endeavoring to

make the action general, exposed themselves, by their manner of closing with the enemy, to a raking fire; on which occasions, if they did not come off worsted, they gained nothing of importance. Such was the affair off Minorca, in 1756, which doomed the unfortunate Byng. Pocock's, two years afterwards, in the East Indies, was no better. The same tactics prevailed in Arbutnot's and Greaves' engagements off the Chesapeake. And on the Lakes, at a much later day, a like system had well nigh brought defeat upon the American arms. For our Perry, in his eagerness to make the action general, adhered to the old plan of "preserving the line," until his own ship had struck, and the enemy "would not have given sixpence for his squadron." Then, boarding the Niagara in an open boat, he resolved to make a desperate rally, and risk the fortune of the day upon a single cast. Dashing in that vessel, right between the Chippewa and Lady Prevost on one side,* and the Detroit and Queen Charlotte on the other, he cut the line; and pouring in his raking broadsides right and left, in fifteen minutes he made the enemy "ours." Before this, the action had continued for three hours; the Americans had lost their flag-ship, and the English had sustained comparatively little injury. In Keppel's engagement of 1778, off Ushant—in Byron's of the following year off Granada—and in Rodney's of the year succeeding off Martinique, their fleets were manœuvred after the same code of preserving the line to make the action general. Under this system, one miscarriage at sea succeeded to another. Smarting under their effects, and wounded in pride, the whole English nation become restive from disaster. But instead of seeking the cause of the failure of her fleets, to which Anson unknowingly had long before given the clue, she cried out for the blood of guiltless officers. Admiral Byng, Anson's friend, whom he had appointed to the Mediterranean fleet, was sacrificed to appease the popular clamor—and as Voltaire said, *pour encourager les autres*. Keppel (who had been a Midshipman or Lieutenant in Anson's squadron,) was tried, and so were Matthews and other Admirals who "preserved the line."

In the midst of these national misfortunes, a landsman demonstrated for the officers the cause of their failure, and issued from the beer-shops of London a new system of naval tactics, which Anson had ignorantly practised with success thirty years before; and which being now caught at by Rodney, Duncan, Howe and Nelson, triumphantly led them on to the most glorious victories. Dismaying the trammels of the old system, they boldly dashed right into the midst of the opposing ships, broke their lines, brought down their flags, and placed the sceptre of the seas once more within the grasp of England. Her foes were dismayed, and,

in the "*guadia certaminis*" of a people made drunk with success, it was boastfully and proudly proclaimed to the world,

"The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain,
And not a sail but by permission spreads."

The whole secret of this new mode of attack, was nothing more than the introduction of the principle on the water, which has always governed generals in their operations on the land, viz.—that of attacking the enemy in his most vulnerable point, or of gaining the advantage by throwing him into confusion. It is fully explained in one of the few productions that remain to us of Anson's "*frugal pen*." "Being convinced," says he—in his official account of the engagement of 1747 before alluded to—"being convinced that their whole aim was to gain time, in order to escape under cover of the night, I made signal for the whole fleet to pursue the enemy and attack them, without having any regard to the line of battle. The Centurion having got up with the *sternmost ship of the enemy began to engage her; upon which, two of the largest of the enemy's ships bore down to her assistance*. The Namur, Defiance and Windsor, (English,) being the headmost ships, soon entered into the action, and after having disabled those ships in such a manner that the ships astern must come up with them, they made sail a-head to prevent the van of the enemy making an escape."

It was on this occasion that the French commander paid the English freebooter the beautiful epigrammatic compliment, which gave rise to the remark that the "Frenchman had lost his battle to gain his point." His ship, the *Invincible*, was followed in the line by the *Gloire*. When he came on board the Admiral's ship to surrender himself a prisoner, stepping up to Lord Anson, and offering his sword, he good humoredly said, '*Monsieur, vous avez vaincu l'Invincible, et la Gloire vous suit*.'

Of the officers who were with Anson; Howe, Byron, Keppel, Hyde Parker and Saunders, afterwards commanded fleets; but it does not appear that any one of them ever thought of adopting this mode of attack, until John Clark had stated from the beer-shops aforesaid, its advantages to Atkinson, the particular friend of Lord Rodney, and to Sir Charles Douglas, his Captain of the fleet. They repeated the text, and showed the diagram to his Lordship, who, in his brilliant achievement of April 1782, was the first to give the practical demonstration of the landsman's problem for 'cutting the line.' Though the first germ of this new system was undoubtedly developed in Anson's engagement of '47, to Clark belongs the honor of giving it, in mathematical proportions, the symmetry and form of a distinct proposition; and of showing, by his theoretical deductions, the glorious advantages of its practical operation.

* Cooper's Naval Hist. vol. II, p. 395.

And, now, sir, before I write the Q. E. D. in proof of the defects which obtained at that time in the education of nautical men, let me ask, how it came to pass, that a landsman—one who had never been to sea—should have conceived, and detailed with all the minuteness of practical operation, the best system of naval tactics that is known at this day? How is it, that this man, who had never seen a fleet 'in line,' should teach such men as Rodney, St. Vincent, Howe, Nelson, and a host of others, who lived in fleets—ay, the whole British navy—to manoeuvre their ships by squadrons; gallantly to lead them into battle, and victoriously to bring them out? I answer, because the system of education in the English navy was then as defective as it now is in the American—because the *book-learning* of officers generally, was not of that solid, practical kind which is required in such a profession; and which would be dispensed from our school-ship, or any other well regulated institution for the instruction of young officers.

Considering that the advantages of education are more generally diffused among all classes now than they were fifty years ago, and making the allowance due to this circumstance alone, the means of education afforded at the present day to officers of the American navy, are very much such as were enjoyed by the English officers in the time of Clark; and in support of this assertion; let us examine on this side of the Atlantic for some of the practical results of such a system. Two or three years ago, Commander —, of considerable, but by no means enviable notoriety, invented a double-flinted lock for naval ordnance, and offered to present the right of patent to the government. But strange to say the work on naval gunnery by Sir Howard Douglas (son to Rodney's captain,)—which is a standard work in our Navy, and which has been in the hands of midshipmen as far back as my recollection extends on the subject—contains a drawing and description of a double-flinted lock very similar indeed to that of the Commander aforesaid. The difference in the descriptions of the two would hardly afford a loop on which the inventors could hang a specification for separate inventions. But it would be a waste both of your time and of my ink, Mr. Editor, to discuss the right of parentage to this invention, especially since Sir Charles Douglas, (Sir Howard's father) who I believe was the first to try his son's lock, has been dead for many, many years; and the lock itself has long ago gone into disuse, being replaced by the wafer and spring-hammer of modern improvement.

At the suggestion of a worthy old commodore, (*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.) an inclined plane was constructed, not a great many years ago, at one of our navy-yards, for hauling up ships for repairs. When it was finished, it possessed these remarkable advantages, viz.—it would cost about as much to get a ship up, and off this plane, as it would to

build a new ship; and a ship which was really decayed and which required repairs, could not be got up on the inclined plane at all—for none but new and strong ships could withstand the straining process to be undergone, in the operation of hauling up from the water such a mass of wood and iron. This wonderful invention had been tried in France, years before, where it likewise proved a splendid failure. A knowledge of the first principles of mechanics correctly applied, would have taught the projector of this contrivance, that its principles were at variance with the laws of philosophy, and that therefore his ideas were impracticable, and his invention a failure. But the money expended by the government in its round-about-way of arriving at such a result, would have sufficed handsomely to endow a score of schools-ships.

Some years afterwards, the same officer conceived another invention. His wants being administered to by the public treasury, the schooner *Experiment* was brought forth—a non-descript, which Jack not inaptly compared to the rhind of a water-melon cut in two, and considered a sort of sea-trap for sailors, admirably calculated for a cruise to 'Davy Jones' Locker.' She was built without timbers; somewhat on the plan of Townes' (!) bridges. But it was not sufficiently borne in mind, that though diagonally-laid scantling will make a very substantial bridge, which is stationary, it will not give the necessary strength to a ship, that is continually worked and twisted about—requiring, to withstand the force of winds and waves, all the strength that wood and iron can give. The same plan of diagonal building had been tried in England. *Experiment* there, too, had long before showed that it would afford strength barely sufficient for a frigate's launch. And after the point was gained of building a row-boat without timbers, the plan was not found to possess any decided advantages over the usual method of building with timbers. And here, again, was uselessly expended money enough to put in operation a school-ship on the most enlarged scale. Such results as these indicate more surely, than any theory can prove, that there are defects in our system of education in the Navy. But to treat of them is an unpleasant and an ungracious office; therefore let us turn to a more pleasing picture.

The experience of every officer will sustain me in the assertion, that for the last fifteen or twenty years, the moral and intellectual condition of the Navy has been steadily advancing. And I think, upon a due examination into cause and effect, it would appear that this improvement is in a great measure owing to the establishment of libraries on board of our public vessels. Furnishing libraries to our men-of-war, is the only effectual step that has ever been taken towards education in the Navy. And for this, we are indebted to the device of another landsman, Mr. Wood—known to you Mr.

Editor, as the Philanthrope who would never be permitted to live in Siam, where it is not lawful, even for his Magnificent Highness, the King himself, to do good every day. It is this gentleman's amusement to go about doing good every where, and to all classes, in his own peculiar quiet way. He is the originator, both in this country and in England, of those excellent institutions known in our large cities as 'Mercantile Library Associations.'

In 1821, when the Franklin 74, Commodore Stewart was about to sail on a three years' cruise to the Pacific, Mr. Wood went on board, and with the permission of the Commodore, addressed the crew on the subject of procuring a library. The proposition was received with three cheers, and about \$800 were immediately subscribed by the men and officers, with which Mr. Wood procured 1500 volumes. The Commodore had an apartment set apart as a library, and appointed a librarian. One of the conditions was, that the books which remained at the end of the cruise should be placed in the hands of Mr. Wood, for the purpose of founding a library in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard. About 400 volumes were returned, which afterwards formed the nucleus around which so many valuable collections have been made in the Naval Lyceum of the New-York Navy-Yard. The Commodore on his return, bore ample testimony to the beneficial effects of the Library scheme; and through the agency of Mr. Wood, the Navy Department was induced to furnish every ship with a small Library. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, if you would invite that gentleman to the windlass, he might do something effectual in the way of procuring the establishment of a school-ship. His library plan has been silently and steadily producing its good effects. But how much more palpable and obvious would be the advantages of a well regulated school-ship.

But, lest, like the Engineer, who maintained that rivers were intended by nature only to feed canals, I be accused of advancing the opinion that ships were intended only for school-houses, I shall here let the subject rest, hoping that some abler pen will take it up. The 'scraps' which remain in the bag, relate to subjects both of grave importance and crying evil. They are reserved for the next overhauling.

H. B.

September, 1840.

A VISIT TO STRATFORD HALL.

Mr. Editor:—I am of rather a melancholy temperament. For the loud mirth and merriment of festive halls I have no very strong attachment. True, I can enter the gay circles of fashion—make one of a merry group—sometimes, perhaps, plod through the giddy mazes of a dance; but then I extract from these amusements no principle of sound and healthful pleasure. Indeed, when occasion requires, I can talk, laugh, and be merry—and, for the sake of boon-com-

panionship, can lay aside my peculiar veneration for that pure, clear element, so much extolled by Pindar and the teetotallers, and drink "a health to the lass I love" in a bumper of good old Madeira; but on such occasions, believe me, sir, I feel that I am rather paying a tribute to society, than administering to my own true and substantial happiness. In none of these active, boisterous pleasures, do I find that enjoyment for which I seek—none of that elevation of spirit—of that self-oblivion—of that Lethean water, which is so refreshing to the troubled bosom. I see little else in society than "a gallery of painted pictures."

Do not, I beseech you, Mr. Editor, after what I have said, consider me as one of those black, gloomy, misanthropic beings—dwelling in darkness and dismay—begirt with terrors, air-drawn daggers, and with demons who impair the strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey in melancholy bosoms—nor as one, who

"Deems himself predestined to a doom

Which is not of the pangs which pass away—

Making the sun like blood—the earth a tomb—

The tomb a hell—and hell itself a murkier gloom;"

but rather, I beseech you, regard me as one whose slight, but bitter knowledge of the world, has taught him to look upon it with no tender eye—and who loves the smooth, unruffled stream of private life, where, in some secluded hamlet, shut out from the busy hum and jarring elements of strife, "with some fair spirit for my minister," I may pursue "the even tenor of my way, and walk the paths of peace."

"I love not man the less, but nature more;"

and, feeling and adoring that Divine Benevolence which beams in every thing, can yet find more sympathy in the mild and mellow tints of Autumn, than in the gay and gaudy hues of Spring—in the sear, yellow leaf, than in the tender bud. I have always thought that there was something in the quality of light at sunset, which has escaped the observation of philosophers. Its effect is observable in every one—even the gayest acknowledge a momentary depression. As for myself, it is at this hour—the hour of dying day—that I am most happy. I always feel a deep dejection steal over me at this moment—a kind of pleasant misery—

"A presence which disturbs me with the joy

Of saddened thoughts—a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

Of the round ocean, and the living air,

And the blue sky."

If Memnon's head gave forth music at the rising, mine groans most wofully at the setting sun.

It is to this peculiarity in my constitution, together with no slight alloy of superstition, that I attribute that extreme veneration, and almost filial affection, which I feel for old and dismantled dwellings. To visit one of them in its half-ruined state—to find its little monuments of ancestral pride crumbling away—to hear the shrill chirp of the cricket in halls which once resounded to notes of mirth and revelry—to see the bramble where the woodbine grew, and the favorite rose,

"Bred with tender hand

From the first opening bud,"

choked by the barren, noxious weed, strikes in the sensitive heart a chord, which silences whatever of boisterous joy it may contain, and substitutes in its place, a soft, sad music. And yet I love them. I look upon them with the same eyes that I do upon an aged and venerable parent; I regard them as something handed down to us from a former generation—as a relic of other days. And they teach us a useful lesson too. They afford us an ocular demonstration of that ten-

dency to decay which is inseparable from every thing human, and show us in what estimation we should hold the vanities of the world—*fame—wealth—distinction—grandeur*—or by whatever other names you may baptize its baubles. But enough of this. I will preach you a sermon in my next. And I see, too, you are laughing heartily at my egotism. But if you are not already disgusted, I will promise to make amends by carrying you with the speed of a locomotive to Stratford Hall—our final destination—but towards which we have not advanced an inch.

Under the influence of such feelings as I have described, you may readily imagine that it was with no small degree of pleasure, that I learned, while on a visit to a neighboring county some few months since, that I would have an opportunity of seeing one of these old dismantled buildings. The place alluded to is Stratford Hall, situated in Westmoreland, near the banks of the Potomac. It was, for many years the dwelling of the distinguished Lee family. I can give you no better idea of the vast dimensions, and former hospitality of this old mansion, than by telling you that there are yet standing connected with it stables for the accommodation of more than sixty horses. Every thing about it has a feudal air; and you almost imagine, as you saunter along its arched passages, and enter its capacious halls, that you are amid the ruins of some deserted castle. There are various computations as to its age. All, however, agree, that it must be more than a century old. There is a tradition (but I will not vouch for the truth of it,) that it was built during our colonial vassalage by the British government for an elder member of the Lee family, who held at that time some provincial office. Be that as it may, it is at any rate certain, that the bricks with which it is built, were every one imported from England. But I anticipate.

I mentioned that I was on a visit to a neighboring county. I should also state that I was in company with about as merry a set as it has been my good fortune to meet with for many a day. We had all just been released from the confinement of town after a winter of fashionable dissipation, and the clear country air had revived our drooping spirits. No sooner was the proposition made of going on a picnic to Stratford Hall, than every one seized upon the idea. The suggestion was made to the ladies who formed a part of our party, and met with their most hearty approbation. The only thing remaining was, to fix upon the day for putting the plan in execution; and the first of May, which was not far distant, was at once selected. I will not inflict upon you, Mr. Editor, a description of the preliminary preparations necessarily attendant upon one of these excursions. Nor will I stop to tell you of the green and shady forest road, along which we travelled before reaching our destination. Suffice it to say, that a description of it was written by one of our fair female friends, which, for elegance of style and delicacy of taste, has seldom been equalled by one so young; and which would long since have adorned your columns, but for an extreme modesty, which, though highly commendable, must yet be regretted, as it is the source of great injustice to herself.

But imagine, my dear sir, that we are now driving up before the old hall. You can scarce conceive a scene more silent and more melancholy. Little else is presented to our view than an immense pile of brick. Desolation is every where.

"The steed is vanished from the stall;
No serf is seen in the dreary hall!
The lonely spider's thin grey pall
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall:
The bat builds in the ruined bower—
The owl usurps the beacon tower."

There was no sign of life, and not a sound, except the occasional crowing of a rook. Advancing towards the hall, we

passed a grove of elms, which had doubtless been, in happier times, the resort of merry, cheerful friends, but whose only occupant then was a venerable old ox, who, his labor for the day being over, had retired to this shady retreat to enjoy that state of "*otium cum dignitate*," so much praised by the Roman orator. Wide gaps in the roofs proved that the vast and dreary stables were no longer used—there were granaries whose doors had fallen from their hinges. The walls that enclosed the grounds were prostrate, and even the litter in the yard appeared dusty and grey with age. You felt sure no human foot had disturbed it for years. We walked to the garden, but there was little to tempt us to enter it. It was a wilderness—the walks no longer distinguishable from the rank vegetables of the once cultivated lawns, and terraces choked with unchecked shrubberies. Much to my surprise, however, the old mansion itself was in a state of almost perfect preservation. In the midst of all this ruin and decay it stood alone—firm and unshaken. It was evident, indeed, that Time, with his effacing finger had been there; but the impressions which he had left were faint and weak. While every thing in the way of improvement or ornament—every little monument of pride or affection—the woodbine bower—the shady grove—the blooming flower-bed had all sunk to ruin, the old mansion stood, like a venerable parent amid the graves of his children, unscathed and unbent, rejoicing in its strength, and laughing at the barren efforts of the destroyer. Although the snows of more than an hundred winters have fallen on its roof, and the storms of as many summers have beat against its sides, it was yet as firm as in its youth, and without a wrinkle in its walls.

But I left our party standing before the old hall. As yet, no one has appeared. One of our company ascended the flight of steps which leads to the front and principal entrance, and commenced beating at the door with an immense cudgel which he had with him; but apparently without any effect. His efforts were not however, entirely unsuccessful; for presently there appeared amongst us, as if by magic, (for none of us could tell whence she came,) one of the most grizzly, hag-like tenements, that ever mortal spirit was destined to inhabit. She was, beyond all shadow of a doubt, the *genius loci*—the presiding spirit of the place. And most happily did she harmonize with the ruin and the desolation amidst which she dwelt. Her sunken eye—her wrinkled forehead—her long and skinny fingers—her half-doubled body, and the bending stick with which she supported her tottering steps, showed that she and old Father Time had been at warm embraces, and that he had used her rather roughly. As to her color, the ace of spades was never half so black. It was remarked, with as much truth as wit by one of the party, that "a fire-coal would make a white mark upon her face." But, as has often been remarked, the gifts of Providence are dispersed with rather an impartial hand—and there are none so poor, but they have something for which to be thankful. And such was the case with this woman; for though but a sad specimen of Nature's workmanship, so far as personal attributes are concerned, she was yet possessed of a heart which a Queen might envy. Some, perhaps, may think that even this was but a poor recompense for the lamentable misfortunes inflicted on her person; but, had I my option, I had rather have the heart that beats in that old woman's bosom, than all the united and concentrated personal excellences of every dandy that ever made himself a walking advertisement of his tailor's skill. She is one of that respectable and venerable class known by the name of the *Old Virginia family servants*—too few of whom are now to be found. Having served her master faithfully through his life, she requested, when the old mansion was about to be deserted, that she might be allowed to spend the remainder of her days upon the spot, where, in past times, she had seen so

much happiness,—and is now the sole occupant of the vast building.

After having recovered from the trepidation which the presence of so frightful an apparition amongst us had naturally occasioned, I asked her for the key of the house, which she immediately handed me. I then gave her a piece of silver, for which she thanked me with a courtesy, and a "God bless you, my young marser," and then immediately shuffled off to her hiding-place.

Admission now was soon gained. I applied the key to the key-hole, and, as I threw open the huge oaken doors, the harsh sounds which they sent forth, echoing and re-echoing through the deep vaults and cellars of the building, can be compared to nothing but Milton's description of the opening of "Hell-gate."

"On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges, grate
Harsh thunder."

Our entrance was into a very large and noble hall—not deficient in splendor, though sadly soiled and worm-eaten. It seemed made for mirth and revelry; and, if tradition speak true, it does not belie its appearance. There are those yet living who remember its noble hospitality; and one venerable old man in particular, who loves to tell tales of the "happy days of this good old hall," (as he calls them)—of its merry meetings—of its boon-companionship—of its jovial feasts—and of its joyful dances. After entertaining you for hours with descriptions of these "happy days," he will conclude by saying, (and you may observe a tinge of melancholy pass across his features as he utters the words,) "but this was while I was young. It is 'nt so now." Too true, indeed! *It is not so now.* These are tales of the past—"the voice of other days." The harp is unstrung in the old hall, and its floors have been trod by the stranger—a gloom has gathered over the gate, and never again

"Will the weary stranger halt
To bless the sacred 'bread and salt.'"

As we entered, the first thing which saluted us was a bat, which flying into the midst of our party, produced no little disturbance, particularly among the fairer portion. We soon, however, took him captive, and started to explore the chambers and vaults of this immense pile, to see what strange secret they would unfold. As I looked up at the vast rude Semi-Cyclopien walls and old-fashioned windows, a feeling of wonderment and awe stole over me. I knew, however, that it would not do to develop symptoms of fear, and so, forcing my courage to the "sticking point," I managed to look "as valiant as any wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse." But I walked delicately, as if fearing to disturb the deep repose of the *genius loci*. I peeped through its arched passages, and half-closed door-ways, with a timid curiosity—almost expecting to be terrified by the appearance of some strange form suited to so strange a habitation—some disembodied spirit, seeking in vain for the cell which was its earthly dwelling-place—retaining still, according to the creed of Sir Kenelm Digby, "a bias and a languishing" for its bodily haunts. Nothing supernatural, however, saluted our visions—no unaccountable noises were heard—no beckoning spirits seen. Every thing was still as death. But there is one room into which I will introduce you, as its history is somewhat interesting, and has something of the mysterious about it. It is known by the name of the "Secret Chamber:" and most aptly does its name designate its character; for although the building is more than a century old, yet the existence of this room was never even so much as suspected. Although, until lately, the house has been constantly inhabited; and, since its desertion, has been the continual resort of visitors, whose cu-

riosity has induced them to ransack it from top to bottom, yet this chamber has remained undiscovered: and it was not until a year or two ago, that a carpenter, in taking some lumber from the garret, accidentally removed a plank which concealed its entrance. Nothing can be imagined more perfectly secret than this room. It is situated in the middle of a stack of chimneys—four of which compose its sides. You descend into it from above by means of the plank alluded to, and which is made to slide backwards and forwards under the floor, fastening on the inner side by a spring—thus forming a kind of trap-door. It is about eight feet square, and ten deep. It bears evident marks of being used; the walls being disfigured in several places by the smoke of a lamp or candle; and the floor being spotted with grease and ink. Various conjectures have been made as to the objects for which this "Secret Chamber" was constructed—none of which are very satisfactory. The most probable and the most received is, that it was built during the Revolutionary War as a hiding-place in case of danger. This, however, is merely a conjecture.

We now returned from our exploring expedition—our feelings not a little depressed by the scenes of loneliness and desertion which we had witnessed. But the object of our visit was not to indulge in "thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy;" for we had with us a fiddler and a fifer. We had come resolved to be cheerful and merry, and what can confine young and buoyant hearts bent on pleasure? Like air, the more you compress them, the more elastic are they. Then, notwithstanding all the causes to the contrary, we *were* happy, and about as jovial a set as you ever met with. But I forget: I do injustice. There was an exception. One there was in our little group whose feelings were attuned to a nobler and more melancholy sensibility. He was not of the number of those, who, at such a place, and under such circumstances, could partake of our boisterous merriment. He was not one of those cold, callous beings, who could trample over blighted flowers, and laugh loud at the tomb of ruined splendor. He had been

"Of moodiest texture since his earliest day."

He loved (as he has since told me) to stand among ruins—to meditate amongst decay—to linger in those places where Time has left the impressions of his footsteps; and to decipher, like Old Mortality of the tale, the inscriptions which he has nearly erased with his iron finger. To him, then, our amusement seemed like mockery. He left us, and strolled away to indulge the soft and lonely musings of his own bosom. For hours did he sit beneath a neighboring tree, absorbed in contemplation. I imagined, sometimes, as he gazed long and fixedly upon the old building, that I could see a tear steal down his pensive but manly cheek. At length he drew from his pocket a pencil and a piece of paper, and drew a hasty and rough outline of the Hall. When his work was done, he looked upon it with an affectionate smile, pressed it to his lips, and then replaced it in his pocket. Several times he returned, and attempted to join us in our gaiety; but he could not. His heart sickened and he left us. He, then, formed an exception to the universal cheerfulness which pervaded our company. But do not suppose for a moment, my dear sir, that the day passed without pleasure even to him—for he said to me as he left, that he never failed to extract from such scenes of ruin and desolation, the most delightful feelings of which his nature was capable. Nor did his conduct fail to secure its reward; for the old woman, to whom we have had occasion to refer before, in describing to a subsequent visitor our party, said, that "in all her live-long days, she had never seed such a noisy set of young gentle-folks; but there was one nice young gemman who didn't do like the rest."

The day passed away as happily as could be. Nothing

** This could not be. For if built during the war, it was hardly used by the British for one of their civil buildings, (as said before,) it might have been*

happened to disturb the enjoyment of the moment. "All went merry as a marriage bell." Our fair young friends, with wreaths around their brows in honor of the Queen of Spring, looked as blooming as the goddess herself. It is a day which will ever be remembered by me as dating a wonderful revolution in my mode of thinking and feeling. Never before in my life had I understood all that rigmale which you hear about love—the tender passion—the divine sympathy—the indescribable all-overishness—and all that puling, sentimental catalogue of nonsense, suited only to those Cherubina de Willoughby's, who are sometimes to be met with in the ranks of our romantic young school misses. As for Cupid, I had always considered him as an affected coxcomb—a "silly moonstruck lad, who lost his way," and who knows more of every body else's business than of his own. I had always regarded him with utter contempt, and his missiles had fallen harmless at my feet. But as I have said, a wonderful revolution was effected in my ways of thinking and feeling; and the little archer, couched in every bud that bloomed upon a pretty brow, and directing his poisoned arrows through every joint and crevice of my armor, tormented me most wofully. I used every exertion to escape him, but without success. I couldn't banish him. Wherever I went, he haunted me. Like Banquo's ghost, he "wouldn't down" at my bidding, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could sustain myself under his tortures. But I knew that patience was a cardinal virtue; and the man of Uz—no! not even the famous ass, to which Homer compares the great son of Telamon, was ever half so resolute. And yet, under all this accumulation of misfortune, my charity did not desert me—the milk of human kindness did not all turn to gall in my bosom; for I most solemnly assure you, Mr. Editor, that I wished my tormentor no greater harm, than was solicited for one of our distinguished functionaries at a public dinner given not long since—viz.

"Two posts rampant—
One pole conchant—
A rope pendant—
And the rascal at the end on't"—

or, as it is sometimes expressed in prose, *that he might be hanged*. Before this, I had never believed in the existence of this mysterious sympathy between the sexes—this spiritual antitype—for the likeness of which we thirst from our birth. I had always looked upon it as the creation of an over-heated fancy—a *mere idea*—the wild imagining of some run-mad poet—the fancied state of the Houri, in the Mahomedan Paradise;—or, if it existed at all, that, like the Arab gem, it was buried too deep to be reached by mortal man. I had slept most profoundly over the philosophic dreamings of Plato on this subject: and even listened to the instructive experience of Mr. Weller, when brought in contact with a "vidder;" but it was all in vain—I could not realize it—I was unable to understand the blessings of "that Christian comfort called a wife." I thought of it as Peter Pindar spoke of princesses' lips—such as

"I never kissed, nor ever shall."

In fine, I believed myself a Stoic, and I gloried in it: but now a thorough and radical revolution was effected. As to my former creed, I despised it—I looked upon it with utter loathing—I regarded it as a poor and pitiful philosophy, fostered by foolish ears, and men with hollow hearts and barren brains, for the purpose of weeding out from the soul its richest and choicest flowers; and I thought that if I only had

"A pretty little lass
To sing a pretty little sonnet,
With a pretty little hill
With a pretty cottage on it,"

I would be the happiest man in Christendom. No crown-head half so blessed. But a truce to this nonsense.

I feel, Mr. Editor, that I owe you some apology; for, although but a youth, you see I have indulged in that garrulity which is only the privilege of age. I, therefore, must make you some atonement; and know of no way in which I can please you half so much as by bidding you "farewell." You must, however, permit me to add, that, after a happy day, we returned safely to our homes.

UMBRA.

SINNABAB:

AN EASTERN TALE.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."—Scott.

Deep in the covert of a sacred wood,
A Hermit's cot in pastoral beauty stood,
Where the full Ganges pours its golden stream
Among the palms to woo the morning beam.
Old was the Hermit, all his locks were grey,
No gentle star illumed his closing day;
His wife, and children, 'neath the spreading palm,
Slept 'mong the flowers in Death's deep slumber calm;
Love's fragrant buds which pledged autumnal fruit,
Were swept away ere Spring's glad songs were mute.
"Alas!" exclaimed the Hermit, but with grief,
"Come peaceful Death and yield my soul relief,
For threescore years I've toiled upon the earth—
My ear a stranger to the voice of mirth:
For threescore years I've waged continual strife,
With all the woes that haunt the poor man's life.
Each morn I've risen with the rising sun,
Nor ceased from labor till his race was run;
Yet poorer still I've grown each weary day,
And now my strength is ebbing slow away.
Left like the bark forsaken by the wave,
I seek no more the storms of life to brave.
Who now will heap my couch with *vaguois* leaves,
Or bend my little harvest into sheaves?
Who now my scanty meal of rice will bring,
Or fill my bowl at the accustomed spring,
Or cull the betel-leaf to soothe my pain?
Yet had I gold my comforts should remain.
Gold, gold, the yellow slave, was never mine;
So here till Death come down I'm doomed to pine."
A swarthy Fakir chancing to pass by,
Heard the last words he murmured with a sigh.
"Heaven!" said the holy man, with pitying smile,
"Thy tears hath counted to reward thy toil;
Me hath commissioned for a righteous end
To change thy sinless lot and be thy friend.
Gold thou shalt have unto thy heart's desire,
The purest gold ere purified by fire:
In golden splendor, like the Day-god bright,
Thy days shall sink in Death's oblivious night."
Thus said the Fakir, a magician dark:
The Hermit's eye waxed dim and failed to mark
The smile which curled his lip and fired his eye,
Or he had deemed that Eblis' self stood by.
"Accept'st thou, friend, the gifts I proffer," said
The holy cheat, "with Heaven's auspicious aid
To golden fruits my promises shall grow,
And streams of plenty round thy dwelling flow?"

Upon his knees the wandering Hermit fell,
 And took for Heaven's the messenger of hell.
 "Unworthy I," the lonely man replied,
 "Of Fortune's gifts to me so long denied!"
 "Arise—arise," the Fakir straight rejoined,
 "If man be virtuous Heaven will still be kind.
 Now mark my words:—Of cedar-logs you'll raise
 A pile beneath the sunset's golden rays,
 And cull three lotus-flow'rs from yon blest stream,
 Tinged by the sinking day-star's saffron beam:
 These shall you place upon the perfumed heap,
 And trust the rest unto my science deep:
 For when the stars in Heaven's pavilion burn,
 With heaven-lit torch to fire it, I'll return."
 The Fakir vanished 'mong the palms—and straight
 The Hermit plied his axe with hope elate.
 The pile was raised—the lotus-flowers gleamed—
 The sunset radiance o'er the valley streamed—
 When a good Bramin on his staff passed by,
 And viewed the altar with a wondering eye.
 "And why, my son," the gentle Bramin asked,
 "Hast thou thine aged limbs so rudely tasked
 To raise this pile, on which three flowers I see,
 Thy only offering to the Deity?"
 Answered the Hermit, "From the blue above
 An angel came, the messenger of love,
 Who spoke me words of charity and peace,
 And vowed that all my miseries should cease.
 'Twas he who bade this rustic altar rise
 Beneath the golden influence of the skies;
 And when the stars in Heaven's pavilion burn,
 With heaven-lit torch to fire it, he'll return!"
 "Beware, my son," the Bramin sighed—"beware!
 Nor wilful fall into the deadly snare.
 Oft hath that son of Eblis tempted souls
 To fall from Heaven, though Heaven his power controls.
 Thee will he use to work his evil will;
 That gained, both soul and body will he kill.
 The pile he'll light, and when the smoke ascends,
 And with the gathering darkness thickly blends,
 He'll bid thee kneel before the flaming pile,
 And to the powers of darkness pray the while;
 Then with thine axe he'll top thy hoary head,
 And cast thee headlong 'mong the embers red.
 Beware, my son; in sweet content live on!"
 The Hermit turned to answer—he was gone!—
 The stars came forth, and with them darkly came
 The Fakir false, (his torch's lurid flame
 Sepulchral radiance flinging o'er the gloom,)
 As if to claim a victim for the tomb.
 The pile he fired—the flickering flames leapt up—
 From his black mantle's folds he took a cup
 And poured its hellish compound on the fire;
 The eager flames with triple strength aspire:
 Yet one small star through all still glimmered forth;
 That star presided o'er the Hermit's birth.
 "Kneel," cried the Fakir, "to my master kneel!"
 The angry thunders muttered peal on peal.
 "Bow to great Eblis, whose eternal throne
 Is circled now by midnight's mystic zone;
 Pray to my master, and at length shall close
 Thy wretched life in affluence, and repose!"
 "Ah," said the cunning Hermit, "kneel by me;
 I tremble at the voice of destiny!"
 The unsuspecting Fakir knelt; but ere
 His eye he raised, he darkling stagger'd there;
 The Hermit's bright axe quivered in his brain;
 The spring of life thus sudden snapt in twain,
 From his dark eye glared forth the curse of hell,
 And starless night upon his eyelids fell.

The Hermit raised the corpse, bright Brahma names,
 And casts it headlong 'mong the bickering flames;
 Lifted his eye and marked his guardian star,
 Now brighter grown, late tremulously far;
 And long he prayed, till on the waning night
 The purple morning spread her fan-like light.
 The smoke hath vanished, and the vapor blue
 Melts o'er the flowers in pearls of amber dew:
 Nought now remains of the late flaming pyre
 But heaps of ashes gemmed with sparks of fire.
 The mass he searched—and, wonder to behold!
 Found 'neath the smouldering brands a man of gold—
 The golden statue of the Fakir dread;
 His trusty blade embedded in its head
 Turned too to gold—which coined, was wealth enough
 For one whose earthly path had been so rough.
 The axe he sold—the statue buried deep
 Where bright *lianas* 'mong the dark palms creep,
 And graved hard by it on a marble slab,
 "Stranger who seek'st the wealth of Sinnabab,
 Count forty paces from this guiding stone,
 His golden statue unprofaned you'll own.
 Live long and prosper—of the Fiend beware;
 Depart and die in peace, my unknown heir!"
 The Hermit died in plenitude of years,
 And found his loved ones 'bove the rolling spheres;
 But who his statue found is now unknown,
 So many ages since these days have flown.

Paris, 1840.

LITERARY RECREATIONS—No. III.

BY ANAGRAM FERRUN.

THE RESCUED NOVICE.

No slavery on earth is more doleful than that of a nun who enters the cloister against the free consent of her heart, or who is kept in it after she has repented of her choice. Bound irrevocably by her vow, (as the Papal church has decreed) and shut up as a prisoner to irksome ceremonies, secluded from communication with God's open world, and subjected as a bonds-woman to her spiritual Superiors, with a heart that could still relish the free pursuits and innocent enjoyments of mankind, she must pine away with such hopeless regrets as may well blast her affections and imprint leanness upon her face.

As to those who freely choose the monotonous and barren seclusion of the cloister, and live not to rue their choice, we will not waste our sympathy upon them, nor inveigh against the superstitious folly of their choice; nor will we say that they have chosen unwisely who are driven to the cloister as a last refuge in misfortune, or who resort to this as the best method of devoting themselves to the active duties of charity. But when a healthy young woman, qualified to fulfil the ends for which God made the sex, is compelled, as often happens, by parental or priestly authority, or is inveigled by crafty and deceptive allurements, or misled by superstitious notions, to take an irrevocable vow of celibacy, seclusion, formality and penance at another's will, we rejoice to hear of her escape from a thralldom in some respects worse than that of a convict in the penitentiary. In Roman Catholic countries, many are known to be driven into this hopeless state. In this country, as well as others, not a few are artfully entrapped into it, and when they show signs of uneasiness, are watched

and confined so closely as to render escape very difficult. We take the greater pleasure, therefore, in recording an instance of the deliverance of a novice from one of these dreary prisons in the Pope's own city of Rome.

Shortly after the beginning of the present century, Prince Cæsar Leoni was the head of a Roman family long distinguished for nobility, wealth and power. He had been thrice married to daughters of noble houses, and few could boast of so numerous or so beautiful a family of children. Of all his seven daughters, the princess Paulina was the most beautiful, ingenuous and accomplished. Devoted to study, she seldom appeared in public, except when called by duty or parental command, nor was she often met with at private parties. Hence, neither her personal nor mental excellencies attracted as much notice as they deserved; but notwithstanding her retired habits, she excited the admiration of several young noblemen, and received better offers of marriage than her younger half sisters, who were ostentatiously put forward by their mother, the prince's third wife. This woman was of the most powerful family in Rome, jealous and cruel in her temper, and ambitious to connect her daughters with the best families in the city. Paulina was the only child of the second wife, who had been of a family noble and amiable indeed, but of small wealth and power. The children of the first marriage, two daughters, were both disposed of by suitable alliances, so that Paulina alone remained in her father's house to bear the jealous envy of the step-mother.

This woman when she saw that Paulina, modest and retiring as she was, still eclipsed her own daughters, conceived a bitter hatred against her, and watched occasion to prejudice Prince Leoni against his motherless child. Her jealousy was in no degree abated by Paulina's rejection of several offers of marriage from wealthy noblemen. She was rather irritated to think that her step-daughter still continued at twenty-one years of age to stand between her daughters of nineteen, seventeen and sixteen, and the noble suitors who courted an alliance with the house of Leoni.

Nor could she for some time divine the reason why her step-daughter refused so many offers that her own daughters would have gladly accepted; for although few of the Roman nobility were qualified to gain a heart like Paulina's, the step-mother, who had not married from any sentimental consideration, could not conceive why nobility of birth, especially when united with wealth and agreeable manners, should not satisfy any young lady.

The truth was that Paulina had a secret attachment, which she did not avow to her parents, partly, because she had not confessed it to him for whom it was cherished, and she was certain, moreover, that if known, it would be violently disapproved by her proud and overbearing father.

When she was in her twentieth year, she became desirous of studying the English language. Her father, who liberally indulged her studies, employed as her teacher a young American, named Robert Ellingford, who had resided during two years in Rome as a student of the fine arts, and had become favorably known to several noble families. He was the son of a wealthy gentleman of South Carolina, who supported him liberally in his taste for the fine arts, until he was compelled to pay a heavy sum of money as surety for a friend. He then wrote to Robert in Italy that he must either return home or live upon his own resources. This turn of fortune induced the young man to offer his services as teacher of English, that he might support himself until he completed his studies of architecture, painting and music. Thus he came to be a daily visitor at the Leoni palace; and being handsome, amiable and accomplished, like his pupil, their acquaintance gradually and almost imperceptibly to themselves had ripened into love, which he expressed more by indirect signs than words, and she received with smiling condescension, because she was as

deeply entangled as himself. Hence the lessons in English were often taken from amatory compositions, and passages from Shakspeare, Fielding and Shenstone were read not only with intelligence but with feeling.

The malignant step-mother at length discovered signs of Paulina's attachment to her American teacher. The pleasure that the princess evidently took in her English studies, and the imprudent lengths to which the daily lessons grew, first excited suspicion. The artful step-dame rejoiced at this hopeful occasion of exposing the princess to her father's displeasure; she ceased not to pry into the affair until she gathered sufficient evidence to convince herself, and to excite at least strong suspicion and consequent rage in her husband's mind. She opened the subject to him with crafty professions of concern for her step-daughter's welfare, and for the honor of their princely house, which had never yet been tarnished by any plebeian or heretical connexion. She then mentioned the circumstances on which her suspicions were founded, and asked whether something should not be done to save the princess and the family from the consequences of such an attachment.

The proud and violent old man was enraged beyond measure by the artful suggestions of his dame. He sent for his daughter immediately. The wife having kindled the fire, did not choose to be present at the outbreak of the flames, but retired under the modest pretext that her duty being performed in giving the information, she would leave the case to the unbiassed management of her step-daughter's natural parent.

When Paulina appeared, the proud father demanded of her an explicit confession or denial of attachment to the young American. She promptly confessed a strong affection for her English teacher, but denied that any declaration of love had passed between them, or that she had contemplated any matrimonial engagement with him.

The old man's rage was increased by this prompt avowal of his daughter, that she had indulged a feeling any way akin to love for a teacher, a plebeian, a protestant heretic and a republican. He ended the conference by forbidding her to have any farther communication with Ellingford, and commanding her to choose a husband out of her noble suitors within two months, or retire to a nunnery and take the veil. Now of these noble suitors, one was too old and ugly; another too ignorant and stupid; another too ill-tempered and superstitious; another too profligate in his morals; and all were somehow too disagreeable to her to make a choice among them, otherwise than abhorrent to her feelings. On the other hand she was exceedingly averse to the slavish and profitless seclusion of a nunnery. She could not reconcile herself, therefore, to either side of her father's alternative. The only effect of his despotic requirement was to wake up in her breast the spirit which she inherited from him, and make her resolve to cling to her own free choice.

On that day when Ellingford came at the usual hour, he was by the prince's order rudely driven from the door and forbidden to show his face there again. He returned to his lodgings, wondering what this sudden and violent dismissal could mean. He remained in suspense until night, when Paulina's maid called and handed him a note from her, explaining in rather indirect terms the cause of her father's anger, declaring at the same time her sorrow for the loss of his instruction, her high esteem for his character, and the pleasure that she had enjoyed in his company and conversation. This was so nearly a declaration of love, when taken in connexion with the circumstances, that Ellingford hesitated not to write an answer, professing his devoted and unalterable attachment, and beseeching her to afford him by some means the happiness of an interview.

The next evening at the same hour, the maid brought him a second note, merely requesting him to follow the maid's

guidance to the house of Paulina's maternal aunt. He went with joy, met his beloved, exchanged with her the fondest pledges of affection, and was gratified with an appointment to meet again at the same place on that night week. The ardent lovers desired to meet sooner; but the prudent aunt warned them of the danger of discovery, if they came more frequently than once a week. Twice they had met and enjoyed, each time, two delicious hours in each other's company. But their second meeting had not escaped the malicious vigilance of the step-dame, who by means of a servant employed by her as a spy on Paulina's actions, learned that Ellingford had been with her at the aunt's. But she was too artful to inform prince Leoni of this discovery, until a third meeting of the luckless pair should aggravate the offence and give more decisive effect to her malignity. She ordered her spy to be doubly vigilant and let her know when Paulina again visited her aunt. This occurred on the same night of the next week, when Ellingford was seen to enter the same house. Now the dame had the prince informed of the whole affair, past and present. As she expected, his wrath was terrible. He ordered a close carriage to be brought out immediately, girded on his rapier, told two footmen to accompany him with pistols and stilettoes, and then ordered his coachman to drive directly to the aunt's house. He had previously sent a servant to the house to keep watch near the street-door until he should arrive. Paulina's maid, Theodora, happened to observe this sentinel standing near the door, and recognized his person. Filled with alarm at the circumstance, she told her mistress, who was also alarmed and advised her lover to go home without delay. She, as usual on these occasions, intended to sleep at her aunt's. He lingered a few minutes, loath to depart, but when entreated to make haste, he went. The street was an unfrequented one; hence, the sound of an approaching carriage attracted his attention and that of the family, who watched his departure with some anxiety for his safety. The sentinel followed him closely till he met the carriage, thirty yards from the door. Some words were spoken; the carriage stopped; two men sprang from behind it upon Ellingford; a man stepped from the inside of the carriage while a scuffle was going on without. Prince Leoni's voice was heard uttering an angry imprecation, then a groan sounded in the frightened ears of the listeners, and a heavy fall; after which, the party belonging to the carriage again mounted and the vehicle was driven up to the door. Prince Leoni instantly demanded that his daughter should come to him. He was told that she had fainted. He then ordered his footmen to carry her out dead or alive to the carriage; he was obeyed, and she was lifted in a state of insensibility into the vehicle. The servant who had acted as sentinel was ordered to come inside and hold the senseless body; the footmen to mount behind again, and the driver to move on towards a nunnery that was named. Poor Paulina had scarcely recovered from her swoon before they arrived at the nunnery, where the infuriated father ordered her to be closely confined in a cell, and secluded from intercourse with any, except her keepers, until he should give further orders concerning her. The lady abbess was his wife's elder sister, of the same cruel temper, and rendered doubly hard-hearted by superstitious bigotry. She gladly undertook to fulfil prince Leoni's orders.

Having now satiated his wrath for the present, he returned again to his palace; but then he remembered that he had left Ellingford weltering in his blood in the street, and thinking that he might escape some trouble, if not danger, by having the body disposed of secretly, he commanded some of his servants to go with the one who had acted as sentinel, and bury the body in a certain old church-yard on the outskirts of the city.

They went to the place where the guide thought that the

body had been left. But the night had grown extremely dark, and they groped about in vain for it. Supposing that he had mistaken the place, the guide moved farther on, and at the distance of twenty rods stumbled over a dead body in the dark. Supposing naturally that this was what they searched for, they picked it up and buried it as directed. On their return home at a late hour of the night, they found prince Leoni waiting for their report, which being satisfactory, he went to bed and slept.

But he was deceived in his belief that Ellingford was dead and buried. Another man had been assassinated near the same place; it was his body that had been found by the servants. Such nocturnal murders were frequent in Rome. But what became of the unfortunate Ellingford?

Paulina's aunt had a son, who though a young man, was becoming eminent as a surgeon. He was returning home to his mother's from a visit to one of his patients, just as prince Leoni's carriage drove from the door towards the nunnery. He came upon Ellingford weltering in his blood; and learning what had happened, from a servant who was sent by his mother to look for the body, he carried him to the house, and on examination found that he had been deeply pierced with the rapier of prince Leoni; but the weapon, though apparently aimed at the heart, had missed it, and the wound, though dangerous, was not necessarily mortal. The patient had fainted from loss of blood, and was laid on a bed in the most retired part of the house. He gradually revived; for some days the issue of his case was doubtful; but by skilful treatment and assiduous nursing he finally recovered, after a confinement of six weeks. His presence in the house was kept a secret from all but the family, through fear of prince Leoni and his wife, whose powerful interest in the city could not be safely resisted. Nothing sheltered the good aunt from the prince's resentment for permitting the lovers to meet in her house, but the supposed assassination of Ellingford so near her door. Gratified revenge and prudential considerations induced the prince and his dame to overlook the aunt's conduct in the affair.

Ellingford immediately after his recovery left the city privately and soon after embarked for America, justly apprehending danger to his life if his powerful enemies should learn that he had recovered from his wound and was yet in Italy. He could get no information before his departure respecting Paulina's situation in the nunnery, nor could he convey her any intelligence respecting his escape; so closely was she confined and watched by the she-dragon to whose charge she had been committed. The good aunt promised, however, to write him word, if she should be able to get any intelligence of her unfortunate niece.

Meanwhile the princess was kept strictly imprisoned in a cell apart from the other inmates of the convent. No one was permitted to visit her except the abbess, her father, and a bigoted old priest, who acted as her confessor, and was employed in that character to terrify or persuade her to embrace the monastic profession.

Her father did not visit her for a month after her seclusion. He then came with a heart somewhat mollified towards his motherless daughter. Hoping that her sufferings had disposed her to yield to his wishes, he went and proposed to her as the last alternative, that she should take the veil or marry a great nobleman who had lately made proposals for her hand, and who was considered by the prince as by far the best match for his daughter that had yet presented itself. Indeed, he was intent upon this splendid alliance, and was confident that Paulina would gladly embrace the opportunity of accepting it. What was his surprise and rage, when Paulina, humbly, yet firmly declined it! She respectfully alleged the age and bad personal character of the nobleman in question, as reasons why she could not hope for happiness as his wife. On the other hand

she plead her utter distaste to a monastic life, as an insuperable obstacle to taking the vows of a nun. Finally she besought her father upon her knees and with many tears, to take her home again and permit her to live a life of studious seclusion in his house; promising if this request were granted, to entertain no suitor and take no other step without his approbation.

So far from granting her request, the old man's rage was now implacable. He remanded her to her cell, and in two weeks compelled her to come forth and suffer herself to be attired in the habit of a novice. She did not make the verbal professions which the rules required of a novice, and was not, therefore, justly bound by the monastic rules. But her silent submission was construed into consent by the accommodating abess and bishop. Though nominally considered now as a novice, she was again shut up in her lonely prison, by the prince's orders, that her obstinate spirit might be broken by hard usage, until she submitted willingly to her fate, and consented to take the irrevocable vows of a nun, when the year of her novitiate should expire.

The abess, naturally hard-hearted, and rendered doubly inhuman by the gloomy bigotry that springs from monkish austerity, went even beyond the prince's intention respecting Paulina. She kept her locked up in a subterraneous cell by herself, gave her but the bare necessities of existence, and debarred all visits to her except those of her persecutors. She hoped that this cruel usage, coupled with promises of light and liberty if she would consent to take the vows of a nun, would prove effectual. But she was mistaken. Paulina was as resolute in her refusal as her persecutors were implacable in their cruelty.

The unhappy novice's year began about the time that Ellingford embarked for America. But long months passed away before the good aunt could gain intelligence of her situation. She knew of her being invested with the habit of a novice; she believed it to have been done without her free consent; but she feared that monastic cruelty would compel her either to yield or to suffer imprisonment for life.

Ellingford on his return found his father again in prosperous circumstances from the recovery of the money which he had paid as surety. The young man's fortune was greatly increased soon after, by a legacy bequeathed him by a rich and childless uncle after whom he had been named. He had just come into the possession of his new estate, when he was roused by a letter from Paulina's aunt, informing him that she had just received, by an extraordinary opportunity, a very affecting communication from her niece; who was confined in a dungeon and treated as the worst of criminals,—threatened, moreover, with a lingering death in her dark cell, if she did not pledge herself to take the vows at the expiration of her novitiate, immediately after Easter. She held out so far against these threats; but her case seemed to be desperate. The letter concluded in these words:

"My poor niece thinks that you were slain by her father on that terrible night; and, perhaps, it is best that she remain in this error; for if she knew that you were alive, her imprisonment and condemnation to the veil would be intolerable to her feelings. I see no possible way in which she can, without a miracle, escape her doom. My family all take her part so far as they can; but we are utterly unable to cope with the mighty families of Leoni and Orsini, and dare not offend them even by remonstrance. I attribute my escape from their wrath for my past conduct, solely to your supposed assassination in sight of my door. Alas! my friend, what can any of us do, but leave my dear, sweet niece to her fate, and mourn for her as one dead and buried? It was mere accident that enabled her to inform me of her sad condition, and I have no means of conveying her a word of intelligence. She says that she will not take the required vows; but they are cruel enough to torture her

into compliance. Oh! my dear Ellingford, what can you or I do for poor Paulina? Nothing! nothing!"

But Ellingford, though he saw no prospect of success, resolved to hazard every thing in the attempt to rescue his beloved, who for love of him had exposed herself to such a miserable fate. It was indeed a forlorn hope at best, and whatever was done must be done quickly; for he had but one hundred days till Easter, by which time he must be in Rome, prepared to witness the public ceremony of her taking the veil, and strike then for her rescue, or forever lose the opportunity. After that hour she would be immured for life, either as a veiled nun or as a contumacious offender.

Ellingford was well qualified for such an undertaking, by his native intrepidity and sagacity, his knowledge of the Italian language, the city of Rome and the institutions of the Popish church. He must succeed, if at all, by deception and stratagem; force could avail nothing, unless employed at a critical moment, and rendered successful by surprise and celerity. He soon devised a scheme of operations, and lost not a moment in preparing for its execution.

Let us now return to Rome. The Easter holidays were just over, the year of Paulina's compulsory novitiate was completed. Notice was given a week before, that the ceremony of her taking the veil would be performed by night in the church of the nunnery. The night was chosen in preference to day-light, perhaps, to conceal the emaciated condition of the novice, and to render any hesitancy or unwillingness on her part less observable.

The convent was situated near the Tiber in a dilapidated and thinly-peopled quarter of the city. Connected with the nunnery was a convent of monks; the church was situated between the two establishments, and on public occasions was occupied by the inmates of both. On one side a narrow passage or gallery led from the nunnery into that part of the church which was occupied exclusively by the nuns. This part was separated by a balustrade, and partly by a screen from the rest. It was on the left of the altar and bishop's throne, near the back wall of the church. On the right of the altar was another balustrade, enclosing a similar space for the monks of the adjoining abbey. The floor of these parts of the church was raised two or three feet above that in front of the altar, where the promiscuous congregation stood or sat on benches. The only way in which a person could pass directly from the choir or nun's compartment in the main body of the church, was by steps and a gate in the balustrade near the wall on the nunnery side of the church. It was customary in this establishment for the novice, when she was going to be veiled, to come forth by this gate, conducted by the abess and some two or three old nuns, and present herself to the bishop before the altar, where the public part of the ceremony was performed. It was usual for her parents if alive, or some one representing them, if they were not present, to meet her as she approached the altar, and leading her up to it, to give her to Christ, as a bride is given to the bride-groom; for the Romish church treats this ceremony as a marriage between the novice and Christ. Hence nuns are accustomed to speak of Christ as their husband.

On this occasion, prince Leoni and the step-dame, with a number of their relations, occupied seats before the altar at the distance of ten feet. The nuns and monks were seated in their respective compartments, being each about fifty in number. The bishop was seated on his throne behind the altar; and a promiscuous congregation was irregularly disposed on the lower floor towards the front of the building. The number assembled on this night was much smaller than might have been expected when so noble a lady was to be veiled. The cause of a thin attendance was chiefly the inclemency of the weather. A heavy rain had begun

before sunset, and continued to pour down in torrents during three hours. The streets in this part of the city were thinly inhabited and infested with robbers, especially on such intensely dark nights as this happened to be. Hence few came except such as were personally interested in the affair.

Most of those who stood or sat behind and about the relations of Paulina, seemed to be monks or other ecclesiastics who did not belong to the abbey. Among these, the most remarkable, was an old-looking, stoop-shouldered man, with large spectacles, a long gray beard and a staff. He stood leaning on his staff near the gate by which the novice would come down to present herself before the altar. He seemed by his habit to be a pilgrim on a visit to Rome. The bishop noticed him before the ceremony began, and bending over towards the abbot who sat near his side, asked,

"Who is that venerable looking man yonder, with the long beard?"

"A brother from New Orleans, in America," said the abbot; "he has come all the way over the ocean to visit the shrine of St. Peter. He is a most interesting and holy man; he has lodged in our abbey most of the time during two weeks, and has delighted the brethren with his conversation. We offered him a seat here among us, but he declined it; saying that he was not worthy to set with us on so solemn an occasion."

"Present him to me after service," said the bishop.

"I will," said the abbot.

The service now began. After the usual preliminaries were gone through, the novice was brought down to the lower floor and led by the abbess on the one side, and an old sour-faced nun, called sister Margaret, on the other, till they stood before the altar. The unfortunate Paulina was so feeble and emaciated by long suffering, that she could scarcely walk or stand without support. When it came to her to answer questions and to take the vows, she astonished all who heard her, by declaring in a feeble voice, yet distinctly and firmly, that she could not conscientiously take the vows, because she could not reconcile her heart to the seclusion and duties of a nunnery.

"What," said the bishop, with seeming astonishment, "do you refuse, daughter, after passing through your novitiate, and coming forward now to complete your vows?"

"Father," said she, "I never consented to be a novice; I have been imprisoned during thirteen months in a dungeon under ground, and treated by the abbess with great cruelty, until I have been reduced to the borders of the grave; and I appear before you, only because I cannot resist the will of those in whose power I am. I now make a last appeal to you, my lord bishop, and to you, my once kind parent. Oh! for God's sake, release me from these unmerited sufferings!"

Prince Leoni, who had taken his position by her side, instead of being melted by this affecting appeal of his daughter, had been wrought by the wicked step-mother into such prejudice against her, that he burst out at once into the following angry denunciation, "My lord bishop, she deserves no pity, and she shall have none. Two years ago, I unwarily suffered her to take lessons in English from an artful young heretic, to whom she wickedly attached herself, and from whom she derived principles of heresy and contumacy, as her present conduct shows. My worthy spouse here, and myself, in order if possible to restore her to the true faith and save her from destruction, put her under the care of our holy sister, the abbess here, who found her so rebellious that it was necessary to keep her confined. She is yet, I fear, as far gone as ever in heretical pravity and contumacious obstinacy. I now renounce all parental care over her, and cast her out of my protection. She is left in the hands of the church to be dealt with as she deserves. Here, my lady abbess, let her be taken back to her cell, and there kept in a state of severe penance, such as the

church may prescribe, until she renders due obedience to the church's authority."

So saying, he handed her again to the abbess and sister Margaret, to be led away.

Paulina having expected some such cruel sentence, bore up under it as well as her feeble strength would permit; yet in returning towards the entrance into the nun's apartment of the church, she evidently began to sink under her misery, so that the abbess and old Margaret had to carry almost her whole weight. When they attempted to ascend the steps that led to the higher floor of the nun's apartment, old Margaret stumbled and fell, bringing Paulina and the abbess to the floor with her.

The scene at the altar, so extraordinary and so surprising, caused no little excitement and disturbance through the church. The abbot, as soon as Paulina was delivered back to the abbess, signed to his monks that they should retire by a door on their side into the abbey. They rose in great trepidation and began to press out. Paulina's relations in front of the altar, also rose in confusion and began to move towards the front door; to which, also, some of the promiscuous audience began to direct their steps. The nuns in their quarter, also began to stir with no little agitation. Thus a general commotion was visible on all sides, and no one noticed a particular movement going on amongst about a dozen persons, who seemed by their habits to be monks and pilgrims. The old gray-bearded pilgrim, who first took his station near the steps, as before mentioned, had moved nearer to the altar after Paulina had been led up to it. There he stood intently observing what was going on, and occasionally turning his face upon the company of monkish looking men, who kept near and behind him, making them occasionally some slight signal with his hand which caused them to arrange themselves in a particular manner. As soon as Paulina had been put back into the abbess's hands, he retreated again towards the steps as if to make way for the females, while the company of monks who attended on his motions retreated the same way; but so far from the female party as not to interfere with their motions. When the old pilgrim got to the wall a little beyond the steps, he turned about, and in doing so waved his staff in a particular way so as to be observed only by those monks who began with quicker steps to gather near him. Just as the females began to mount the first step, he moved towards them from the wall, and when old Margaret stumbled and brought them all down, the old pilgrim with a quickness wonderful in a man of his years, snatched Paulina up in his arms and pushed briskly towards the front door with her, surrounded and hidden by the company of monks.

Some of the nuns who saw the lady abbess fall with Paulina and old Margaret, being already frightened out of half their senses, could contain themselves no longer, but fairly screamed out "*Jesu Maria!*" and rushed down the steps to help the abbess up with her charge. The action of the old pilgrim increased their fright; they supposed that he meant to help the sacred person of the abbess from her prostrate condition; but to think that a *man*, yes, a real male man, should take a Holy Virgin mother abbess in his sacrilegious arms, even to lift her from the floor! It was awful—they uttered a shrill scream of horror—"Sancte Maria! Misericordia!" rang through the church. The nuns behind them, not knowing what was the matter, instinctively pressed towards the steps with ardent curiosity to see; the hinder pushed those before, the foremost were tumbled down upon the abbess and old Margaret, just as Paulina had disappeared, and the abbess and the heldame attendant began to strain their throats with screams of terror. The crowd of nuns became frantic, they rushed and pushed like mad, and came tumbling over one another down the steps, till a pile of twenty or more lay kicking, scuffling and shrieking wildly on the floor.

This prodigious hubbub of course recalled the congregation. Prince Leoni and his friends ran up to see what was the matter; but for some time could learn nothing. The monks rushed to the same place, and so did a good many of the promiscuous audience, all trying to get near enough to see and hear what was going on in the centre of the disturbance. So great was the confusion and uproar that the old pilgrim and his monks would have got off unobserved with their prize, if a priest who had gone out before he heard the screams, had not in returning met their party coming out of the front door into the portico, where a number of lamps were kept burning before an image of the Virgin Mary. By the light of these lamps he perceived that the old pilgrim had a female in a nun's habit in his arms. This he happened to see as the party came out by the door, which was too narrow to let them keep their thick array. The priest was so astounded at this sight, that he thought only of gazing at it, until the party in the portico again resuming their close order moved out briskly into the pitch-dark street, where the rain was still falling. Then he ran in, bawling as loud as his lungs would let him, "Sancta Maria! Help! Help! Sacrilege! Sacrilege! Jesu! Maria Sanctissima! Help! Help!" Somebody happening to ask him what made him cry out so, he then first thought of telling that the old pilgrim had carried off a nun. At last, when the pile of screaming nuns was somewhat disentangled and quieted, and the priest's story was understood, nearly all the male part of the congregation set off in pursuit of the fugitives. The street was a good deal blocked up with carriages, of which some had lamps which shed a dim light over a small space around. Twenty voices at once asked the servants in the carriages, what way the party of monks had gone; half a dozen servants bawled out, answering at once, some pointing one way and some another.

The pursuers took different ways; one party was in the right track, they went down the street towards the Tiber. They saw at a distance the glimmering of a light; when they arrived at the river side, they found this light proceeding from a boat by the shore, and the party of monks standing near it, while the old pilgrim, who had carried in his prize, was giving orders for the rest to embark immediately. But the foremost of the pursuers, three or four in number, ran up at the instant and commanded them to stop and deliver up the stolen nun, at the same time seizing hold on some of the monks. What was their surprise when instead of a tame surrender, as might be expected from men in their garb, they were suddenly knocked down with stout cudgels, and the next instant the rest of the party as they came up, were ordered to stand back at the peril of their lives; an order which they saw was not to be despised, for swords and pistols were instantly drawn to enforce it. The pursuers having halted a moment, the old pilgrim called his men hastily into the boat, ordered them to push off from the bank and cross to the opposite shore. The boat was accordingly turned in that direction, and a few strokes of the oar carried her beyond the reach of the pursuing party. The light was extinguished, and the sound of the oars soon after ceased to be heard. Hence it was supposed that the pilgrim had landed on the opposite shore. Parties soon after set out to cross the bridge some distance above, that they might pursue the fugitives on the opposite shore. By this time a dozen church-bells were ringing the alarm, the police guards were assembling, and thousands of citizens were in the streets with flambeaux, inquiring what had happened. The awful news that a nun had been abducted from a convent spread like wild-fire. So great was the alarm and indignation at this unexampled sacrilege, that before an hour had elapsed, more than ten thousand men were running about in search of the ravishers. Prince Leoni and the pope's secretary offered great rewards for their apprehension. But all in vain; the search was con-

tinued several days without discovering the slightest trace of them. No wonder; for the boat did not land at all, but was suffered to float silently down the swollen current of the Tiber, until the outskirts of the city were passed. Then the oars were gently plied to hasten her progress to Ostia, a small port at the mouth of the river, sixteen miles below the city. A swift sailing schooner had come to Ostia two days before, to take on board some boxes of pictures and stationary which a gentleman had purchased in Rome. The Tiber being high and the weather rainy, he had bought a stout boat, larger than schooners were usually furnished with, and having put a covering on it, he sent it up the Tiber for his boxes. One load had been taken down; a box or two remained, for which the boat was sent again to the city. The box was put on board of the boat on the evening of which we are writing; and the boat had left the landing where she had been laden, as if on her way to Ostia. But the rain fell so rapidly as to make her take shelter under the bridge of St. Angelo; from which she dropped silently down after dark to this place, where the old pilgrim found her in his flight from the church.

The good aunt of Paulina did not attend the church on that night; but her son, the surgeon, was there. When he returned to his mother with the strange news of what had happened, she expressed great joy but no surprise. She explained to him that he had scarcely left the house on his way to the church, before a monk called and left her a note, which contained these words:

"Should the princess Paulina be snatched away from her persecutors to-night, rejoice, for she will be in the hands of a friend who will make her happiness the study of his life. She will be taken far from the reach of her enemies, to a land where civil and religious tyranny are alike unknown. The enterprise has been kept secret from you and your family, that you might not be justly accused of any participation in it by the tigers who will doubtless rage for the loss of their victim. Heaven bless you and your's. Burn this when you have read it."

The good lady and her son had no difficulty in conjecturing who wrote this note.

The next morning at the dawn of day, the schooner before mentioned was almost out of sight from Ostia, bearing away for the straits of Gibraltar. The old pilgrim with his prize and his companions were on board. All but himself had put off their disguise and were in the common garb of sailors, except two who had the dress and manners of gentlemen.

Let us now return to Paulina. She was so emaciated, feeble and nervous, that although she had gone through the scene at the altar with astonishing fortitude, yet when it was over and she was remanded for life to her gloomy cell, her strength gave way and she fainted at the instant when the old pilgrim snatched her from the floor and carried her off. She had not sufficiently recovered to know any thing going on about her, before she was laid on a couch in the covered boat, and was floating silently down the Tiber in total darkness. When she revived, and neither saw nor heard any thing, she groaned and said in a complaining voice, "Alas! here am I again in this deep and lonely dungeon, condemned to linger out the short remnant of my days in misery. Oh! Merciful Father in Heaven, sinner as I am, and worthy of thy displeasure, thou canst not approve of this cruel treatment from those who ought to be my friends and protectors. Be thou my friend, O Lord, since no other can now befriend me!"

She had no sooner uttered these despairing words, than a soft voice spoke kindly in her ears, "Here, dear princess, drink this cordial; it will revive you." At the same time her head was gently raised and the cup was applied to her lips. In obedience to what seemed to her an angels'

voice, she drank and was revived. Then all was silent a few minutes. She seemed to meditate awhile, and then she whispered to herself, "God must have sent him down from Heaven to comfort me." Again the same kind voice softly whispered, "Drink a little rice-milk, my love; it will strengthen you." She drank. "Now, dear Paulina," said the voice again, "sleep in peace; you are rescued." She asked the question, "Art thou his happy spirit, sent down to visit me in my hopeless state?" The voice only answered, "Sleep now in safety; you need refreshment; to-morrow you will know more." So much was she exhausted, and so soothing were these words of kindness to her desolate heart, that, after murmuring a brief thanksgiving to her Heavenly Father, she sank to sleep, and continued to sleep soundly until morning; for an anodyne had been mixed with the cordial. So sound were her slumbers that she was not fully awakened, even by the operation of lifting her in her couch from the boat to the deck of the schooner, and then putting her into the place assigned her in the cabin.

The sun had not risen when she awoke. The cabin was yet quite dark. She saw nobody; but hearing some strange sounds, she asked, "Where am I?" Whose voice should then salute her ear but that of her former maid, Theodora. This girl had been driven from the Leoni palace on suspicion of having assisted her mistress in her correspondence with Ellingford. The surgeon had procured her a situation with a friend of his. Here she lived until the evening of the rescue, when she eloped with a man who put her on board the pilgrim's boat. She had been met by the pilgrim in the street some days before and recognized; hence the elopement.

Now when Paulina heard her voice, she knew her immediately. "O, Theodora!" she exclaimed, "you here too in this dismal prison! Is it through mercy to me, or cruelty to you, that they have shut you up here?"

"My dear mistress," said the girl, who had been instructed what to do, "I am to be your maid again, thank God; I hope you will be happier now."

"Certainly I shall if they let you stay with me. But where are we? This is not my old cell, where they kept me so long. What strange rumbling sounds are these that I hear?"

"The sound of waves, my dear mistress; your prison is now on the waves of the sea."

"Why, how came this change? Then it was not all a dream that I experienced last night. Methought a venerable pilgrim came towards me in the church, as if he would speak to me. Then I remember nothing more until I woke in a dark silent place, very sick and faint. When I groaned to think that I was again in my dungeon, a sweet voice—I thought it was the voice of my murdered Ellingford—spoke kindly to me; and that he, or an angel from heaven, gave me to drink an elixir as delicious as nectar, to revive me. Then after a short interval, the same sweet voice—I thought again it was the loved voice of my murdered Ellingford—spoke to me; and after a kind hand had given me refreshing drink a second time, the voice told me to sleep in peace; that I was free, and would hear every thing explained to-morrow. But I am afraid now that it was all a dream. But then where am I, and how came I here?"

"My dear mistress, it was not all a dream. You are in the cabin of a ship at sea; and though you are still shut up, you are not now in the power of the abbess, and of your cruel step-mother."

"Thank Heaven for that. But how came I to be taken from them? Did my father relent at last?"

"No; the old pilgrim whom you saw coming towards you in the church, snatched you out of the abbess's hands and brought you here."

"The old pilgrim! Well, I thank him with all my heart;—

but the sweet voice that I heard: who was it that sat by me and watched over me in the night? Or did any body?"

"Yes, the old pilgrim was with you."

"The old pilgrim? But was no one else with me?"

"No one else was by your couch, except myself."

"The old pilgrim? Oh then, the sweet voice—so like the voice of my Ellingford; it recalled his dear image so brightly to my mind, I could not help thinking that his blessed spirit was sent from heaven to comfort me. But that lovely vision, that charming voice of affection—all was but a dream! Alas! alas! it was but a dream!" She sighed deeply as she uttered these words.

After she had risen and breakfasted, she felt herself much strengthened, and considerably cheered at her deliverance from the abbey dungeon; but still she could not comprehend her present situation.

"Tell me, Theodora, what sort of man is the pilgrim? Why did he rescue me from the abbey? And what does he mean to do with me? I do not understand my situation."

"The pilgrim," said the maid, "looks like a decrepid old man; for he has a long grey beard, and walks with a staff. He calls himself brother Thomas of New Orleans; says that he came on a pilgrimage to Rome, and pitying your unhappy lot, he embraced the opportunity of snatching you away from your persecutors and putting you on board of his ship. He says that he will take you to America; but what he intends to do with you there is best known to himself. You will have to let him tell you that himself."

"Well," said the princess, "he seems to be a merciful old man, and I thank him with all my heart."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the door of the inner cabin where the women were. Theodora went out, and soon returned, saying that the old long-bearded pilgrim asked if she would favor him with an interview in the outer cabin.

"Certainly," said Paulina, "my deliverer has a right to see me, though his beard were a yard long." She rose therefore, and, leaning on Theodora, walked into the outer cabin, which was sufficiently lighted to show objects distinctly. When she entered, he was seated with his face bent down; but on her entrance he rose, and bowing to her with profound respect, asked her in a constrained guttural voice to be seated, and then inquired how her health was.

"My health and spirits are much better," said she, "since I find myself no longer imprisoned in a dungeon and persecuted by cruel enemies. Accept my humble and hearty thanks for my deliverance."

The pilgrim again bowed respectfully as he answered—"Most welcome are you, noble princess, to the aid which I was so fortunate as to give you. Consider yourself now as in the hands of a friend who will ever delight to promote your happiness."

"I thank you again, with all my heart, venerable father; but I fear that you will find me a troublesome burden on your hands; for you have rescued a poor destitute wretch, cast off by her natural protectors, and unable to requite your kindness."

The pilgrim was so affected by this speech, that for a minute he could not utter a word. Lifting his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, he happened to throw down his large green spectacles, by which the upper part of his face had been much concealed. The princess seemed to be struck with surprise on seeing his features thus exposed; and when he began, with an altered voice, to speak kindly in reply, she started, as if she had seen a spectre, and exclaimed—

"Oh, that dear voice again—the voice of my last night's dream—the voice of my murdered Ellingford! Tell me, sir, are you a relation of Robert Ellingford?"

"Not exactly a relation; but—if I did not know that the young man you mention was the cause of all your sufferings, I would acknowledge myself his friend."

"No, no!" said she quickly, "he did not cause my sufferings, but I was the wretched cause of his death."

"I am happy to relieve your feelings on that subject: he recovered from his wounds and is yet alive."

"O God be praised!" exclaimed the princess, with great emotion; "this is indeed happy news: such as I had not hoped for."

"Why, my dear princess, that rash young man caused you so much suffering, I wonder that you would now rejoice at his recovery."

"Rejoice at it—yes, nothing could have given me such joy; and as to my sufferings, they are nothing now that he is alive: I would die for him."

"Yes, dear princess, and he would die for you," said the pilgrim, casting off his slouched cap and cloak.

Paulina having thus a better view of his person, said—"Were it not for your long beard, I could almost hope that you are yourself my Ellingford."

The artificial beard flew off in a moment, and in another moment they were in each other's arms.

Paulina, feeble and grief-worn as she was, bore, without injury, the excess of her joy. In the course of an hour, they were calm enough to converse more at their ease.

"Tell me, dear Ellingford," said she, "how did you contrive to stay two weeks in Rome undiscovered, and to learn so much of my situation and feelings?"

"My disguise," said he, "was sufficient to hide me from all eyes, since it hid me from your's. I gained ready admittance into the abbey by your convent, being as I told them a pilgrim-brother from New Orleans—a place of which but few of the monks there had ever heard, but of which they had a curiosity to hear something, seeing that so venerable a brother had come from so strange and so distant a place. Having indeed spent a month at New Orleans not long before, I was able to tell them many amusing stories about things there and in other parts of America, of which continent the good souls knew precious little. I soon became a favorite; and being in my turn naturally inquisitive about things in Rome, particularly the monasteries, they strove to entertain me with all the information and tattle that were going on in their idle community. I soon got them started upon your case, of which they had heard a good deal, as it was every way somewhat extraordinary, and you were shortly to take the veil. I soon found out, too, that Father Anselmo was your confessor; I wormed myself readily into his confidence, and unsuspectingly extracted from him all the information necessary to my purpose. I ascertained that you were cruelly treated, and not willing to become a nun. I then laid my plan; got disguises for my sailors and friends who came with me; and so arranged the movements of the large boat, purchased at Ostia, that all was ready for action. God mercifully favored us with a dark and rainy night, or we could hardly have succeeded without considerable bloodshed, for which we were prepared in case of necessity. And now, dear Paulina, you are free to choose your future mode of life. If you desire to be a nun, I will conduct you to the altar of any monastic chapel that you may designate; or if you desire to live in celibacy in the open world, I will secure you a comfortable situation according to your desire; or if you would prefer to look out any where for a matrimonial engagement more agreeable than any yet offered you, I will try to find you an honorable match: but finally, if you think your English teacher worthy of your acceptance as a husband, I will only say that you will in that case make him very happy."

"Since my English teacher is pleased to say so, I have no hesitation to answer that I have had enough of nunneries; that I have no preference for a life of celibacy; that there is no necessity for his meditation to procure me a husband—for I will have none but himself; and that I shall

be happier when I can call him my husband, than I ever expected to be in this world."

The rest of the story can be soon told. Paulina rapidly recovered her strength and spirits. By the time that they reached Gibraltar, she was again in full health and beauty. Here they staid ten days. On the fifth of these ten days, they were married by an English clergyman. On the same day Paulina heartily renounced the popish faith, and as heartily embraced the Christianity of the Bible. Ellingford had given her an English Bible when he was teaching her the language in Rome: this she privately read with his assistance; and it was the discovery of this book in her desk at home, after she was imprisoned, that caused her to be suspected of heresy and to be more cruelly treated by the abbess.

After his happy return to his own country, Mr. Ellingford settled with his stolen princess on a large estate in Louisiana, where they lived happily and prosperously for many years; and for aught that we know, they may be still living there in a good old age.

The cruel father died soon after. Neither he, nor the malignant step-mother, nor the hard-hearted abbess, ever again heard of the rescued novice. But the good aunt and her son received letters from time to time, and once or twice some valuable presents. They rejoiced at each successive account—first of the marriage, and then of the increasing wealth and increasing family of Robert Ellingford, and the beautiful princess who would not be a nun.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

No. III.

MY DEAR GALITON:

When I am in the midst of interesting scenes, an inveterate propensity often prompts me to commit the impressions which they produce to paper. A result of this practice will appear in the following sketch from my portfolio. It is an ungainly imp of the brain; it hath a halting step; it is shabbily dressed. Have mercy, and look at it only by twilight.

SABBATH ABROAD, vs. AT HOME.

It is Sunday morning in the Old Dominion. The peaks of the Blue Ridge have put on their caps of vermillion and gold at the sun's bidding. The breeze is abroad in the woods—and the leaves, like those of Dodona, speak bright oracles. It is the day of rest. Gaiety restrains its laugh. Music and the dance have a holiday. Slavery forgets its burden, and Despair puts on a smile.

It is the third Sunday of the month, and consequently we have preaching. There is no bell to disturb the religious stillness of the mountains, and yet the people are gathering from hill and wooded glen like the clan of Roderick Dhu. Our good horses—we rarely use carriages among the mountains—amble along the bridle-path, at a gentle, Sabbath gait, and in a short time bring us to the church. It is a humble, unpretending building, with no turret or spire, save its chimney. A fine grove of old oak trees surrounds it, which, with their huge arms and waving branches, seem like 'an army with banners.'

The crowd is still gathering. Husband and spouse, father and child, lover and the loved, come from the far-off vallies which seem sleeping under the protecting wing of the hills. The horses are tethered at the skirt of the grove to the pen-

dent branches. It is a sultry day in July, and the exercises are held in the open air under the shade of the trees. The preacher is stationed in a temporary desk, and around it his hearers are seated—some on benches, and others on the grass. The servants, decked in the cast-off finery of their masters, stand behind, and at the side of, the divine. Here, is one ornamented with ribbons as many-colored as the rainbow—and there, another who sports a ring, a breastpin, and white-silk gloves! There, is an old man who has seen seventy summers: his head is silver-sprinkled; and, as he leans so thoughtfully on his long staff, he looks a very Solomon.

The time of service has fully arrived. A hymn is read and sung. The improvements in church-music have not yet reached the mountaineers, but they sing with a true heart, and the words are spoken distinctly, though unformed by the lank fingers of fashion. The services are conducted, for the most part, in the ordinary manner. The minister is not a polished speaker, nor a refined scholar; but his illustrations, drawn often from the wild scenery around him, have a thrilling effect. The closing hymn is being sung. How the sound swells down the leafy aisles of the forest! The Blessing is pronounced, and the exercises for the day are ended.

We return with friends to an excellent repast—which being discussed, we retire to the piazza, and read or converse till the coming of evening. Meantime, the shadows stretch towards the east. The gentle wind, which had slept idly on the leaves during the hot noon, now begins its play.

The sun is setting; the vallies are already shaded. The red light creeps up the mountains, and—is gone. Day sinks to its slumber as quietly as early childhood. Silence, like a spell, spreads over every thing—till, as stars begin to tremble in heaven, the matins of the lone whippoorwill close the Sabbath Abroad.

Sunday in New York. It is morning, as tells the clock of some chanticleer far off among the hills. Something—I ween it is a guardian angel—touches my sleepy spirit, and wakes me earlier on this holy day; and I love to rise while the dew is on the leaves, and, sitting by my upraised window, see the blushing day at her toilette. Soon the sun appears—brushes away the clouds from his brow, and walks up the blue floor of Heaven. The valley, the river, the hills, are sending up their incense of mist. The birds are singing psalms in their leafy churches. I hush my breath to drink in the music of their song.

The sun shines first on the spire of the meeting-house, and creeps slowly down, till the whole building is enveloped in a blaze of light. There is no noise in the streets of the village. Gain is counting his gold. Avarice clenches her lean, withered hands in silence, and Pleasure is still rolling on his uneasy couch. The usual avocations of men are forsaken—while those who offer 'wet damnation' to the lips of men, are still at their *spirit*-ual work, under the shield of sanctimonious looks and holyday apparel. Poverty has put on her comeliest rags, and Vice is looking through the glass of Memory at his Paradise Lost.

The first bell rings. Echo, like a spoiled urchin, gambols in the woods, notwithstanding it is the Sabbath. In answer to the summons, groups of young existences, in ribbons and gay bonnets, assemble from lane and avenue, in the basement-room of the church. Their happy faces seem, unconsciously, to put on a quiet seriousness as they come within the shadow of the building and enter the Sunday School. My window is so near that I can hear their sweet voices in the morning-hymn. I love the first songs of children,—“of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

Before the second bell sounds, a few persons begin to collect around the doors of the consecrated edifice. First

comes a veteran leaning on his staff, and, with a deep sigh, sits down upon the steps. He was in the struggle of the Revolution, and, if it was not Sunday, would tell you long tales about the “Great Gin’ral Washington,” acting over again the battles in which he himself was engaged, with his trusty cane. But he is getting old now. His head is white. “They that look out of the windows are darkened,” and—good man—he totters to church, expecting every Sabbath to be his last. Next come some elderly females; and then some families noted for punctuality, roll up in their homely but comfortable vehicles. The tide begins to swell;—the rumbling of carriages and wagons is heard in all directions.

The bell turns on its wheel. Every hill and valley and nook of the neighborhood contribute to increase the concourse, until, at last, all are assembled and the doors quietly closed.

In some states of the mind, we are more benefitted at home, studying our own hearts, than when engaged in the public services of the sanctuary. A conviction of this kind keeps me at home to-day. I sit by my curtained window, and, though not bodily in “the great congregation,” my spirit, I trust, is not entirely void of devotion. I hear the rustling hum of the assembly as they bow in prayer—the solemn, well-enunciated words of the man of God—the rich notes of the organ, and the well-tuned voices of the choir. In the course of an hour, the morning services are concluded. After a short recess, and similar exercises in the afternoon, the public meetings of the day are ended. The crowd disperse again to their respective homes—the “bed-maker of the dead,” last of all, closes the doors, turns the key with an air becoming his station, and the holy walls are left silent and empty.

The sun goes deliberately down. After bidding a kind farewell to the world below, it lingers on the steeple as if loath to depart—retracing the steps which it took in the morning, up the spire, till, with a last smile on the weathercock, it vanishes.

Russet, sandaled evening, comes on apace. Venus is still coqueting with the water-spirits in the Western Sea. Jupiter shakes his sceptre over the “Scales,” and Urza Major is dancing around the North Pole.

Night wears;—our vigils must end—and with them, the Sabbath at Home.

In some measure connected with the subject above, a few passages from the author of *Melanie* have come to my mind since I commenced writing.

“There is something exceedingly impressive in the breaking in of church-bells on the stillness of the Sabbath. I doubt whether it is not more so in the heart of a populous city than any where else. The presence of any single, strong feeling, in the midst of a great people, has something of awfulness in it which exceeds even the impressiveness of Nature’s breathless Sabbath. I know few things more impressive than to walk the street of a city when the peal of the early bells is just beginning. But when they sound, suddenly, with a summons to the temple of God, and their echoes roll on through the desolate streets, and are unanswered by the sound of any human voice, or the din of any human occupation, the effect has sometimes seemed to me more solemn than near thunder.

“Far more beautiful, and perhaps quite as salutary as a religious influence, is the sound of a distant Sabbath-bell in the country. It comes floating over the hills like the going abroad of a spirit; and as the leaves stir with its vibrations, and the drops of the dew tremble in the cups of the flowers, you could almost believe that there was a Sabbath in Nature, and that the dumb works of God rendered visible worship for His Goodness. The effect of Nature alone is purifying, and its thousand evidences of wisdom are too elo-

quent of their Maker not to act as a continual lesson; but combined with the instilled piety of childhood, and the knowledge of the inviolable holiness of the time, the mellow cadences of a church-bell give to the hush of a country Sabbath, a holiness to which only a desperate heart could be insensible."

Heaven bless thee and thine! and, as saith the Turk, may you live a thousand years: may your shadow never be less. Farewell!

Thine, most unquestionably,

A. D. G.

Clinton, New-York, Sept. 1840.

SPARKS THAT MAY KINDLE.

No. II.

The Scholar's Library.

The true scholar is a lover of books. Yet he takes not so much pains to gather many, as to select the most worthy. Those most worthy, in his eye, are not the huge Babels that laborious diligence and indigence have made,—the Noah's arks which contain all sorts of beasts, both the clean and the unclean—mere lexicons, digests, annals, with their cleft and spare knowledge,—though he uses such, if need be; but the recorded wisdom of the few, who have felt the genuine enthusiasm of learning, and have freely uttered the words that were given them for the enlightening of all men. Precious are the thoughts of those few, diffusing perpetual light and odor, like spiced oils which have burned age after age in the sepulchres of sages and saints; cheering and refreshing as the morning star to the wearied night-wanderer!

The scholar shows on his shelves nothing for ostentation, but all for use—not for vulgar use, for vanity, or daily bread, or seeming wise—but for enriching the intellect, for ennobling the heart, and for training him, by constant example and inspiring intimations, to the noblest form of manhood. Poor though he be, he will ever have some such—Petrarch, with his fine learning and love of unsphered purity, Milton with his noble and prophetic visions of liberty and virtue, Plato, dwelling and dreaming in realms of pure light, or passing up the high ascent.

Though he values insight more than art, as the spirit that dwells in the temple is more than the outward decorations of the temple, yet as genuine art is the offspring of nature, and bears in every feature tokens of that parentage, he loves art also. Nor is art in the province of the painter only, or of the sculptor. Its highest and most enduring trophies are in the constructions of reason and of imagination. What canvass or marble can match in beauty or immortality with the theorems of Euclid, or the lofty impersonations of Sophocles? The harmonies of a true poem are more subtle and not less real than of the finest symphonies of Mozart or Beethoven. The scholar has a quick perception of this quality of art, and judges nicely of it, and with a keen relish. Therefore among his books shall be found the masters, who have wrought with patient devotion, and struck every blow with delicate insight, to realize in forms of poesy or the sober vesture of prose, which has hardly less of grace, the idea that haunted them.

The scholar being of an unworldly spirit, is but scarcely furnished with worldly goods, and from his necessity can own but few books. He has also a better reason for what may seem a deficiency in his furniture. He cares to live with only those brave and excellent spirits who have looked

gladly on the countenance of virtue, and in cloistered seclusion have held communion with truth—who have been ennobled by their toils and endurance—who by sympathy with the life of nature have been chosen the interpreters of her wisdom, and by their fellowship with humanity can speak to their fellows, in clear tones, heard everywhere. To such voices he listens in cheerful hope. The multitudinous and uncouth gibberish that steams up from earth's dens and thickets, if it intrude into his sanctuary, is a strange and oppressive noise, full of dissonance and harshness. He would have fellowship with the creative. What man soever has felt the excellence of goodness is welcome to him. Whoever has a hearty insight is his friend and brother. His temper tends not so much to accumulation and proof of particulars, insulate and dead facts, as to the embracing law which gives them their significance and meaning; and who has passed into this realm of principles and elements, is his companion and teacher.

Few as may be the chosen ones in whom he delights, he would fain treat them becomingly. He is therefore careful of their shape and dress, that he may have all fair and fitting. The Stagyrite shall not, in his keeping, put on the airs of a *petit maitre*. Each shall, if may be, wear traces of his age and worth. The aged shall stand forth in the parchment of his day, or in some grave dress that becoms him, and the young may stand loosely clad, and bide his time.

Your scholar has some whims withal—a quiet corner for a favorite.

He loves oddness provided it be true to itself and to the mind it springs from, a native and ingrained warp. Doubtless the tall straight tree with branches curving evenly has the most of grace and beauty, yet also one may look with something of fondness even on the gnarled, the knotted, and whatever shoots of its own nature into wild and fantastic forms. And for this reason clearly, that each is, as we say, natural, meaning thereby a genuine product of the original forming and living nature. Seen in this relation, ugliness and deformity have no more existence; all things are alike beautiful. The oddity, moreover, is a charm, from its very unlikeness and rarity. A man may properly like a friend all the better for the queer kink he has in his head, and the scholar may in like manner indulge his whim and take pleasure in this peculiarity he loves. Who shall banish Charles Lamb,—the gentle, humorous, quaint and sincere, from our shelves? Or what price shall steal from us the honest waywardness of Thomas Browne?

The Scholar among his Books.

The true Scholar makes of his books a two-fold use, increase of knowledge, and growth in manliness and virtue. These two ends, though they seem diverse and be commonly named so, are still coincident, and evermore, in the wise man, the same. For that is not a true knowledge which only puts words on a man's tongue, whereby he may seem to know somewhat, nor that enables one to utter and exchange a coin which he and others make themselves believe genuine, though it has no ring in it. It has not to do with merely names and dates, husks and rinds. It must reach more than the outside, though to grasp that fully were much. Neither is it memory and ready narration. Far otherwise than all this. Knowledge is of a clear insight. Where true knowledge is, there is or hath been a creation, a product of a living mind. There is no knowledge where there is no thought. And what is thought but the embracing by a conscious spirit of the reality and substance of nature? In this union does the life of the soul gain development and daily strength, and hence has a genuine thought its quickening power. Ixion and a cloud beget only Centaurs—huge rampant monsters, whom in the mists only we can mistake for men.

How then, and by what affinity does the scholar find in books this union and fellowship with real nature, which perpetually satisfies and urges him on? By no means in all books, nor wholly in any. A book being a record of the thought and experiences of another man, and thus a picture of his being, is a projection and presentation to the reader's mind of that which he has in common with other men. There is mirrored to him his own past, or that which he shall yet become. Thus does he come to learn the meaning and end of those vaguely tossing aspirations and ideal hopes, which the forces of nature are ever and anon putting forth in him. He in this book—it may be Milton on divorce, or Sydney on government, or the sonnets of Petrarch—has learned where in the intellectual world they stand, whither they are tending, and by what influences, inward or outward, they rise and go onward. This book then is not a mere didactic treatise, which doles out to him propositions by weight and measure. It has become an impersonation, and carries within it the secret agencies of a human life. It is no more, as to the unthinking, a series of letters fairly set up and duly pointed. It speaks to him in the tones of brotherhood, and is indeed a brother and close friend. What matters it to me that David sang thousands of years ago? The plaintive record of his sorrows and of his hopes brings us together. We dwell in company in the cave of Adullam, unite and join our shouts when the people bring home the Ark, and he instructs me in the ways of human life, its sad falls and cheerful uprisings, with fraternal gentleness and affection.

The scholar cannot with his own eyes see all sights, or with his own ears hear all sounds, or in his own consciousness realize all the depth and variety of human experience. This vast region of past and present knowledge, he can survey only from a distance, and through the report of others, using the treasures which they have laid up in books. Nor does he use them merely as dry and second-hand relations—as if by mere transference they could become of value; but rather as an index and guide to the volumes of nature and of life; and opens freely his mind and heart to the new facts thus disclosed to him, that each may make an impression according to its own power and worth.

He will thus turn himself to the records of events long past, and seek out the beautiful poems and episodes which the spirit of man has written on the history of the world. The life of every true man, it has been said, is a poem. It has its beginning, middle and end. It has its lights and shades, its passages of gladness and of sorrow, its personal interest and perpetual action. It may be epic, or lyric, a satire, or a farce—a Phocion, an Alcibiades, a Diogenes, or a Brummell. As the course of every man's life is a complete poem, so is it a well-placed and tunable verse in that loftier poem which is wrought out by the being of a nation. This too is a true growth from the substance of nature. It is a poem, in that it is built up on a genuine principle of life, as that is on a genuine principle of art—no accidental development, but a well ordered construction, implying skill in the architect and life in the subject. This too has its own unity, and every act of crafty policy, of ferocious violence, of high-minded generosity, grows naturally out of the spirit which is the law and unity of a people.

Nature does not group by accident. Not without cause did England bear More, and Hampden, and Cromwell; and in obedience to a law as necessary as that the pear-tree shall produce pears, and the olive not figs, did Rome bring forth Papirius and Paulus and Cato. How noble a study, to him who goes to it with a scholarly impulse, is the history of such a people, whom, from the beginning, one soul animated—a cool, resolute, steadfast purpose of preëminence, germinant in the breasts of its first heroes, and spreading like sap through the outer and growing branches of the

commonwealth, till it pervaded soldier, people and priest, controlling every act, originating every wish, melting down all the softer lineaments of humanity into one stern image of heroic hardihood, and moving on without faltering or turning aside till it had trod on half the world. So does the scholar linger among the ruins, till by patient meditation the musty records have become a tapestry inwoven with figures of light, and he has come to a living insight of the great laws which the spirit of the universe has manifested in the history of man.

In works of pure science, logic or geometry, the ideal is the truth, and the presentment to us, in a book, of another's thoughts, is an actual introduction of us into nature.

The Scholar's Humility.

Albeit, the scholar has ambitious desires, and large hopes, reaching far and wide, he is of a truly humble mind withal. He has no vain self seeking. His own image, swollen to a monstrous size, does not stand between him and the light. If nature choose him to be the interpreter of her secrets, he is but the electric conveyer of truth to other men, and is not proud therefor, but thankful.

He has well learned the narrow limits of human powers, and would not go beyond them. He dares not lay a profane hand on the ark. If there are mysteries not yet revealed, he waits patiently, in the faith that what he knows not now he shall know hereafter. He listens reverently to the dim intimations that sometimes are made to him—the solemn voices that swell distantly and echo through the vast vault—and treasures up the vague hopes they awaken in him; but would not enter forbidden realms to search out the withheld meaning. In the simplest laws and commonest facts is a realm wide enough for all his study, and he needs not to waste his hours in chasing the uncertain, and vainly striving to penetrate the occult.

He is lowly and teachable. He has that spirit of meekness which is the first lesson of wisdom, and opens the portals. Though his delight is in the speculative and ideal—in the principles which are the reality of things—he has no stubborn theories, no wilful systems to which nature perforce must bend, but takes the order of things as he finds it, and rejoices in it.

He has faith in that Spirit, who is the Author of all truth—who is very Truth. He walks abroad in the universe of God, in fear and love, for He made its order, and it makes apparent His glory. Every where he reads the inscription of that Name that cannot be named, and would fain pass beyond these visible symbols to the pervading Power.

Therefore does he meditate with good heed, and toil earnestly after truth, because in every step he comes nearer the fountain, and walks in a clearer light. Thus too he ceases to be his own guide and becomes the willing pupil of perfect wisdom. Hence has he hours of inspiration out-running and defying anticipative calculation, when a sudden, yet not lawless gleam discloses what he had for many years labored wearily to gain; and truth in her own naked brightness is his own.

The promise is to the meek that they shall be guided in judgment. There is too, a natural sympathy between true lowliness and the knowledge of truth, even as the savage hunter lays his ear on the ground to catch the tread of slight and distant footsteps. Self-renouncing is of no less worth to the intellect than to the heart of man. He who worships the creations of his own fancy, or bows down to the supremacy of his own reason, or would every where see only his own form reflected, has no eye for truth and cannot discern its glory. The true scholar has no partial or selfish ends. His own interests and advancement are no part of his plan. He seeks truth, not truth's.

The Scholars Purity.

Full of hope and cheer is the voice of the holy Jesus, from the Mount, proclaiming—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!" How profound the import of that blessed promise! With how glad and awakening an impulse does it stir our soul's depths, when we may catch some glimpse of its sacred meaning! The spirit that was benighted hath now "great light," and realms of darkness that were in it become transparent to its own vision. Then "as the plant of the orient beam," does it turn itself to this new brightness, and for weakness puts on an assumed and unconquerable strength; for the way and the end thereof are one, and a clear light streams all along it from above.

If the pure in heart shall see, yea and *do* see Him, who is the Sun, the Centre, the Source of all knowledge, shall they not much more be admitted to the unclouded beholding of all lower and less knowledges?—which are but fragments of a mirror reflecting partially and with rude distortions, or a mysterious page, whose syllables only we can faintly trace and uncertainly spell out.

Therefore is it that we are so often in ignorance and perplexing doubt, because sin has entered and defiled us. Therefore can we "hardly discern aught the things that are before us," and grope darkly among proximates and immediates, and feebly apprehend the law and life that are beyond them. Therefore are our eyes dim, and our sight bounded by a narrow horizon, and the space within crowded with fantastic shapes, as of troubled sleep, or of an overcast dawning.

The poison of an evil will has infected our whole being, stained our affections with earthliness, and clouded our intellect with noisome vapors; and it is only as this power is stayed from its mischievous working, and brought into some degree of harmony with the divine law of truth, that our perceptions become clear again. The true Scholar, then, avoids every impure thought, every low and unworthy desire, not only because it is a sin, but also because it darkens and contracts his eyeball, and dwarfs him in his growth. He is devout, not only because his daily meditations on the manifestations of Infinite Wisdom and Perfect Goodness constrain him to be so, but also because a seeker after truth must be so, in his own nature and by virtue of the object he pursues.

Every step in virtue is a step in knowledge. For it has given us a new proof of the excellence of goodness, of the beauty of wisdom, and of those noble qualities in man which make him "a little lower than the Angels." Every step in virtue is a means to the attainment of further knowledge, for it enlivens every power of heart and mind, and as an "eye-brightening electuary," gives us a piercing and far-reaching sight.

Hast thou thine eye purged, thy sin and perverseness cleansed? Then shalt thou hereafter behold the uncreated beauty, even as now thou seest glories in this low world, which are for such only as thyself. Surely as they are its effluence and manifestation, is thy clear vision a token and assurance of that which yet shall be.

It is the experience of most men, who are accustomed to reflect on the processes of their inward life, that the face of nature changes with the moral change within them—that with some notable and outbreking transgression, "a glory has passed away from earth," and that every act of cheerful endurance or brave well doing, gives an unwonted splendor to the sky and a fresh beauty to the earth. As envy discolors the fair character of those we hate, so pride and lust make us see only misshapen ugliness, where to the innocent are only beauty and fair proportion. To the purified spirit, the world is yet the Paradise of God.

F. M. H.

Boston, Mass.

A LEAF FROM INDIAN ISLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE ROSE OF LEON," &c.

May no wolfe howle; no screech-bwle stir
A wing about thy sepulchre!
No boisterous winds or stormes come hither,
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth! but, like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing.

Herrick.

The reader, if he has perused the sketch of Indian Island, may be inclined to linger again in that little realm of romance, and listen to some of the wild and airy stories that venerable tradition, or playful fancy, has peopled it with. I have seen a talkative old gentleman, with one foot in the grave and the other on its borders, who would give the world for a listener; and when he found one would grasp the button of his coat, and almost cry for joy at the prospect of pouring into a living ear, without measure measureless, the reminiscences half truth, half fiction of his past life. I leave the quick-witted reader to draw his own inference from this instance of garrulity, and point it at whom he pleases, with a hope, however, that he will not deem it applicable to any of that unfortunate class of individuals—yecept prosing authors.

One of the most interesting spots on this little island is a lonely and secluded grove of splendid forest-trees. I am convinced there is not within the vision of the "all-beholding sun," a place so singularly quiet and solitary. Zimmerman would have made a pilgrimage to the world's end to have found it. The trees are tall, dark and gloomy, as though for ages they had received nothing but the outpourings of the blackest thunder-clouds. Leaves fall from them in Autumn, but once on the earth, and they never stir again—in fact not a breath of air sufficiently powerful to rustle them, seems ever to have found its way there. The birds fly over it in countless myriads, but have never built their nests in the branches of its trees, or from them welcomed the light of day with their wild and merry song. A ray of sunshine, or a moonbeam, would be as perfectly lost there as a sinner on the shores of the better world. The morning's dawn, the garish light of mid-day and evening's pensive twilight are unknown; a deep and melancholy tint spreads over it during the day, bringing into strange relief the venerable trees, that look like sheeted ghosts in the surrounding gloom; and at night, darkness thick and palpable as that which rested on the earth before light was called forth, drops its mantle upon it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there is a magical influence about the spot that finds its way to every heart; and associated as it is in my mind with some of the pleasantest reminiscences of by-gone days, and the recollection of some choice spirits who once strewed the pathway of my existence with sunshine and flowers, but who now sleep undisturbed in the grave, I have felt in wandering along its narrow and secluded path, that I was treading upon enchanted ground.

I have an indistinct recollection of having heard, a long time ago, of a lonely lake, among the mountains of Scotland, whose waters were as calm and quiet as if no wind had ever stirred, or fisher's net, or oar ever rippled them—a lake as sombre and melancholy as the tradition which a Highlander will call up over his warm peat fire, of a cold winter's evening, while the wind is whistling and the tempest raging without. Such a spot is this island-grove. No vestige of life can be seen about it; there is heard no murmur of bee, no song of bird; the animals of the forest do not even haunt its immemorial gloom. Your footsteps are inaudible, for they are over the fallen leaves of many an Autumn, and thus you may wander for hours undisturbed by your own tread. No thought of the outer world—from which you are as completely debarred as though in the

midst of the desert—visits you, the only living thing there. A thought of death and of the grave disrobed of all its awful terrors, steals over you—hopes of a future inheritance that you never enjoyed before dawn upon your soul—and in that magnificent cathedral, the only visible worshipper, the spirit of prayer, comes upon you, and you are irresistibly impelled to fall upon your knees and worship HIM, whose existence was before the morning stars sang together, and whose reign is through the unnumbered years of eternity, over that spiritual world of beauty and loveliness, whose blessedness and peace reign in every heart, and songs of melody and music burst from every lip.

There is a mound of earth in this grove to which I have often directed my footsteps. Often have I lingered about that wild and lonely grave, and seated upon the rich and verdant grass that covers it, played with the flowers that there unfolded their paradise of perfumed leaves, and weaved bright dreams of the fairer flower that Time the tomb-builder had snatched from the vision of mortals and buried in that solitude. And as the unbidden tear has stolen down my cheeks, I have pictured to myself some beautiful being over whom sorrow had never cast its nun-like veil, from whose heart happiness once bubbled up like the waters of a perennial fountain, over whose cheek the rose and the lily once sported, and whose voice was sweeter than the song of the lark, wandering down through the mists and dews of eventide from the far wall of heaven. And as I have dreamed such dreams, I have thought that when life's fitful fever was over and the sands of my existence had run down, it would reconcile me to the fiat of the "dread Azrael," to know that they would bury me in such a place, where friends "bonny and true" might come out from the busy haunts of earth and shed a tear to my memory, and where she, the bright and beautiful star whom I had worshipped with a wild idolatry, might print with her light footstep the virgin turf, and scattered the first flowers of Spring over my solitary grave.

This enchanted spot has furnished materials for many a wild and dreamy tradition, and has to this day its presiding ghosts and goblins. Let us hope, that when America shall have roused from her present slumbers and smiled on her native poets, some one will be found to embalm these beautiful legends in immortal verse, and waft them down the stream of time in the sparkling cadences of American melody. The credulous reader will readily believe the much to be accredited stories of those who have sojourned on the island, who have frequently seen strange figures stalking through the grove, and heard sounds as of the battle-cry of some warrior-chieftain who might once have held sovereignty over that peaceful region. Of course it is to be hoped that he will not for a moment disbelieve the following strange and romantic, but true narrative.

On a mild and pleasant evening, during one of the genial months of last Spring, I made an excursion to Indian Island. My companion was a favorite old angler, who had seen service in the cause of his country, and boasted that he had "sent day-light" through many a British soldier's body, and lost a leg in a hard-fought battle for the greatest nation on the face of the earth. Venerable Ralph Starbourn! I have his weather-beaten and jolly face at this moment before my eyes, with the old song that he used to be so fond of humming, ringing merrily in my ears:

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die!"

It was worth a whole mint of fairy gold, to hear him sing that fine old air and keep time to it with his wooden leg;

his countenance sparkling with good humor and content, and lit up with that peculiar smile of his that realized more than any that I have ever seen, the beautiful thought of the poet—"making sunshine in a shady place." He had been buffeted about hither and thither upon the world, had travelled upon land and water, made hair-breadth 'scapes that would have charmed even Desdemona's ear, had narrowly escaped the vultures of the battle-field and the sharks of the ocean, and had at last, after many mishaps and perilous adventures, settled down upon the island to spend the evening of his days, and divided his time between hunting and fishing. He was a universal favorite, and collected a crowd around him wherever he strolled, delighting them with all kinds of marvellous stories of battles by land and by sea, and strange adventures with ghosts and goblins in old grave-yards.

Our present excursion was a very pleasant one. We visited the secluded grove, and I was more than ever impressed with its beauty and singularity. As we jumped into our little skiff to return homewards, we paused for a moment to look back upon it. The trees were indistinctly seen, the shadow of midnight seemed already to cover them, while every thing around them was bathed in the beautiful and glowing tints of the setting sun. Our passage home was over the calm and waveless waters of the Ohio. Not a breath stirred abroad or rippled the surface of that silvery stream; but there was a perceptible swell in the waters, as though the queen of water-nymphs slumbered below and moved them with the gentle and steady heave of her snowy bosom. The loveliness of the evening infused its magic into the heart of the old fisherman, and many were the wild stories that he recounted as we floated listlessly along. Among others, was one connected with the grove of which I have spoken, which interested me at the time, and though it will doubtless lose much of its interest, may not prove wholly unworthy of repetition. It was as follows:

Many years ago, when all this "wide forest land" was still a blooming wilderness, a young Virginian, accompanied by his sister, a very pretty girl of some sixteen summers, emigrated to the West and fixed their residence on this island. No trace can now be found of that residence, but, if common rumor is to be believed, they spared no trouble or expense in beautifying and embellishing it, rendering it in the course of time beautiful as one of the boasted palaces that adorned the classic shores of Cythera,

"When Venus rose
Out of the sea, and with her life did fill
The Grecian isles with everlasting verdure."

He was a bold, active and daring man. Young, ardent and impetuous, he delighted in deeds of daring adventure—was one of the keenest of the Hunters of Kentucky, and would often in his hunting excursions spend whole days in chasing the wild deer and the buffalo over the tremendous cliffs or knobs of the adjacent country, which then abounded with all kinds of game. His sister, on the other hand, was a gay and cheerful girl, but happy and contented in her home, she scarcely ever sought amusement or pleasure out of it. She has been described as gentle and accomplished, and lovely as a poet's brightest imaginings of Paradise—the beautiful Calypso of this enchanted isle.

Heaven had blessed them with health, and earth, air and water seemed to be in treaty to add to their comfort and happiness, and render their existence one long and sunny lapse of uninterrupted delight. It was in the "leafy month of June" when they first took up their abode on the island, and it then more than realized their dreams of fairy-land. It was a scene of beauty and luxuriance such as they had never beheld, even among the magnificent valleys of their own native state. The forest-trees had assumed the brilliant hues of Spring; millions of birds were building

their nests among the leaves and making the air vocal with their sweetest songs; the streams just released from their winter captivity were singing like so many merry bacchanals; the Ohio, that graceful queen of rivers, was sweeping quietly along, now prattling with the pebbles on its shores, and now dashing its shower of diamonds into the sunshine, while myriads of fish sported through its clear and crystal waters. The air was redolent of perfumes from wild flowers of every hue and fragrance; even the heavens seemed to smile propitiously upon them. At evening they would go out and watch the rich and gauzy lilac-tint in the west as it melted into the deep blue of the sky, and as star after star trembled forth, they imagined that they were brighter and lovelier than those that in their childhood they had thought the eyes of the angels of Heaven!

Two Summers thus passed away, and Time, that sad destroyer of youth's airy castles, seemed to have passed over them with a charmed wing. One bright and sunny morning in Autumn the young man equipped himself for the hunt, and, gaily kissing his sister, and bidding her be of good cheer until he returned at dark, he sallied forth. Night came—the stars shone brightly on the old forest, and the maiden whispered to herself, “they will light him on his way home”—midnight, lone midnight came on, and her brother had not returned, yet hope had not deserted her. Sleep at length settled down like a blessed spirit upon her eye-lids. Her slumber was, however, broken by unpleasant dreams, and at length she awoke, and after many ineffectual efforts to compose herself again to sleep, she left her couch and went to her chamber window. The night was unusually beautiful; the stars were glittering afar and lighting up hill and tree and wood with their silvery rays; the moon had risen, and like a pearly bark was sailing up the still and quiet ocean of Heaven, and the roar of the neighboring falls was borne upon the wind like the shout of an armed host on the tide of battle. It was the only noise that disturbed the repose of nature, but it was not unpleasant to the maiden's ear. The chill night-air caused her to fold her dress still closer to her breast, and she turned to seek her pillow, when all at once she heard the well known footstep of her brother. It proceeded from the porch outside of her room, and seemed more low and measured than was usual. Thinking that she might be mistaken, she listened attentively, but in vain, for a recurrence of the sound. After a few minutes she again heard it pacing slowly over the porch. At length it approached her door, and stopped as if to enter the apartment. On waiting a moment she went to the door—her brother was not there—a loud and wailing shriek issued from a tree before the door, and presently a screech-owl darted past the terrified maiden. The shriek of that ill-omened bird has struck terror to the heart of those over whose minds superstition held no sway, and it is not at all strange, that to a lovely girl predisposed to such wild fancies it seemed the precursor of bad tidings. She slept no more that night. Days elapsed and yet her brother was not heard of; she called upon his name in a tone that would almost have disturbed the sleep of the dead, and filled the air with her cries, but the echo of her own voice was the only reply that reached her ear. Autumn passed away and Winter had cast its snowy veil over the fallen leaves, and she whose form was more delicate than the flowers that herald the approach of fairy-footed Spring, whom the winds were not permitted to visit too roughly, wandered alone, unfriended and despairing about the deserted island, “shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell!”

These were the first moments of real grief that had ever crossed her sunny mind, and their effect was speedy and terrible. The rose faded from her cheek, the light from her eye was gone, and the long dark lashes drooped in gloom over it; the smile and the song were checked like guilty

things upon her lip; the world was to her no longer a fairy palace, but a barren desert without its singing bird, sparkling fountain or green tree; sleep scarcely ever visited her; tears that would have relieved and refreshed her, as the April shower refreshes and invigorates the earth, were denied her; “dry sorrow drank her blood,” and she wasted slowly away—

“And Spring returned
Bringing the earth her lovely things again,
All save the loveliest far! A voice, a smile,
A young sweet spirit gone.”

Several years had passed and gone since her death. The island was deserted, and they who had caused it to blossom like the rose had passed from the remembrance of the people of the surrounding country, or if recalled by any it was with a tear for their hapless and melancholy fate.

One day an old sportsman in pursuit of game wandered over to the little island. Towards evening fatigued and broken down with the exercise of the day, he sat down on the trunk of a tree which the hurricane had felled, and soon fell asleep. In a little time he was aroused from his slumber by some unusual sound. Hurrying towards the place from which it proceeded, he entered the solitary grove of which I have spoken; but on listening for some moments he was convinced that his ear had for once deceived him, and turned to retrace his steps, when he beheld the tall form of an Indian over the grave of the young maiden. His eyes bedewed with tears, his manly and beautiful features expressive of the most poignant grief, and his form bent under the weight of some secret sorrow, he was kneeling upon the little mound of earth and sprinkling the flowers that bloomed upon it with his fast falling tears.

The hunter gazed upon the scene with bewildered eye. “It cannot be he,” thought he. “He has been dead many years and, yet I’d be sworn it is him. I have hunted with him too often not to know him through that disguise.” The old man approached nearer to the mourner, and beheld indeed with great joy—the long lost brother of the young girl at her grave!

The old hunter after much persuasion induced him to accompany him home, and as they walked along the Virginian recounted the adventures he had met with since his sudden disappearance. He said that on returning from the hunt at night, he reached home before he discovered that he had parted from a favorite hound that always accompanied him on such excursions. He returned to look for him, and was taken captive by a band of Indians and carried off to a far distant country near the headwaters of the Mississippi. How he fared thereafter, kind reader—how he escaped and was recaptured—how, when the deathsman stood beside him, and his head was upon the block, a young Indian maiden rushed between them and plead for his life—how, listening to the sweet voice of her who rescued him and gazing into the clear depths of her dark and passionate eyes, love plead against stern duty, and he forgot another whose voice was tremulous with sorrow, and whose eye was dimmed by continual and sleepless watching for his return—how he loved that forest-maiden and marked not the flight of days, weeks and months, until death snatched her from him—how he escaped from the Indians and sought his sister and found her not; are particulars to which I will not ask your attention.

He spent his whole time on the island, night and day. For many months, he did not leave it. He never was seen to smile. Those who had known him in happier times tried every method to console him, but in vain. He was indifferent alike to the fascinations of society and the blandishments of friendship.

At last he disappeared, and was seen in his Indian dress crossing a distant mountain and wending his way towards the setting sun. He was never heard of again.

HOPE.

What is Hope? a star that gleaming
O'er the future's troubled sky,
Struggles, tremulously beaming,
To reveal what there may lie.

Wild and fitful is its splendor,
Flashing thro' the storm-cloud's night,
Making e'en its darkness tender,
Steeped awhile in mellow light.

'Tis a wreath of sunny flowers;
On the future's brow it twines;
Culled in love's own roseate bowers,
Fresh with sparkling dew it shines.

Richest odor from it swelling,
Fills the air with soft perfume,
While beneath its leaves are dwelling
Opening buds of fadeless bloom.

'Tis a glorious rainbow, blending
With its smile, tears of the past;
To th' encircled future lending
All the halo round it cast.

Like the rainbow proudly flinging
High o'er heaven its gorgeous dyes,
So from earth divinely springing,
Hope reposes in the skies.

R. A. P.

MIRTH AND SADNESS.

The idea of this short Essay was suggested by reading the following words by the accomplished poetess:

"Chide not her mirth who yesterday was sad,
And may be so to-morrow."

To think on the passions of men is an instructive but ever a sorrowful task. When we remember the trifling causes, and often melancholy results of anger, revenge, and many other evil passions of the human heart, we are constrained to weep over the weakness of our nature. When we think of the many trials which originate from love—that passion universally considered as the foundation of happiness—how many feelings of sorrow spring up to darken our thoughts! How many scenes of disappointment and unhappiness can we recall, as the offspring of that holy passion when perverted or interrupted in its proper course!

Mirth and Sadness belong to the same great class: but the scenes in which they bear a part are far more numerous and varied. One singular fact respecting them is, they are seldom seen far-distant from each other, but almost ever in each other's company. It is not in our power to pry into the secrets of this great mystery; but let us, for our instruction, look at a few of those scenes when Mirth and Sadness may be discovered mingling their contrary elements. The page of history is full of them.

Leonidas, with his little band of Spartans, went forth joyfully to meet the enemy; but when they thought of their wives and children, and of the blood which must be spilt, they were sad and sorrowful. The battle was fought, and that noble band of warriors poured out their blood for their weeping country; and when Xerxes ordered the head of his conquered enemy to be ignominiously exposed to public view upon a cross, was it not the madness of mirth, and might not too the agony of remorse and sadness soon have place in his bosom?

On that night preceding the battle of Waterloo, how strangely mingled were the passions of men!

"There was a sound of revelry by night;
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

In that assemblage of Mammon's votaries, I can discern the spirits of Mirth and Sadness. Over that banquet of luxury a gloom is suddenly resting; for at intervals a thought of the uncertainty of life steals into the heart; and this utters its under-tone in the festive music, and tinges with sadness their joyful feelings. Some are thinking of the past, and some of the morrow, while Mirth and Sadness have each their portion in the festival.

I heard the shout of victory echoing through the battle-field; I beheld an army which had conquered its enemies; I approached to listen to the song of joy, but that sound was lost amid the groans of the dying: and the blood-stained soil was heavy beneath the tread of the victorious. Mirth and Sadness weighed upon the hearts of all, but still heavier did it weigh upon his heart who was the chief victor.

I heard the sound of music, when the dance and the wine-cup went gaily round, and beheld a bridegroom and his bride: I looked at them, for I wished to feast my eyes upon a picture of happiness, but I turned away disappointed; for a thought of the dreamless future caused the young hearts to tremble. They came to the spot children of Mirth, but they departed the victims of Sadness.

I heard a sigh which floated on the bosom of midnight, and beheld in the solitude of his chamber a child of intellect—a poet. He was wasting the oil of his existence over the pages of classic lore; and by the help of the taper, I could behold thoughts of immortality stamped upon his brow. He was dreaming of Fame; and as his eye rested on its glittering pinnacle which met his gaze, far, far in the distance, the recollection of his unworthiness, and its own real worthlessness, made him yield up his hopes in despair. The joy of his young ambition was at last crushed in Sorrow and Sadness.

Such is the checkered lot of life. There are no enjoyments, no pleasures, no gratifications of mere earthly nature, but which, in their ultimate end, are darkened by the shadows of Sadness. When we have looked upon the works of Nature, and delighted ourselves in their transcendent loveliness;—upon the works of art, and admired them; and upon our friends whom we love with the tenderest feelings of the heart; the thought that they must all change, causes a feeling of sadness to come over our fondest hopes and aspirations. As we have thought how rapidly the beauties of Nature were passing away, how soon the monuments of Art would crumble into dust, and that our friends, one by one, were sinking into the grave; we have exclaimed in the bitterness of sorrow, "all things under the sun are vanity and vexation of spirit." We well know from experience of the past, that Mirth and Sadness will never separate on earth; but through the gloom which rests upon our souls, we discover, in the distance of futurity, a land—a beautiful land.

"O ye troubled pair,
When ye have no part in the Summer air;
Far from the breathings of changing skies,
Over the seas and the graves it lies;
Where the day of the lightning and cloud is done,
And joys reign alone, as the lonely sun."

If these things be true, (and of this the voice of Nature may convince us,) let us remember that it is the righteous alone who are permitted to enter that land from whose bourn no traveller would ever wish to return. In the same proportion as the allurements of this life engross our attention, will all our joys end in disappointment and sorrow. There exists only one adequate support for the calamities of mortal life—and that is

"An assured belief
That the procession of our fate, however
Sad and disturbed, is ordered by a Being,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

Let us then be wise, and adore that Being who has power
to make us happy even amid the many vicissitudes of life!
Let us live according to His wise and righteous laws, and
the spirit of Sadness will have no power over our hearts,
and life will be to us a path of pleasantness and peace.

New-York City.

C. L.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week out, week in, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the old kirk chimes
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

* The above lines are from the November number of the Knickerbocker. Mr. Longfellow is one of our favorites, and we gladly avail ourselves of any opportunity to present his productions to our readers. He "looks into the heart and writes," and draws the elements of his poetry from "life's deep stream."—*Ed. Mess.*

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

READINGS.

The Bodily Condition of Man. (From Jeremy Taylor.)

"In our bodies we find weakness and imperfection, sometimes crookedness, sometimes monstrosity; filthiness and weariness, infinite numbers of diseases, and an uncertain cure, great pain and restless nights, hunger and thirst, daily necessities, ridiculous gestures, madness from passion, distempers and disorders, great labor to provide meat and drink, and oftentimes a loathing when we have them; if we use them, they breed sicknesses; if we use them not, we die; and there is such a certain healthiness in many things, to all and in all things, to some men and at sometimes, that to supply a need is to bring a danger: and if we eat like beasts, only of one thing, our souls are quickly weary; and if we eat variety, we are sick and intemperate, and our bodies are inlets to sin, and a stage of temptation. If we cherish them, they undo us; if we do not cherish them, they die: we suffer illusion in our dreams, and absurd fancies when we are waking; our life is soon done and yet very tedious; it is too long and too short; darkness and light are both troublesome. Sweet smells make the head ache; and those smells which are medicinal in some diseases, are intolerable to the sense. The pleasures of our body are bigger in expectation than in possession; and yet while they are expected, they torment us with the delay; and when they are enjoyed, they are as if they were not; they abuse us with their variety, and vex us with their volatile and fugitive nature. Our pains are very frequent alone, and very often mingled with pleasures to spoil them; and he that feels one sharp pain, feels not all the pleasures of the world if they were in his power to have them. We lead a precarious life, begging help of every thing, and needing the repairs of every day; and being beholden to plants and trees, to dirt and stones, to the very excrements of beasts, and that which dogs and horses throw forth. Our motion is slow and dull, heavy and uneasy; we cannot move but we are quickly tired—and for every day's labor, we need a whole night to recruit our lost strengths; we live like a lamp, unless new materials be perpetually poured in we live no longer than a fly; and our motion is not otherwise than a clock. We must be pulled up once or twice in twenty-four hours; and unless we be in the shadow of death for six or eight hours every night, we shall be scarce in the shadows of life the other sixteen. Heat and cold are both our enemies; and yet the one always dwells within, and the other dwells round about us. The chances and contingencies that trouble us are no more to be numbered than the minutes of eternity. The devil often hurts us: and men hurt each other oftener; and we are perpetually doing mischief to ourselves. The stars do in their courses fight against some men, and all the elements against every man; the heavens send evil influences; the very beasts are dangerous; and the air we suck in does corrupt our lungs. Many are deformed and blind and ill-colored, and yet upon the most beautiful face is placed one of the worst sinks of the body; and we are forced to pass that through our mouths oftentimes, which our eye and our stomach hate. Pliny did wittily and elegantly represent this state of evil things: 'A man is born happily, but at first he lies bound hand and

foot by impotency and cannot stir. The creature weeps that is born to rule over all other creatures, and begins his life with punishments for no fault but that he was born.' In short, the body is a region of sorrow and nastiness and weakness and temptation. Here is cause enough of being humbled."

The Present Social Condition of Europe. (Thomas Carlyle.) "Wealth has accumulated itself into masses; and poverty, also in accumulation enough, lies impassably separated from it; opposed, uncommunicating, like forces in positive and negative poles. The gods of this lower world sit aloft on glittering thrones, less happy than Epicurus' gods, but as indolent, as impotent; while the boundless living chaos of ignorance and hunger welters terrific, in its dark fury, under their feet. How much among us might be likened to a whited sepulchre; outwardly, all pomp and strength; but inwardly, full of horror and despair, and dead men's bones! Iron highways, with their wains fire-winged, are uniting all ends of the firm land; quays and moles, with their innumerable stately fleets, tame the ocean into our pliant bearer of burdens; labor's thousand arms of sinew and of metal, all-conquering, every where, from the tops of the mountain down to the depths of the mine and the caverns of the sea, ply unwearily for the service of man: yet man remains unserved.

He has subdued this planet—his habitation and inheritance—yet reaps no profit from the victory. Sad to look upon, in the highest stage of civilization, nine-tenths of mankind must struggle in the lowest battle of savage or even animal man—the battle against famine. Countries are rich, prosperous in all manner of increase, beyond example: but the men of those countries are poor, needlier than ever of all sustenance, outward and inward; of belief, of knowledge, of money, of food. The rule *sic vos, non vobis*, never altogether to be got rid of in men's industry, now presses with such incubus weight, that industry must shake it off, or utterly be strangled under it; and alas! can as yet but gasp and rave and aimlessly struggle, like one in the final delirium."

Mutual Conversion. (Jeremy Taylor.) "There is a strange spring and secret principle in every man's understanding, that is oftentimes turned about by such impulses of which no man can give an account. But we all remember a most wonderful instance of it in the disputation between the two Reynolds's, John and William—the former of which being a papist, and the latter a protestant, met and disputed with a purpose to confute and convert each other: and so they did; for those arguments, which were used, prevailed fully against their adversary, and yet did not prevail with themselves. The papist turned protestant, and the protestant became a papist, and so remained to their dying days, of which some ingenious person gave a most handsome account in an excellent epigram, which, for the verification of the story, I have set in the margin.

"Bella, inter geminos, plusquam civilia, fratres
Traxerat ambiguus religionis apex
Ille reformatæ fidei pro partibus instat:
Iste reformandam denegat esse fidem.
Propositis causa rationibus; alter utrinque
Concurrere pares et cecidere pares.
Quod fuit in votis, fratrem capit alter, uterque:
Quod fuit in fatis, perdit uterque fidem.
Captivi gemini sine captivate fuerunt
Et victor victi transfuga castra petit.
Quod genus hæc pugne est, ubi victus gaudet uterque
Et tamen alteruter se superasse dolet?"

Doing Good that Evil may come. (Jeremy Taylor.) "He that positively ventures upon a sin for a good end, worships God with a sin, and therefore shall be thanked with a damnation if he dies before repentance."

LINES

WRITTEN BENEATH A SEAL.

The device, an Altar and Flame. Motto '*Si negligée j'expire.*'

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

"'Twas the doubt that thou wert false that thrilled my heart with pain,
But now I know thy perfidy I shall be well again."—*Bryant.*

Hath the oil wasted, that the lamp burns pale?

Is there no hand to guard the sacred fire?

Shall the pure flame untended thus expire?

The priestess memory sleeps. Thy shadowy veil,

Forgetfulness, hangs o'er the altar—where

Lie withered offerings, flowers once so fair

We deemed them amaranthine,—Faded now,

As from thy lip hath faded off the vow

Writ on my heart in fire!—Thy holy fane

O, Friendship! is profaned—Lo! to thy shrine

Come followers of any creed but thine.

Lip and knee worshippers. Ne'er again

Fall on mine ear their falsehood! Heart and sense

Be steeled! Vows breathed unheeded! Thou from whence

Strength emanates—my Staff! bear thou me up!

Aid me! on THEE I lean! Let not this cup

Which now I quaff—so drugged with bitterness

By reckless hand—o'erpower with its excess.

Henceforth my way lies onward—and alone!

Nerve the weak pilgrim for the path unknown.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

Solemn yet beautiful to view,

Month of my heart, thou dawn'st here.—*Clark.*

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died.

Bryant.

Autumn! sad, sighing, yet most lovely Autumn,
again art thou here; and again with feelings
"pleasant but mournful to my soul," do I greet
thy return. And the strangest feelings of mingled
pleasure and pain are awakened at thy approach,
though thou excitest emotions less rapturous and
fancies less playful, yet hath thy presence for me
a solace and a spell unfelt amid the greener verdure,
brighter sunbeams and more fragrant flowers
of Summer. Dearer to me than the clustering
roses of June, are thy withered stalk and falling
leaf—pleasanter the moaning whisper of thy
waters, and sweeter the plaintive hymning of thy
solitary birds. It is true, thou hast not the rosy
transparent skies of the departed season, but that
deep royal hue of purple flushing the whole heavens,
and those rich clouds of gold bordered with
brightest crimson—this is magnificent indeed!

And thy forests!—Grandly, sublimely beautiful are they, in the light, and shade of their glorious apparelling; and solemn is the music of the rustling branches sounding through many a long, leaf-strewn aisle. Every string of nature's breezy harp is touched to answer thy sighs. The green oak and cedar—the dark pine, the yellow and silvery-barked willow—each majestic old tree; hath its own peculiar tone and whisper for thine ear. And for the heart, the busy, changeful human heart, thou hast a thousand stirring chords, whose vibrations awaken with an electric influence its slumbering sensibilities, and whose sympathetic music responds with all the truth of an echo. And in *my heart*, sweet Autumn, thou art the awakener of many, many things. At thy touch the deep fountain of memory is stirred, and its shadowy bank is thronged with many cherished images and hallowed recollections of the Past! But more intensely beautiful on this quiet eve, and mid this surrounding scenery, do the thoughts of my heart acknowledge thee to be. On fair-fruited orchard—golden-grained harvest field—on hill and valley and stream, is laid the spell of silence; and the deep stillness of the air is unbroken, save by the low tinkling of yon little water-fall, and the faint trilling of that whippoorwill nested amid the crimson-turned leaves of this maple, whose spreading bough brushes my window-pane. Through the branches of this tall elm the moon above is sprinkling with touches of silver light the fading grass beneath; and the golden star-light is steeping roof, railing, and pillar, in soft, subdued, shadowy beauty. O, could I give utterance to the feelings, that the contemplation of this fine scene in nature awakens! But the voice of my spirit dies away unanswered in the silent temple of my own thoughts.

And now (as my eye rests on yon place of sepulture), my thoughts wander to the early grave of one whose dying day I put far in the distance. Gentle Grace Grafton! She was but a child of twelve summers when I first knew her, yet even at that early age, when she exhibited to the casual observer only the varying charms, and graceful playfulness of a very young girl, I was struck with the rare, exceeding beauty of her face, and the all-perfect symmetry of her slight figure. The spell of the poet's language—the highest finish of the artist, and the finest chisel of the sculptor—were alike vain to describe the physical perfections of Grace Grafton; and I can only speak of her as an artless, blithsome young creature, whose clear ringing laugh assured you that happiness was the very essence of her existence. And it was Grace Grafton who became my pupil for the space of four years. A studious persevering girl was she—and beautiful to her imagination were the wreaths of knowledge that she daily culled in learning's bower. And she had withal such a tender-loving, truthful nature, that I was soon won

to love the child as I have loved few on earth. And it was Grace that brought her teacher the first violet of Spring, and the earliest rose of Summer, with the freshest cluster of ripe red strawberries. It was Grace who gathered the shining chesnuts, and the dearly prized lap-full of winter-green berries; and it was Grace Grafton's light step that I followed through the still valley at sunset—for she could tell me where the zephyr, dallied oftenest with the evening flower—in what mossy nook the robin built her low nest, and in which old tree the whippoorwill sung at night. O, how fresh and fair, and distinctly visible does that vision of young angelic loveliness, as in the hey-day of hope and happiness come before me, while I write of her as she was then. And would that I could leave her here, the brightest and gayest of human beings—but I must finish the portrait, feeble, and ill-sketched as it may be.

It is strange and wonderful what changes may be wrought by a few fleeting months, on the human frame, and the human heart. The changing destinies of life separated me from Grace Grafton for a year, and when I again met her she was fast sinking to the grave. Neither sorrow nor disease had visited her in any of their fiercer forms, but consumption had fanned her cheek with his blighting wing, and was wooing her form to his fatal embrace. And of Grace—there was scarcely a trace remaining of her former self. The gleeful tone of joyousness which had so often delighted me in young girlhood, had given place to a melancholy music which thrilled one like the harping of the Wind-god's-Lyre, her buoyant spirits had sunk down from their starry height, and her light heart divested of its former gaiety had been succeeded by a calm feeling of holy rapture. But it was her radiant beauty that had undergone the most striking change; not that she was less beautiful now, but it was a high spiritual beauty, bright, still and transcendantly lovely that now glowed in every lineament; withal so seraph-like, that its expression charmed my spirit as a spell from heaven, and I could have knelt down in worship to her, as the habitant of a perfect sphere. Her life too seemed to have caught a portion of the purity and brightness of the upper world. The breathing forth of the love of religion, seemed to have entered her earthly temple from the skies above, and the glorious things of nature around her; her thoughts came forth in the light of inspired divinity, and went upward like incense gushing from a broken urn! But she might not stay in this changeful sin-touched world. The light of her earthly existence is now extinguished forever. Like a fair green tree chilled in its blossoming, or a flower stricken down by the Autumn winds, so she passed away, sadly calm and submissive; and all that now remains of youth, beauty, innocence and genius, is fast mouldering to dust “in the silent land of

the sleepers." Beautiful, sainted child! to thee the falling and "sere leaf" was an omen of thy own lot, yet thy dying lips bade me rejoice in Hope, that as the frail forest flower should again bud in Spring-time, so thou, robed in garments of holiness, shouldst awaken on the morning of the resurrection, to a glorious and immortal existence. *Requiescat in pace*, young seraph. Thy life was a star-lapse of innocence, and the recording Angel hath no dark memorial of thy bright, brief sojourn, in this vale of tears!

Eames' Place, Oct. 1840.

DEATH-DREAM OF THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.

BY J. C. M'CABE.

He dreams! The flutt'ring Spirit's wings
Are plumed for flight, yet linger still—
For wild and deep imaginings
His young, proud bosom strangely thrill.

He sees the lofty Alps arise,
With robes of everlasting snow;
St. Bernard rings with martial cries,
As thousands from the chasms below
Are breaking through each stern recess,
To win Napoleon deathless fame,
And real or fancied wrongs redress,
And reap the glory of—a name!

They slowly fade, and victory's shout
Breaks like old Ocean's heaving deep,
When the wild god of storms is out
And the blue lightnings joyous leap.

It is his father's legions' cry!
And far and wide the echo swells—
Red flames are glaring on his eye,
And peal a thousand midnight bells!
And Moscow's towers and temples proud,
And "mosque, and minaret," are there;
All circled in a fiery shroud,
Like that expiring Time shall wear!

The scene is chang'd—the Kremlin's light
No longer burns with varying hue;
For legion'd hosts with banners bright,
Are on the field of Waterloo.

The cannon's shock, the rolling drum,
The prancing steed, the horn's shrill cry—
Tell that the Fates of kingdoms come
To throw the pow'r-determin'g die.
It dims—old Soignies hoary trees
Waving o'er bloody Mount St. Jean—
A low wail gives the passing breeze,
That murmurs round the mournful scene.

The storm is up, the thunder wakes,
The hissing lightning skims the wave,
And in sepulchral flashes breaks
Around an ocean-guarded grave?
A grave upon a lonely rock!
Cold as the hearts that plann'd his doom,
Who gave to Europe's thrones a shock,
And gain'd—a low unhonored tomb.

A change comes o'er his pallid cheek
Now flush'd with thronging feelings deep,
That seem his thrilling thoughts to speak,
As through each vein the pulses leap.

His beaded lip is parted now,
And words of proud and lofty tone
Are murm'ring like a patriot's vow
Before high Heaven's eternal Throne.

A phantom-sword before him gleams!
His father's hand before him waves—
The banner of Napoleon streams,
And voices from a thousand graves
Ring in his ear! With one wild shriek,
While death-dews 'round his brow are pour'd,
And pale and bloodless grows his cheek,
He grasps his father's phantom-sword.

The spell is broke! the vision's o'er
Which stirr'd his young heart's current deep;
And that wild shriek is heard no more,
For his is now the dreamless sleep.

CAVE OF CAMOENS,*

IN MACAO:

Notices of his Life and Works, especially of his Lusiad.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA SHUCK.

A writer who visited the tree under whose spreading branches Pollok composed the larger portion of his *Course of Time*, in closing his description of the spot, exclaimed, "I felt that I was in verity on classic ground." Macao, situated on an extreme isthmus of the beautiful island of Heangshan, or the 'Fragrant Hills,' may also be regarded as 'classic ground,' inasmuch as in this city was composed a portion of the renowned *Lusiad*; which, though not enriched, like the *Course of Time*, by the hallowed spirit of Religion, will never cease to be admired while genius is respected. It is the production of a master-mind, and an invaluable contribution to poetic literature. As in contradistinction to the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, the *Paradise Lost* has been called the epic poem of religion, so the *Lusiad* may be styled the epic poem of commerce. It celebrates the discovery of India. We have never seen any very complete or satisfactory history of Camoens. Many particulars of his career have been published; but few of them, however, are well authenticated. The following notices we have gathered from various sources. They are brief and incomplete, yet not without interest.

Luis de Camoens is generally known as being the most renowned of the Portuguese poets. He possessed talents of no ordinary character, and on the page of history his name will long live in all

* The above article appeared originally in the 'Chinese Repository,' for March, 1840. But as that work is seldom seen in this country, it is here inserted as an original contribution.

the brightness of its deserved glory. He was born at Lisbon, about the year 1524. His life is noted for the many misfortunes and difficulties to which he was exposed, some of which commenced in his infantile state. His father, to whom he was tenderly devoted, was shipwrecked at Goa; and with his life the greater part of his property was lost also. Luis, however, was provided for by his widowed mother, who placing a proper estimate on education, felt that it was of the greatest importance to her son; she therefore placed him at the university of Coimbra, where the natural talents with which he was endowed were cultivated with care and assiduity, as his literary productions of after-life abundantly testify. He is described as being handsome, of fine form, with eyes glowing full of life. To the natural ardor and vivacity of his disposition, he added the accomplishments of a scholar and the refinements of a gentleman. After the completion of his studies at the university, he returned to Lisbon.

As he was remarkable for his genius, so was he also for the strong passions of his heart. Unfortunately for him, he aspired above his rank, and bestowed his affections on Catharina de Atayde, to whom (from causes which to us are unknown) he could not be united, and in consequence of his attachment to her he was banished from court. Despair indeed now filled his bosom; but his mind being strong, he rose above its baneful influences. At that time the Portuguese were sending a fleet against Morocco, and he engaged as a soldier. During some hardfought battles, he received many wounds, among which was the loss of an eye. Yet in the midst of all the cares and toils of life, his love for poetry clung most tenaciously to him, and in such situations he composed some very beautiful and striking stanzas. In speaking of himself, on one occasion, he exclaims—

"One hand the *pen*, and one the *sword*, employed."

But the talents of this noble hero were by no means appreciated while he lived; he was envied, and treated with contumely, even by his countrymen whom he had so indefatigably assisted through so many dangers on the land and on the sea. Jealousy is a monster, and has resentments which know no bounds; and Camoens, finding himself the object of this dire intruder in the human breast, deemed it no less than prudent to abandon his country, which he did in 1553, fully determined in his own mind never again to revisit its shores. Leaving the Tagus, he repeated, with indignant emphasis, these words

"*Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea!*"

Unacquainted, however, with the evils and privations which await an isolated individual in a foreign land, he thought that any spot in the wide world would afford him more happiness and peace of mind than the one which gave him birth. After a

voyage of nine months, he landed at Goa, and immediately joined an expedition to revenge the king of Cochin on the king of Pimenta. In obtaining the victory, the poet bore a share of the merit. One year afterwards he accompanied Manoel de Vasconcellos, in an expedition to the Red Sea. His sword being useless to him there, he gave all his power and attention to poetry. He visited Mount Felix, and the adjacent regions of Africa, which are so strongly pictured forth in his *Lusiad*.

After he returned to Goa, the tranquillity which for a time he enjoyed, was well adapted to his inclination for the muses, and there his epic poem was commenced.* But by his own imprudence this season of tranquillity was soon interrupted. In consequence of some satires which he wrote, he gave offence, and was again banished;† and the place of his banishment was *Macao*. Here his engaging manners and accomplishments soon won for him many true and warm-hearted friends, notwithstanding he was under the disgrace of banishment; and he received an appointment as "Provedor dos defunctos," and continued his *Lusiad* with unabated ardor.

The spot where it is said that Camoens used to sit, while composing this poem, is in a beautiful garden, which at present is the property of L. Marques, Esq, situated on the elevated ground in the northern part of Macao, just beyond the church of St. Antonio. The retreat of the poet is not a cave, in the common acceptation of the term. On the surface of a gently sloping hill, and between two huge rocks, which seem to have been originally one, but now sundered a few feet apart by some one of nature's freaks, is the spot where Portugal's noblest poet used to sit. Above the cleft rocks, and on them, rests a mass of granite, which served the poet as a covert from the noonday's sun and stormy winds. There have been several additions made about the place. A balustrade has been built on one side of it, and on the top of the upper rock a small quadrangular building has been erected, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. Towards the east, you behold the sea and the blue outlines of Lantau and other islands. Southward and westward you view the Typa and Inner Harbor, with the Portuguese shipping and various native craft. To the north is the Barrier, which forms a line of demarcation between the foreigners and celestials, and beyond it Tseênshan or Caza Branca, a small walled town and Military post, where Mr. Flint was imprisoned in 1760-62, and behind which, stretching away in the distance, is a meandering river and innumerable inlets. The little *Ilha Verde*

* It has been supposed by some that the *Lusiad* was commenced before Camoens left Portugal.

† It has been denied that he was the writer of those satires, although they were the cause of his banishment—which he always called '*unjust*.'

is hardly worthy of its name; however, it has a convenient summer-house, and is a pleasant retreat for a hot summer's eve. The scenery altogether is romantic and charming. An ornamented niche now encloses the identical spot where Camoens sat, while the rocky seat itself is decorated with a bronze bust of the poet, upon the base of which, in letters of bold relief, are the records of his birth and death. It may very reasonably be made a question whether it were not better to leave all such spots, rendered notable by the renowned of past ages, just as the occupants themselves left them.

The retreat of Camoens at present, wears altogether a different aspect to what it did in the days when the "poet hallowed the spot;" and the attempted improvements, though well meant, go far to violate our preconceived associations of thought. This spot is often visited by foreigners resident at Macao, who are permitted free access to the garden; and by Mr. Davis, formerly among their number, some neatly written Latin verses were composed on it. These, as they have several times been published, we omit; but instead of the original, we introduce a translation made by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, who visited Macao in May 1839, as chaplain of the United States' frigate Columbia.

Among these recesses of rock and of shade,
Where the sun's mild beams on the rich foliage played,
The genius of Camoens in beautiful verse,
Poured forth its sweet lays which ages will rehearse.

And here the fair marble once breathed in its grace,
To tell of the poet that hallowed the place;
And the seat he loved most, while his eye was yet bright,
Was known by the bust in the cave's mellowed light.

But time with its years has betrayed the fair trust,
And crumbled the rich marble, alas, in the dust;
And stillness now reigns profound as the grave,
Through the rocks and the shades of Camoens' Cave.

But the fame of the poet in brightness is streaming,
And his name on the page of glory is gleaming;
While his works as the models of genius yet live,
And seek not from marble her praises to give.

So ever lives genius through time's crumbling power,
Till ages shall cease to chronicle their hour,
And spurns the crushed marble its story would boast,
And triumphs, yet deathless, when monuments are lost.

But to return to the life of Camoens. He lived happily and contentedly in Macao during the space of five years; during which time he visited some of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and amassed a small fortune. Wishing to add to it, he freighted a ship and embarked in her for Goa; but, ever doomed to misfortune, he was shipwrecked near the river Mekon in Camboja. His little all perished in the waters, and on setting his foot on the unknown shore he found himself possessed of nought but his poem, which fortunately he saved by holding it with one hand above the billows whilst swimming to the shore. The na-

tives among whom he fell, treated him kindly, as is noticed in the *Lusiad*. In speaking of his lost property, he feelingly says:

"Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
For ever lost; * * * * *
My life, like Judah's heaven-doomed king of yore,
By miracle prolonged."

After undergoing numerous other difficulties, he felt, what at one time he never expected to feel, pantings for home; and he returned to Lisbon. His *Lusiad* was not published till 1572. It was dedicated to king Sebastian, who took a lively interest in the gifted author. But the king did not long live to protect him. In the demise of the monarch, all the fond hopes and resources of Camoens were forever blasted. He was now reduced to extreme poverty, so much so that an attached servant, who had lived with him many years, was compelled to beg from door to door in order to seek a subsistence for his master. Though in so destitute a condition, almost on the borders of the tomb, his genius for poetry still existed, bright and powerful; and it is said that he wrote some lyric poems which contained bitter and moving complaints. This man of talents, the hero of his country, disregarded and slighted by many, came to his end in the year 1579, in the hospital at Lisbon. No monument told the passing stranger of his worth, till fifteen years after his decease. Now, however, a splendid one perpetuates his memory.

The *Lusiad** celebrates the great voyage of Vasco de Gama, in which he discovered the passage to the East Indies, around the Cape of Good Hope. That brilliant achievement laid the train of those mighty events which now link together so intimately the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Although the *Lusiad* has been termed the 'Epic poem of Commerce;' yet the developments of those discoveries which it describes, are no less interesting to the Christian philanthropist than to the Christian merchant.

After some patriotic addresses to Portugal and her princes, the poem opens with Vasco and his fleet, appearing on the ocean between the Ethiopian coast and the island of Madagascar.

"Right on they steer by Ethiopia's strand†
And Pastoral Madagascar's verdant land.
* * * * *

"Where black-topt islands, to their longing eyes
Laved by the gentle waves in prospect rise."

From here they—

"Eastward steer for happier climes;

When suddenly—

"A fleet of small canoes the pilot spied."

* Os *Lusiados* in the original,—*Lusiadis*, from *Lusus*, the Latin name of Portugal, who, Pliny says, was a companion of Bacchus, and who founded a colony in Lusitania (Portugal.)

† See Mickle's translation.

After many fruitless endeavors to effect a landing on the African coast, they are finally welcomed, and hospitably entertained, by the 'swarthy chief' of Melinda. Vasco relates to the chieftain the adventures of his voyage, and recites an historical account of Europe, and especially of Portugal. He tells the astonished king of a huge and terrific monster, which appeared to the fleet amidst storms and thunders, while doubling the Cape of Good Hope. With a peering head, which reached the clouds, and a countenance of terror, this mighty ocean-phantom ordered Vasco to lead back his invading fleet, and with fearful menaces proclaimed himself as sole guardian of those unnavigated seas. After telling them of the woful calamities which would befall them if they dared to advance, he with a mighty noise disappeared beneath the raging water. This is regarded by Mickle and Blair as one of the finest and most striking conceptions of which epic poetry can boast.

Leaving Africa, the poem confines itself to the adventures and distresses of the voyagers, their landing and excursions on the coast of Malabar, and finally their return homeward.

Referring to the voyagers, now homeward bound, the poet exclaims in these beautiful lines,—

"How sweet to view their native land, how sweet
The father, brother, and the bride to greet!
While listening round the hoary parent's board,
The wondering kindred glow at every word,
How sweet to tell what woes, what toils they bore,
The tribes and wonders of each various shore!
These thoughts, the traveller's loved reward, employ
And swell each bosom with unuttered joy."

The following apostrophe to the realms of the Indus and the Ganges, embodies true poetic description, as well as characteristic beauty.

"Vast are the shores of India's wealthful soil;
Southward seagirt she forms a demi-isle;
His cavern'd cliffs with dark-brow'd forests crowned,
Hemodian Taurus frowns her northern bound;
From Caspia's lake th' enormous mountain spreads,
And bending eastward rears a thousand heads:
Far to extremest sea the ridges thrown,
By various names through various tribes are known;
Here down the waste of Taurus' rocky side,
Two infant rivers pour the crystal tide,
Hindus the one, and one the Ganges named,
Darkly of old through distant nations famed:
One eastward curving holds his crooked way,
One to the west gives his swol'n tide to stray;
Declining southward many a land they lave,
And widely swelling roll the sea-like wave,
Till the twin offspring of the mountain sire
Both in the Indian deep engulfed expire.
Between these streams, fair smiling to the day,
The Indian lands their wide domains display,
And many a league, far to the south they bend,
From the broad region where the rivers end,
Till where the shores to Ceylon's isle oppose,
In conic form the Indian regions close."

That Camoens should so frequently associate Christian and Pagan ideas is a source of just censure—often giving to the latter the preëminence,

although he celebrates the voyage of his hero as a Christian enterprise against Mohammedanism. Blair, in his analysis, points out several defects in the *Lusiad*. It has been translated into many of the European languages, and has been received with great popularity. Voltaire's criticisms have been shown by Mickle to be perfectly absurd and unjust. One of the best editions in the original language is that published by J. M. S. Borelho, 1809. The first English translation was by Sir Richard Fanshaw, English ambassador to the court of Lisbon, in 1655, but it is said to be by no means faithful. Mickle's translation of 1776 is very spirited, and no doubt fairly accurate. Of the various French translations of the *Lusiad*, that by J. B. F. Millie, Paris, 1825, in 2 vols., is said to be the best. There are four Spanish, and two Italian translations of the *Lusiad*. It was translated into Latin by Thomas de Faria, bishop of Targa in Africa; but in what year we are not informed. A learned Jew named Luzzetto, who died in the Holy Land, is said to have translated it into Hebrew with great elegance. Memoirs of the life and writings of Camoens were published in London, in 2 volumes, in 1820, by John Adamson.

Macao, China, May, 1840.

CHANGE AND DECAY.

BY WM. G. HOWARD.

I.

Where the famed Tiber gaily flows,
Rome's gorgeous empire once arose
In majesty sublime;
Her glittering domes, and templed hills,
Her 'Penates,' and sacred rills
Crowned her the 'Queen of Time'!

II.

Proud mistress of a conquered world!
O'er thrones and powers in ruin hurled,
Her glorious banner waved;
The nurse of learning and the arts,
Matron of stern and noble hearts,
That every danger braved.

III.

Pleasure, false as the meteor bright
Which glitters on the brow of night,
In that proud realm was sought;
And Fame's glad votaries then, as now,
Gained the bright bays, that wreath the brow
All pencilled o'er with thought.

IV.

Centuries since then have rolled away,
And merged the glories of that day
'Neath Lethe's sluggish sea;
Yes, they are past! and countless hosts
Have followed to the shoreless coasts
Of dread Eternity!

V.

The lovely spot—mount, vale, and wood,
On which that splendid city stood,

The traveller may find ;
But of those works of peerless grace,
That filled and beautified the place,
But few are left behind.

VI.

Her stately pride, her pomp and power,
Those brilliant pageants of an hour,
Have faded quite away ;
The whooping owl plumes her wings,
Within the fretted halls of kings,
Fast crumbling to decay.

VII.

The Poet's living lyre is crushed,
The voice of eloquence is hushed,
Although its magic spell
On the same spot seems lingering,
As mournful echoes fondly cling
' Around the Minster bell !'

VIII.

The sounds of merriment are o'er,
The wine cup's dashed upon the shore,
Like common earth to rot ;
The bright, the beautiful, the brave,
The potent prince and fettered slave,
In silence are forgot.

IX.

Spirit of change, to thee we bow !
Decay awaits thy mandate now,
Earth's beauties to erase ;
May the choice lessons you impart,
Deeply engraved on every heart,
No fitful change efface !

Chillicothe, Ohio, October 1840.

REPLY

TO SOME REMARKS ON SHELLEY,

In the Southern Literary Messenger, for June 1840.

MR. EDITOR :—It has been a matter of some surprise to me, that the article on Shelley in your June number has not excited the wrath of some of those, who have recently undertaken to watch with dragon-like vigilance over the moral purity of your popular periodical. In expressing my surprise at their forbearance, I by no means intend to censure you for the insertion of the article ; the task of rejection is at all times a delicate one, and I do not blame you for not undertaking it in reference to this contribution. Neither is it my purpose to say any thing personally offensive of Mr. Tuckerman, who, I am assured, is a man of excellent character, and whom his writings in the *Messenger* alone prove to be an author of genius. But I feel it to be a duty to enter my solemn protest against the views which he has taken of Shelley's character and conduct, and against some of the reasonings by which those views are supported. Mr. T. has been, as it appears to me, induced to consider the eccentricities, and so-called independence of genius, as a sufficient cloak for the most dangerous opinions, and for such actions as are their necessary consequences. This gross error has often converted the biographies of literary men into mere eulogies or apologies, which give us no clear idea of their lives and characters. If a distinguished writer or philosopher openly and violently assail the most sacred principles of morality and religion, we are told, that the soarings of his sublime intellect cannot be chained down to the dogmas of the vulgar creed. If

a famous poet maltreat or abandon his wife, it is because forsooth his imaginative temperament is inconsistent with domestic happiness. In this way those high faculties with which God has endowed a few of his creatures, and which enable them the more readily to discern truth from error, and vice from virtue, are made to serve as excuses for outrageous deviations from correct sentiment and virtuous conduct. The truth is that, repine as we may, men of genius are formed of the same clay with ordinary mortals, subject to the same infirmities, and alas ! too often debased by the same vices. In bestowing on them the meed of praise, or inflicting the lash of censure, we should, as in all other cases, make due allowance for the peculiar temptations to which they have been exposed ; but never should we regard them as privileged to scorn the general sentiments of mankind, and undermine those great principles of morality and religion on which individual and social happiness must rest. Whilst we should be careful to abstain from exposing every weakness that may have dimmed the lustre of departed greatness, we must never permit a few flashes of generosity or kindness, or even the habitual display of those qualities, to outweigh in the estimate of character a systematic and persevering hostility to the very basis of virtue itself. It appears to me, that admiration of Shelley's talents, and of the gentle manners, generosity and courage which he is admitted to have possessed, has blinded Mr. T. to those circumstances in his life and opinions, which deservedly stained his reputation and made his influence pernicious. From the first paragraph of his remarks in the *Messenger*, it would be inferred that he was going to speak of one of the purest, most gifted, and most unexceptionable beings that had "ever lighted on this lower orb."

"It is now about eighteen years since the waters of the Mediterranean closed over one of the most delicately organized, and richly endowed beings of our era. A scion of the English aristocracy, the nobility of his soul threw far into the shade all conventional distinctions ; while his views of life and standard of action, were infinitely broader and more elevated than the narrow limits of caste. Highly imaginative, susceptible, and brave, even in boyhood he revered the honest convictions of his own mind above success or authority. With a deep thirst for knowledge he united a profound interest in his race. Highly philosophical in his taste, truth was the prize for which he most earnestly contended ; heroic in his temper, freedom he regarded as the dearest boon of existence ; of a tender and ardent heart, love was the grand hope and consolation of his being, while beauty formed the most genial element of his existence."

No one who had never before heard of Shelley, could believe after reading this language, that the man thus eulogized, entertained and acted on through life two at least of the principles propagated by the mad Owen, to wit, that marriage and religion are among the principal sources of human vice and misery ; that he had been expelled from an English university for a labored written argument in defence of Atheism ; that he had carried out his anti-matrimonial doctrines by abandoning his wife for another woman, and thus driving the former to suicide ; that he had once, in defiance of public opinion, and every idea of decency, endeavored to force a female of tarnished reputation into close and familiar intercourse with ladies of character. I do not pretend to be minutely acquainted with the details of his life, having never read his letters recently published ; but I rely confidently on the general facts already stated, and admitted by his warmest admirers, to prove that his early and melancholy fate is to be lamented only, because it cut him off from an opportunity of devoting his high talents to nobler objects than he had hitherto pursued. A few extracts from Shelley, will satisfy those of your readers who are not already acquainted with his character,

that these statements are no exaggerations. Before I proceed to make those extracts however, I must question the correctness of Mr. T.'s position, that "opinions are not in themselves legitimate subjects of moral approbation or censure." I will not dwell on the obvious fact that the establishment of such a principle would be an annihilation of all religion, of which belief must form an essential part. Common sense points out the inseparable connexion between opinion and action on every subject. You cannot preserve the stream pure, while the fountain is reeking with impurity; neither can you consistently hold sentiments innocent, while you censure, and even punish actions which inevitably flow from them. It is true, that there are a variety of subjects which we are not bound to examine carefully, and on which our opinions are indifferent. But there are others in which investigation is a duty, and on which we are responsible for our conclusions to a Heavenly, if not an earthly tribunal. Nay, if we labor to propagate dangerous sentiments, we may be justly arraigned at the bar of public opinion. Suppose for instance, that a man should form the deliberate opinion that he had a right to murder a fellow-creature, whenever interest or inclination prompted. Can any rational person doubt that he would be morally guilty for even harboring a sentiment, that might at any moment lead to the commission of an atrocious crime?

Correct views of moral obligation are essential to practical virtue, and all human beings endowed with reason, and willing to exercise it with candor, must agree as to the main cardinal principles by which life should be regulated. Those principles must be independent of the whims of this or that individual, or we should have as many codes of morality as there are beings in existence. To apply this reasoning to the case of Mr. Shelley; he denied the truth of the Christian Revelation. Mr. T. indeed tells us, that "Queen Mab, the production of a collegian in his teens, is rather an attack on a creed, than on Christianity." But the two following passages in the notes to that poem, contain Shelley's opinions with more clearness than the text, and will show your readers whether he intended to assail Christianity itself.

"It is impossible to believe that the Spirit, which pervades this infinite machine, begat a son upon the body of a Jewish woman; or is angered at the consequences of that necessity which is a synonyme of itself. All that miserable tale of the Devil and Eve and an Intercessor, with the childish mummeries of the God of the Jews, is irreconcilable with the knowledge of the stars. The works of his fingers have borne witness against him." Again, after praising Jesus as a "true hero," on subsequent reflection, he says: "Since writing this note, I have seen reason to suspect that Jesus was an ambitious man, who aspired to the throne of Judea." Again—"Analogy seems to favor the opinion, that as, like other systems, Christianity has arisen and augmented so like them it will decay and perish; that as violence, darkness and deceit, not reasoning and persuasion have procured its admission among mankind, so, when enthusiasm has subsided, and time that infallible controverter of false opinions, has involved its pretended evidences in the darkness of antiquity, it will become obsolete."

The youth who in his teens thus openly expresses his contempt for the faith of his fathers, that faith which had been warmly cherished by such *dull* minds as those of Milton, Locke and Newton, and who not content with a silent unbelief, endeavored to propagate his opinions, may seem to Mr. T. to have displayed a most praiseworthy independence; to me he appears to have been only overweeningly vain, and arrogant. But not satisfied with extinguishing the mild light of Christianity, this young apostle of reform would fain have wrapped the human race in the funeral pall of Atheism, and have left them nothing but a sort of incom-

prehensible, but loving destiny, whose decrees are irreversible, and which annihilates the distinction between virtue and vice. This doctrine is set forth in the text of Queen Mab in the following explicit language. "There is no God," and in a very long and elaborate note commencing with the following paragraph: "This negation must be understood solely to affect a creative Deity. The hypothesis of a Pervading Spirit co-eternal with the universe, remains unshaken," &c.

These sentiments are reiterated, although with less clearness, in the *Revolt of Islam*, written after the author was 25 years of age and the father of several children.

Does any man deserve the admiration and gratitude of his race, who would thus, as far as in him lies, snatch from them the only sure Anchor of hope and safety amid the storms of life? Does not his belief, that the general reception of his soul-chilling creed would benefit mankind, indicate a credulity greater than can be found in the humblest follower of Christianity, and an arrogance greater than that of the proudest prelate who ever trampled on the necks of prostrate heretics?

But this is not all. Not only did Shelley, on every occasion which offered itself in his writings, sneer at Christianity and all religion. He tried to weaken, nay to destroy, the sweetest and strongest tie that ever binds human beings together. It is a little remarkable that Mr. T. should speak in such terms as these of the matrimonial opinions of the poet. "He fearlessly discussed the subject of marriage, and argued for abolishing an institution, which he sincerely believed perverted the very sentiment upon which it is professedly based." The language which Mr. T. conceives applicable to Shelley's views of this subject, and therefore quotes, is this: "He conceived too nobly for his fellows—he raised the standard of morality above the reach of humanity, and by directing virtue to the most airy and romantic heights, made her paths dangerous, solitary and impracticable." "He conceived too nobly for his fellows!" Now it seems to an unimaginative and unphilosophical person like me, that he conceived too *humbly* of his fellows, whom he considered incapable of constant affection to one object. But your readers shall have an opportunity of deciding from Mr. Shelley's own words, whether his sentiments on this subject are entitled to blame or commendation. In his life we have a letter from which the following passage is an extract: "I am a young man not of age, and have been married a year to a woman younger than myself. Love seems inclined to stay in the prison, and my only reason for putting him in chains, whilst convinced of the *unholiness* of the act, was a knowledge, that in the present state of society, if love is not thus *villainously* treated, she who is most loved will be treated worse by a misjudging world." This is a clear and *prosaic* expression of the opinions on this point which are often hinted at in his poetry. But even if we admit that these *opinions* "are not legitimate subjects of moral approbation or blame," what shall we say to their practical exposition at an early period of his career? When very young, he married unsuitably, and soon became tired of his wife. Conceiving that he had a perfect right to rid himself of the incubance, he ran off to Switzerland with a Miss Godwin, daughter of the distinguished author, and Editor of his Letters. The poor female whom he had abandoned, and who, we are told, was entirely too unintellectual for one of his ethereal temperament, appears to have possessed acute sensibility. She could not bear the desertion of her husband, and after a year or two of misery put an end to her existence.

If an ordinary man, a mechanic, or peasant, had thus deserted his wife and children, and driven her to self-destruction, we should without hesitation pronounce him a monster who scarcely belonged to humanity. Shall Shelley's

fine-spun theories about emancipating love from its shackles, alter our estimate of conduct on which the common sense and common feeling of mankind have imprinted the stamp of infamy? I will not insult you and your readers by an argument in favor of marriage, as a civil and religious institution. Experience, and reasoning and revelation teach, that without its salutary influence, the baser passions of our nature would convert society into a Pandemonium. No spurious liberality should induce us to laud and lament a gifted being, who turned all his weapons of argument and ridicule against this last citadel of virtue; who sealed the sincerity of his declarations by the desertion and destruction of her, whom he had solemnly promised to love and protect while life lasted.

Before quitting this subject, let us examine another action of Shelley's, the generosity and independence of which have been highly applauded, but which, in my opinion, displayed an arrogant defiance of public sentiment, and was only a natural consequence of his opinions about marriage. I refer to an incident, which has been described by Mr. T. in this complimentary style. "He dared to lead forth at a public ball the scorned victim of seduction, and appal the hypocritical crowd by an act of true moral courage." Suppose that gentlemen should uniformly imitate this famous act; does not every one see, that one of the strongest bulwarks of virtue would at once be broken down? It may be, that the poor victims of seduction are treated with excessive harshness, and are too often driven by the very severity of public censure deeper, and deeper into the abyss of infamy. But while we avoid the extreme of strictness, let us beware of falling into the opposite one of a laxity which would place the pure and the impure on the same level of respect and honor. Experience has demonstrated the propriety, nay the necessity of the line of separation which custom has drawn. Custom when universal among civilized mankind, when it evidently springs from the deliberate convictions of the wise and good, and not from the mere prejudices and prudery of "the hypocritical crowd," is, in spite of Shelley's sneers, a safe standard, which nothing but mad vanity will disregard. Instead of admiring the independence and courage of the poet on the occasion which has been mentioned, we have far better reason to be astonished at the recklessness of decorum which his conduct manifested.

It is far from my wish to strip the mantle from the faults of Shelley, and expose them to public detestation. I willingly concede him high genius, and many generous impulses. But when not content with claiming these qualities, his eulogists publicly hold him up as a model of purity, it seems to me that we should no longer be restrained by forbearance towards the failings of the dead. The memory of those who have left this busy world for another, should not be wantonly assailed. But the sacred cause of morality demands that their sentiments and conduct, when really pernicious, should not be varnished over by delusive sophistry.

It is the deep conviction of the danger to be apprehended from thus gilding the dark form of vice with the tinsel of false sentiment and false philosophy, that has induced "one to fame unknown" like myself, to enter the lists with a writer of Mr. T.'s celebrity. My confidence is in the justice of the cause which I have espoused, and not in my powers of argument or eloquence. I feel sure that the passages which I have quoted from Shelley's own writings, must convince every dispassionate reader, that after making every allowance for his redeeming traits, he is a meteor shining to mislead and betray those who are dazzled by its brightness. If I have accomplished this, nothing more is desired by

A FRIEND OF VIRTUE.

THE WITHERED LEAVES.

BY MISS JANE T. LOMAX.

They are falling thick and rapidly before the Autumn breeze,
And a sudden sound of mournfulness is heard among the trees,

Like a wailing for the scattered leaves, so beautiful and bright,

Thus dying in their sunny hues of loveliness and light.

The wind that wafts them to their doom, is the same that swept along

In the freshness of their Summer-time, and blessed them with its song;

That voice is still the merry one, that mid the sunshine fell—

Ye are not missed, ye glowing leaves, by the friend ye loved so well!

But yet, no fearful fate is yours, no shuddering at decay,
No shrinking from the blighting gust that bears your life away;

The Spring-tide, with its singing birds, hath long ago gone by—

Ye had your time to bloom and live, ye have your time to die!

O! would that we, the sadder ones, who linger on the earth,
Like ye, might wither when our lives had parted with their mirth:

Ye glow with beauty to the last and brighten with decay,
Ye know not of the mental war that wears the heart away!

Ye have no memories to recall, no sorrows to lament,
No secret weariness of soul with all your pleasures blent;
To us, alone, the lot is cast, to think, to love, to feel—

Alas! how much of human woe those few brief words reveal!

Watertown, Mass.

DEATH HAS CLAIMED HIS FAIR VICTIM.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

Death has claimed his fair victim in Life's early morn,
And shrouded our prospects with gloom:
The fond flower of Hope which our path did adorn
Lies withering low in the tomb!

She hath gone—and no more may we gaze on the brow
Which beauty had marked for its own:
Those bright orbs in shadows are slumbering now,
And hushed is her voice's sweet tone.

But so kind was her heart, and so winning her smile—
Such delight could her presence convey—
Even Death seemed in pity to linger awhile,
And mourn o'er his innocent prey.

As fadeth at evening some beautiful rose
At the withering canker-worm's blight,
Thus, sweetly and gently, she sunk to repose,
In the chambers of Death's gloomy night.

She knew she was passing away from the earth,
But no murmur of sorrowing fell;
For she sighed for the glorious home of her birth,
And the Saviour who loved her so well.

O why should we mourn for the righteous, gone,
Where the beautiful fade from our track?—
When the ransomed soul of the just hath flown,
Who, who would allure it back?

When afar from our cold world of sorrow and pain
The spirit reposes in bliss—
'Oh who would live alway?' or sigh to remain
In a vale of affliction like this!

Though the bosom will bleed when we press the fond hand,
And in anguish the parting is given—
The loved ones but pass to the happier land,
And bask in the glories of Heaven!

Then why should we languish in hopeless despair,
That again from an idol we sever—
That a fair, gentle pilgrim is freed from her care,
And rests from her journey forever?

Let us still in our sad hearts the sorrowing strife,
And dry the warm tear-drop of sorrow:
Though her sun hath gone down in the morn of her life,
It will rise on a glorious morrow!
New-York, 1840.

HOME.

BY LUZERNE RAY.

[There are some feelings which never grow old. A thousand times we may give them exercise and utterance; but at each return, they show the strength and the freshness of their first action. Chief among these is the love of that Home into which we are born when the Earth receives us. It clings to the heart as long as life; and no after-fortune, however brilliant, is attended with such satisfying delight as the memory of those joys which encircled, like an armed guard, our life's beginning.]

Oh! word of many thoughts; Home, sacred home!
With longing love my heart looks back to thee;
From the dim verge of life thy voices come,
And move the air with mournful melody:
As the lost bird above the Ocean flying,
Rests on the wave and folds her weary wing,
As the sick lion, in the desert dying,
Pants for the cooling shade and flowing spring,
So rests my love in thee,
So pants my soul for thee,
Dear Home.

Give me again the peace of infant-life,
My mother's fervent kiss, and yearning smile;
Bring back the years of youth, the sportive strife,
The mimic passion, and the harmless wile;
When up the air the sky-lark gaily springing,
Poured o'er the earth his sun-saluting strain;
And by my side my little sister singing:
I knew not which was sweetest of the twain;
The sky-lark's song for me,
My sister's voice to me,
At Home.

There, when the Sun uprose in glorious light,
With kindred light and joy I met his ray;
There in the darkness of the quiet night,
I sweetly slept the lingering hours away;
There on the banks of rivers gently flowing,
I watched the waters as they murmured by;
There when the summer-wind was softly blowing,
I lay, and dreamed of music in the sky:
Life was all bright to me,
When I had rest in thee,
Sweet Home.

Thus Memory wakes, and wipes her starting tears,
Thus fondly turns to old, departed joy,
'Till, all-forgetting the long lapse of years,
I seem once more a happy-hearted boy;
Alas, for me! that Time is ever flying—
The friends that bless'd my childhood live no more;
One after one, I saw them sickening, dying—
And so they pass'd to the eternal shore.
Like the last gleam of day,
They vanished all away,
From Home.

Not lost—not lost—beyond that arch of blue
Which smiles and brightens as I gaze on high,
The friends of my young years, the fond, the true,
Have met within the mansions of the sky;
All safely gathered in their heavenly dwelling,
Prepared of old for those that love the Lord;
With songs from golden harps in rapture swelling,
They live to praise Him, and obey His word.
Oh! could my Spirit free,
Break its flesh-chains, and see
That Home!

THOUGHTS, FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

THE FIRST TEAR.

When he who holds the golden chain,
Once kept his marriage feast,
His spouse saw not the lamb among
The donors of the East.

"Why has the lamb," the goddess said—
"Not to our banquet sped?
Withholds it now well-meaning gifts
From tables richly spread?"

The dog took up the word, and said:—
"Forgive, oh goddess fair!
I heard the lamb complain to-day;
It wore a joyless air."

"And why complained the gentle lamb?"
The goddess touch'd, replied;
"Why does it wear a joyless air,
And from its friends divide?"

"I, poorest one," thus sad it spoke—
"Nor wool, nor milk have I;
What shall I give to Juno proud,
And Jupiter the high?"

Shall I alone the presence seek,
No offering free to make?
I'll rather to the shepherd go,
That he my life may take.

The death indeed will painful be;
But I'll ne'er ask in vain:—
For Jove upon free offerings smiles,
And takes away all pain."

The smoke of the devoted lamb
To Jupiter perfume—
The pious prayer went upward from
That fearful, fiery tomb.

It pierced the skies, and o'er sweet harps
In heavenly numbers swept:
Could tears bedew immortal eyes,
The goddess then had wept.

W. H. P. P.

Richmond, Va. Nov. 1840.

THE QUAKERESS: A TALE IN ELEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

"And it is a very glorious thing that I have now to mention—the Devils have with most horrid operations, broke in upon our neighborhood, and the fury and malice of these devils have been overruled at such a rate, that all the afflicted have not only been delivered, but I hope, also savingly brought home. Our young people of both sexes, apart, would ordinarily spend whole nights, by whole weeks together, in prayer and psalms upon these occasions, in which the devils could get nothing, but, like fools, a scourge for their own backs. And some scores were struck with these lively demonstrations of hell evidently set forth before their eyes; seeing persons cruelly frightened, wounded and starved by devils, and scalded with burning brimstone.

"On the whole the Devil got just nothing, but God got praises. Christ got subjects, the Holy Spirit got temples, the Church got additions, and the souls of men got everlasting benefits. I am not so vain as to say that any wisdom or virtue of mine did contribute unto this good order of things; but I am so just as to say, I did not hinder this good."—*Cotton Mather*.

The position of the elder Elliot relative to these proceedings, has been defined, a position than which no other could be more difficult to maintain. Man has often been called a social being. He is a sympathetic being, and, so to speak, gregarious. It is hard for him to act exclusive and solitary. He does not like to be alone, but seeks to identify himself with the mass. Once inoculate the mass with any dogma, and it is as hard to keep from catching the infection as it would be to escape a contagious disease, during constant exposure.

Mr. Elliot did not believe in witchcraft; but when he saw that all about him were thoroughly convinced of there being in the country, witches and wizards, sorcerers and soothsayers—when he saw men of wisdom, respectability and intellect—his fellow-laborers, with whom he had long stood side by side in many a good work—when he saw men with whom he had often taken sweet council; yielding to this belief, his own faith was shaken and his heart fainted. The proceedings of the day on which Old Meg had her trial, if it did not convince him, as it certainly did not, it at least threw him into that state of doubt and hesitation, which is nearly as bad as *certainty*, with a purpose to do what might prove wrong. In these trials many kinds of evidence were resorted to, and implicitly relied upon, to narrate which would be only a repetition of this history. But there was one species of evidence, which as the delusion and infatuation increased, did, from the nature of the evidence, itself also increase. As the number of accusers were multiplied, so were augmented the number of accused, and as the fear of being accused became greater, the number of those who made voluntary confessions increased, for the reason that to do so was a certain means of escaping death. In this manner was multiplied that kind of testimony which would go as far as human testimony can ever go, and which has ever been relied upon with the greatest confidence by the wisest and best of jurors. "It overwhelmed the court and jury and public, and the unhappy persons themselves with conviction. Fifty-five persons, many of them persons of the most unquestionable character, virtue and piety, acknowledged the truth of the charges made against them, and confessed that they had made a league with the Devil. Some of them related their intimacy with the Devil, declared that they had signed his little red book, been present at his sacraments, and rode with him

on sticks through the air to attend his diabolical meetings. They specified the exact places where the Devil celebrated his sacraments, and even described the person and deportment of his Satanic Majesty. Dr. Mortle, whom Mr. Elliot called the 'Father of the New-England clergy' at that day, himself observes, that the witches generally organized their meetings 'much after the manner of a Congregational church.'"

It was such testimony that the strong, sensible mind of Mr. Elliot was called upon in these trying circumstances to resist. Let him not then be too loudly blamed, if in yielding somewhat to such authority he was less active than he might have been—than his son who was so deeply interested, and than many who enjoy the freedom of our enlightened day, would have been, in protecting the accused. Be it however said in his praise, that he did nothing to render more terrible this wild storm of fanaticism, while his associates were carried away by imagination and phrenzy—and that he was greatly instrumental in producing the revulsion of feeling and opinion which followed, when the visions which filled the fancies of the people flitted away, leaving their minds open to the clear sunshine of reason. Before we can contemplate the dawning of so bright a day, it remains to record the sufferings of the unfortunate Rebecca. She was now confined in the temporary jail of the colony, and obliged to share the same apartment with her wretched accuser,—the one to await the fatal hour of execution in twenty days from her trial, and the other, the time of her own trial, to take place at the pleasure of the judges. Meanwhile, the spirit of fanaticism continued to rage. The afflicted children growing more encouraged by success, cried out upon new victims, until the number of both witches and bewitched became so fearfully multiplied, that the good Puritans began to feel the imperative necessity of taking decisive measures to combat the enemy who was making such fearful strides upon them. It seemed to them high time to make some striking exhibition of justice, and to intimidate the Arch Fiend by attacking him in his strongest holds. No small sensation was created by the public condemnation of Old Meg, and was much increased by the apprehension of the Quakeress for the same crime of witchcraft. The surprise excited by the imprisonment of Rebecca, resulted from a combination of causes. The prejudice against her people had in no degree abated. From their first arrival in the settlement, they had been looked upon with suspicion and distrust, and the efforts which had been made to banish them, though unsuccessful, had augmented this state of feeling. Another circumstance also contributed to bring them into disrepute about this time. Two Quakers had been convicted of certain irregularities in an adjoining colony and were executed, with how much justice we cannot here decide. Notwithstanding this general prejudice against the people of Rebecca, there was still maintained the common intercourse of business and barter with the village, and some of the inhabitants engaged in connections of even a more social nature. It will be recollected that our fair heroine had once been seen by Old Meg at the Elliots. Indeed, this amiable girl was well known to the inhabitants of the colony, and shared no portion of the hatred or ill-will felt towards her kindred. So unsuspecting a being, who had never experienced an emotion of enmity, had never excited in others any but sentiments of kindness and good will. None could look on her fine graceful figure, and her open, expressive features without admiration. None believed that aught but maiden virtue and simplicity could be allied with so divine a picture of loveliness. Her being accused of witchcraft, therefore, created much astonishment, and filled the hearts of the humane with feelings of compassion and sympathy. In accordance with what has been stated—that those worthies who felt bound to keep the consciences of others, as well as responsible for their own

purity and sanctity, now also felt impelled to make a bold stroke at Satan. Brown and his friends were busily at work in tuning the popular voice to the right pitch for decisive action, and were employing the intervening time before the trial of their victim, in procuring such an array of evidence as could not be gainsayed or resisted. Witnesses were found ready to testify as having often seen her at the "witch hut" of Old Meg; which evidence was considered so conclusive, as to produce certain conviction of her being tainted with witchcraft. But the proof most to be relied on was the never-failing resource in these exigences—the testimony of the sufferers themselves—and especially the effect produced upon them by the presence of their tormentors. Soon after the arrest of Rebecca, one of the afflicted children began to complain of being tormented by her agent or imp. It was an opinion commonly received on these subjects, that if a witch could not conveniently be present, *propria personâ*, so as to execute her infernal designs, she might assume some other shape, that of a negro or Indian, known as the *black man*—or she might take the form of a goat, dog, cat, rat, mouse or toad—or if necessary, she had the power of deputising one of her *imps*, like an insect, either a fly or spider; or she might appear to her victims in the more formidable character of her own spectre.

Agreeable to this idea, one of the afflicted, a girl of between seven and eight years old, now began to complain bitterly of being persecuted by the nocturnal visits of the imprisoned Rebecca, under the apparition of a large cat. She complained that this cat, which she described as a very fierce black one, came into her bedroom, scratched and mutilated her, and forced her to rise at midnight and accompany her into a large enclosure, where in a great concert of other cats, similar in size and color—all agents and imps of witches—she was compelled by the fear of being scratched and lacerated, to run around a great oak, that stood under the open sky, till unable to support herself longer she fell exhausted to the earth.

It was in the twilight of the evening preceding the day appointed for Old Meg's execution, that a man completely muffled in the ample folds of a mantle, might have been seen wending his way along through the village of S—. As it appeared to be his desire to escape all observation, he proceeded cautiously on his course by a retired street, till he arrived at his destination—which was the jail of the settlement—and after reconnoitering about it a few minutes, he rapped gently at the door which entered the keeper's apartment. The welcoming 'walk in' of the jailer being forthwith returned, was immediately accepted.

"A good evening to you, Brother Barnacle," said he of the mantle.

"Good evening, friend. Some new case I suppose—What!—oh! oh!—My excellent brother Brown!—Welcome, right welcome here, my young friend. Sit down, if you will accept a seat in so humble a place, for it is a long time since I have seen you—not since the trial of the old heathenish hag that's to be hung to-morrow. Really I am glad of this opportunity to chit-chat with you once more. So sit down, brother Brown."

"O never mind sitting, good brother Barnacle," answered the inimitable Brown, to the jailer's profuse compliments. "Don't trouble yourself about my sitting, for I am in much haste to-night. I have come to ask you to admit me to your prisoners. Can you, do you think, grant me this favor, dear brother Barnacle?"

"That depends, my dear sir," said the jailer, "much on which of my prisoners you wish to see; for there are here, under bolt and bar, persons whom none, by the strictest orders of the honorable the council, can visit."

"Well then, there are two persons imprisoned here for witchcraft—"

"Two for witchcraft!" interrupted the impetuous Barnacle, before Brown had time to mention the names of those he wished to visit. "Two did you say? Why, my worthy brother, you know as well as I, there are here under my charge more than twenty souls, men and women, in durance vile, on the awful suspicion of being diabolically leagued with the Devil! Surely, my brother, you are not thus ignorant as to the inroads of the enemy—of whom it may indeed be said, he hath been loosed for a season. But I trust the wise despatch of the council hath somewhat beaten back the phalanx of darkness, holding at bay his infernal legions—in which godly work," continued he, sinking his voice down into a sort of humble whine, "in which godly work, I, Barnabas Barnacle, that keepeth the keys over these servants of Beelzebub, and rejoiceth to be found thus worthy, have been an humble instrument."

"Thou art indeed a trustworthy man, my good Barnacle, who can speak with edification on these dark questions of divinations—but do you think, my excellent brother Barnabas Barnacle, you could just now grant me this interview with the old witch Meg so called, and the Quaker damsel, Rebecca?"

"Alas! my brother, these are the very prisoners I spoke of. Our good father Elliot, who here daily ministers consolation to the incarcerated—for he is a merciful man, who pities the guilty and grieves with the downcast—even he never comes to see the old sorceress of all, and her companion, without a writing from the honorable magistrates. Hast thou their permit with thee?"

"I—I—I—bring what?—No, I have no such thing, good Barnacle. Why Barnacle," continued our earnest solicitor, endeavoring to assume an air of assurance, "Do you think it necessary for me to get this writing you speak of?—and—yet, doubtless I could obtain it in time, if my worthy and conscientious brother hath scruples or misgivings—let me see;—but my dear Barnacle, I am in not so bad repute—not to speak of myself, at best, a poor worm—as to make that necessary; That is, my excellent Barnacle—I speak not boastingly—but my feeble services have been known to the magistrates, and I may say, I have been no weak bulwark against the inroads of Satan upon our goodly heritage, in such times of defectious backsliding. Now, friend Barnacle, I know you are a man too sensible and reasonable to send me to the council at this late hour for a bit of parchment, and all for mere form's sake too—especially considering it is often lawful for us poor, erring creatures, to use our own weak judgments and discretions. But no man better knows his duty than brother Barnabas Barnacle, nor more reasonably estimates the formalities and technicalities of our excellent laws."

"Doubtless, thou hast spoken truly of thy humble and unworthy friend, as well as of powers discretionary," resumed the worthy jailer, who was really a very honest fellow, with whom the delicious morsel now began to relish, for he only wanted to be flattered on his conscientious side. "Thou speakest truly of powers discretionary, for the exercise of which this may be a fitting occasion. Besides, I think thou canst be trusted my brother, as thou bearest a good report among us, and hast not a heart to betray a friend."

"Betray thee, brother Barnacle!" ejaculated Brown.

"I do not so think, brother; and had I not a witness within, testifying of my own honesty to my conscience, I would not so far step aside from the letter and spirit of our law touching this business," continued Barnacle.

"Truly, thou art a conscientious man, Barnacle. Know then, to enlighten thy scrupulosity, mine errand is one of mercy. I desire to say a word of rebuke to this old woman that is to be hung to-morrow—though I fear she hath already passed the eleventh hour of hope."

"She is assuredly past all season for charitable rebuke

or reproof, my brother," said the jailer. "She hath a very strange behavior of late, in which she showeth a wonderful gift at cursing and imprecating evil upon the honorable council, whom she reproacheth with many unseemly and unmeaning epithets, calling them canting Puritans and divers other such names. And now she continually affirmeth she will not suffer this death at their hands, and raveth of the gallows like a bedlamite—oh! it is a grievous thing to hear her blasphemy. So, I fear thou wilt do her no benefit, brother Brown."

"And yet, brother Barnacle, I am not without hope. Also I desire to see this Quakeress. Though she be in very deed an Ishmaelite, and a daughter of the stranger, she should not be forsaken in this time of her need and tribulation—and though (I speak it not with vaunting) I was first to cause her apprehension, I would not wholly deprive her of such council as a christian man oweth an idolatrous heathen, or a pagan outcast. Therefore, burden not thine own conscience, brother Barnacle, nor hinder the unburdening of mine."

"God forbid that Barnabas Barnacle lay burden on thy, or any man's conscience. Indeed I greatly rejoice to hear you speak thus of the Quakerish woman, for often doth my heart yearn towards the damsel, when I behold her maidenly fear at the evil invocations of the condemned witch, yet, it doubtless, ill-becometh me to say she is not a witch herself, considering that Satan doth often become like an Angel of Light. Old Meg too, may be in a more fitting mood for exhortation, inasmuch as she hath been much less boisterous to-day. When I brought her food, I found her lying upon her bed, making such dismal moaning, and uttering such incoherent mutterings, I could not tell whether she were in the throes of mortal dissolution, or subject to some new device of the Evil One. Let me then no longer hinder this laudable undertaking. I will admit you to these prisoners."

So saying, Mr. Barnabas Barnacle struck a light, took his prison-keys, and with much official gravity conducted the worthy Brown to the door of their prison chamber. He then drew aside the bolts, gave him the lamp and ushered him into the presence of the inmates, after which he withdrew to his own apartment, leaving this disinterested young man to prosecute as seemed best his own schemes of benevolence.

The first rays of light which fell athwart the room, disclosed the form of the miserable Margaret prostrated upon a low bed, and apparently exhausted by those supernatural exertions already described. It was not without a sensation of fear that Brown now approached her. But every feeling of this nature was banished, as his attention became arrested by Rebecca, whom he saw sitting by the bed-side of Margaret, apparently engaged in offices of kindness.

So soon as our heroine perceived this intruder upon her solitude, she arose from her abject seat, immediately retired as far as possible from his presence, and deigning him neither word nor look, gave him no opportunity to address her or express any surprise at seeing her thus engaged. Let not any fair one of our age of taper-fingers, be too hasty in expressing wonder and disgust at the fair Rebecca's employment. She was a maiden of a kind and generous spirit. She possessed all the modesty and delicacy which have usually been ascribed to her sex. Yet she could approach unpleasant objects and scenes of misery. If necessary, she could even perform acts of goodness and charity, without reflecting whether she were granting favors to friends or foes. This innocent girl, though not entirely free from the common superstitious fancies and fears respecting Old Meg, had, when this reputed witch was deserted by all her former patrons, often visited her abode on errands of kindness—and now that her own destiny seemed to be connected with Margaret, she still continued her acts of benevo-

lence. She was much terrified by the cruel treatment of Old Meg, after her imprisonment. Often, when driven almost to despair by her taunts and threats, she, like any other maiden, would tremble and turn pale; but when Old Meg became exhausted and ceased these transports of rage, she would again alleviate her miseries. In the presence of this noble girl and the condemned witch, Brown now stood. As he beheld the terror and shrinking modesty of Rebecca, the haggard form, ghastly features and utter wretchedness of Margaret, this accomplished bad man felt every need of his accustomed skill and presence of mind. He stood there to redeem his pledge for the safety of his accomplice, for he could not entirely divest himself of every spark of that kind of honor which is claimed to exist among the worst of characters. He was indeed endeavoring to rescue her from her impending fate. For this purpose he had been absent from the colony after her condemnation, and was now come back to execute his plans. But, as Barnacle informed him, he came too late. Worn out by her recent efforts and anxieties, and her own guilty passions, and now exhausted by age, her feeble nature sunk under these burdens, and her naturally strong mind, goaded by pride, chagrin and shame, shrank from the contemplation of this just consummation of her guilty life in such a disgraceful death. As from day to day she was compelled to relinquish every hope of the promised relief, she would rave about her prison chamber with the furious despair of a maniac. Yet, like one with the ruling passion strong in death, she still cherished the purpose she had entertained in all her late proceedings—imprecated curses upon the kind Quakeress, and with a fiendish satisfaction triumphed over the trembling girl, and exultingly exhibited to her terrified imagination the dreadful prospect of a like awful end.

"Margaret, I have come to save thy life," said Brown, as he drew near the low pallet on which she lay and held over her the light in order to see the more distinctly. No answer save a hollow groan was returned from the wretched woman, and he again addressed her—

"Margaret! Margaret La Forge! Dost hear me, woman? Didst thou not see me at thy trial? I would benefit thee as far as I may do in conscience—I would save thy life. Speak witch!" continued he, endeavoring by his language to disguise from Rebecca the character in which he wished to appear before Margaret, at the same time leaning over the bed-side and so disposing the light as to disclose his features and cause himself to be immediately recognized. Again she groaned, and, turning her face, fixed her eyes upon her interrogator.

"Ho—ha! Is it he? Hast come to taunt me?" said the beldame in a voice but little louder than a whisper—"yes, it is he, Sir Brown! thou art here too late; yet I will forbear reproaches. I am dying—dying too as I have lived,—unrelenting I die too, without bequeathing, as I had thought, my last accomplice my last curse! For though I feared that you, like all the accomplices I ever had, would prove false to me, yet your presence here shows you true. So thou hast not my last and bitterest curse. But I tell you, you are too late—too late to do me good; and almost too late to hear my final charge, Sir Brown! I charge thee to execute thy purposes—devise and execute to the very death; and so enjoy, as I counsel thee for the last time, enjoy the luxury of deep and premeditated revenge! I repeat it with my final breath—*revenge is sweet!* See to yonder trembling wench. Let not the bird escape the meshes thou hast woven about her. Remember, as the dying words of Margaret La Forge, *REVENGE IS SWEET!*" So saying she fell back upon her pallet, relapsed again into unconsciousness, and immediately her countenance assumed a senseless stare. In a moment after her eyes became glazed; and as her shrunken limbs seemed impulsively to straiten and stiffen, succeeded that awful and indescribable shiver and

shudder, well known to all that ever witnessed it as the last convulsion of the death-struggle. During this whole scene Brown had stood mute and appalled, gazing intently on the miserable object before him, and entirely unconscious of the presence of Rebecca. She, as has been stated, withdrew on his entrance to the remotest corner of the apartment, where she had remained a silent spectator of this shocking scene of death and horror. Hardened indeed must have been the heart, and seared the conscience, which, under these circumstances in which Brown was placed, would not relent, nor show some indications of remorse; yet the man who stood in that chamber of death, beholding by the wan light of the lamp, he then held the pallid hue of death settling on those ghastly features, had such a heart, and such a conscience. Until the vital spark had left its tenement of clay, Brown kept his eyes fixed on the form now lifeless before him; but so soon as a few minutes served him to collect his thoughts, and cast about in his mind for the best course to be pursued—now that the being he came to assist no longer needed his assistance—he was overheard by Rebecca, of whose presence he was still unconscious, thus to congratulate himself:

"It is well so: thou art dead in good time, Margaret, and gone to thy master when I no longer lack thee—a master whom thou hast well and faithfully served; as faithfully as servant ever served lord—and now thou hast thy recompense. From having been my servant thou hadst begun to be even a tax and a burden, and I can well give thee over to thy other master now I do no more need thee. Thou art at liberty to serve the Devil at thy leisure; and time enough, I ween, thou wilt have."

In this cold-blooded and fiendish manner he continued to soliloquize, until his mind, apparently crossed by some new train of reflection, he proceeded accordingly—"Well, I have then been on a fool's errand; I may now send away my worthy foresters, induced with so much trouble to venture hither, to conduct off this old hag of a witch. They have given their signal these score of times, and there it goes again. I will e'en tell them I need not their coöperation—news, I warrant, that will be right welcome to the knaves. 'Twas no small task to drag them from their lurkings into this business of kidnapping a witch—which is a personage for whom these red rascals entertain as much respect as they do for Beelzebub himself—so I think I will go out and dismiss them, since that Old Margaret's soul, by breaking its frail prison of mortality, has saved us the dangerous task of breaking, for the especial benefit of her body, through the sides of this substantial prison-house of wood and stone,—not forgetting also to inform that most worthy and conscientious clown of a Barnabas Barnacle of a jailer, of his prisoner's fate; and moreover, if need be, convince him she has had no help from my hands: so let me be about it."

With this remark he turned to seek the door by which he entered, and in so doing was again reminded by the view thus obtained of Rebecca, of the fact which the death scene of Margaret had banished from his memory—the fact that he was not alone in the prison-chamber.

"Daughter of Belial, what art thou?" ejaculated Brown, with much perturbation, and then immediately trying to recover his composure, "Oh—ay! I remember me. 'Tis *thou*—indeed, 'tis my pretty Quakeress. But methinks this no very agreeable abode for a gentle lady. Thou art in as much need as ever poor beleaguered damsel was, that some kind and valiant knight should come to thy rescue; and, while I bethink myself, thou hast already got such a commodity; I trust therefore Master Charles will yet prove himself not so ungallant a champion. Yet, hold—be—be comforted—do not quiver and tremble like an aspen. Well, well, fear not me thus, and I will come no nearer. Surely thou believest I am mortal rather than demon? Yet, Re-

becca, I fain would be near thee. Gentle, kind Rebecca! Nay, shrink not away thus, nor scream and shriek. Weep not, dear Rebecca. Alas! unkind, cruel Rebecca!—yet thou shalt, *shalt* be ruled. I swear to thee I'll do thee no harm, yet I would approach thee, Rebecca Danvers! Dearest angel! be mine—only be mine. Love me and all shall be well with thee, Rebecca. I will rend these snares—fly with thee from these fools—make thee great—give thee honor, fame, and all that heart, that woman's heart can wish. George Brown can act no second part, and she who shares his heart shares his ambition, and enjoys the consummation of his ambitious purposes. Dost say me nay? Ha! thou wilt not? Harken then, maiden! Thou hast just heard certain incoherent words such as never before fell from my lips; and though their true connection imports less than thou mayest suppose, yet having heard these hasty expressions makes thee a person dangerous to me and my good report. Swear, maiden! swear by thy life, and soul's life, never to repeat to mortal ears those unfortunate sayings provoked by this awful presence, immediately after the last breathings of yonder witch."

"Nay, nay," answered the trembling yet true Quakeress, "never to save even life will I swear aught to man like thee."

"Ha! speakest thus? Then thou shalt—but no, thy hour is yet to come. Think of the trial of Old Meg, Rebecca! thou art accused of the same witchcraft, and will be condemned, and shalt be executed for a very witch; yet I have power to save thee from this death, and I can hang thee by this same power. Dost choose to die this death? Nought from thy lips can avail against me: for men will attribute all thy acts and sayings to Satan, as thou well knowest, and hast seen at the trial of Margaret. But shriek not thus—nay, nay. Alas! thou now art pale. Humph! she faints." As he said this, the poor, persecuted girl did indeed faint and fall down into a swoon. Brown now grew frightened at what he had done, and hastened to raise his victim in his arms in a manner resembling somewhat compassion. While thus supporting her lifeless form, he thought, notwithstanding her dishevelled hair and pale countenance, he had never looked upon a being half so beautiful and lovely. Brown, as we have said, really loved Rebecca; that is, as much as such a character could love aught but himself. His love, or rather his interest for her, was made up in about equal proportions of the three ingredients—passion, selfishness and ambition—forming in the mass a composition most admirably calculated, in case of rivalry and defeat, to produce the deepest chagrin and shame.

"Thou art indeed a gem well worth the seeking," said he, as he folded in his selfish embrace the inanimate and insensible Rebecca, enjoying thus a favor he felt to be his by stealth only. "Truly thou art a pearl above all price, and beyond all my influence to obtain, either without or with compulsion; yet I will never behold thee sparkle in *his* crest, though thou art now set there firm as any ruby in the hard adamant. If I cannot spoil thy brilliancy entire, I can crush thee in the extrication."

This was spoken while he bore her to a vessel of water which happened to be placed in the room, and thereby applying it to her face and temples, and by chafing the latter, at length, succeeded in restoring her again to consciousness. No sooner did she become sensible of her situation, than she began to struggle for freedom, and to cast upon her tormentor indignant and deserved reproaches. "Be it thus, then," said Brown, as he released her—"but I tell thee, maiden, thou shalt not always so escape me. Thy hour is not yet come. I go, leaving thee to consider well this stubborn course of thine. And now hear me when I swear it;—unless thou wilt yield to my purposes, thou shalt ere long experience the direst vengeance of him who, hitherto was never foiled. I now forbear—but look not for future lenity.

Yea, I will now even minister to thy comfort. Yonder loathsome carcase shall be speedily taken from thy presence—and I also will command Barnacle to care well for all thy present necessities. Yet, Rebecca, remember the consequences of persisting in this folly: and argue not too great forbearance from my present course."

With this benevolent caution to our afflicted heroine, Brown took his departure from her presence, and immediately retreated to the apartment of the worthy Barnacle, where, to his great surprise, he met Charles Elliot, his hated rival. With what intent our hero had come there, and where he had been during our long silence respecting him, will be duly unfolded in the forthcoming chapters.

CHAPTER VII.

"Wonderful was the patience, fortitude, self-denial and bravery of our ancestors, in settling, cultivating and defending this goodly heritage which we enjoy."—*Noah Webster.*

It will be necessary to advert very briefly to another feature of the times of which we are speaking. From the first, the red man had been jealous of the encroachments of his pale neighbor. Looking upon him as an intruder and an enemy, he did not suffer a long time to elapse before he took measures to treat him as such. Without attempting in this place to discuss the subject of Indian warfare and Indian cruelties, on the one hand, or on the other of the justice or injustice of our ancestors in taking possession of this country as they did, we shall mention only such circumstances as will best elucidate the plan of our story.

There had now been formed in different portions of New-England, about one hundred settlements, which were estimated to contain nearly as many thousand white inhabitants. The industry and enterprize of these first settlers began to make great inroads upon the wilderness, and, though they never took arbitrary possession of the land—for it is matter of history that they were willing to pay the prices demanded by the original owners—yet, when the natural consequences of these sales, which the Indians were ever ready to make, became evident in the prostration of the native forests which extended over their beloved hunting-grounds, they grew jealous of the authors of such important changes. This jealousy, which occasionally broke out into open hostilities, compelled the colonists to keep a perpetual guard against their crafty foe. They paid considerable attention to military preparations, and took much pains to obtain a sufficient knowledge of Indian character and their mode of warfare, to enable them to combat successfully with them in their wild tactics. The colonies at this time numbered about ten thousand men capable of bearing arms; and it was no uncommon thing to raise out of these, a force of two or three thousand as an army of defence in times of danger. Depredations were often committed upon the settlements, and the savage enemy was as often repelled; and, for many years, skirmishes of this sort were kept up without producing any thing decisive as to who were to become the future lords of the soil. The result was only to widen the breach between the contending parties, and to render still more apparent a belief, which history has since established, that Nature has given no affinity to the white man and the red. This irregular and desultory warfare, was of the most annoying character. The settlements were surrounded by dense forests; and the natives, having free access to them, could easily become acquainted with their dwellings, and all the avenues to them: and hence could obtain such a knowledge of all their movements, as to enable them to fall upon the inhabitants in their defenceless moments. Thus their lives were put in continual jeopardy. To all these advantages the Indians added their usual skill in forming their plans of attack, and

their usual art in lulling the suspicions of their enemy. Sometimes they would be so civil and friendly in their conduct, as to quiet, for a long time, all apprehensions; and then, taking the precaution to send their women and old men among the inhabitants, to beg lodgings of the families devoted to destruction, on some preconcerted night, they would fall suddenly upon the silent, unguarded settlements. When all was quiet their lurking spies would throw open the doors and give the fatal signal to their comrades, who, rushing in upon the defenceless villages, finished the work of death and slaughter—a work only of a moment—and, when accomplished, the cruel perpetrators would vanish as suddenly. The intervals between those attacks were generally devoted to mischief and plunder of a less formidable character. Sometimes a solitary family was surprised and led into captivity—an isolated house burned to the ground—or the lonely traveller waylaid and shot in the forest. When they made their attacks in great numbers, and in a formal manner, it was comparatively easy to repulse and subdue them; but the frequency of these sudden surprisals, when their houses were burned—their men, women and children either killed or carried in captivity, kept the inhabitants in constant suspense and dread. More than once during the early history of the Pilgrims, did these destructive aggressions of the Indians so sensibly diminish their numbers, and impair their strength, that they began to fear a total extinction. To prevent so dreadful a calamity, it was thought best, at an early period, to form an union of all the colonies for their safety and mutual welfare. In justice, however, to the red man it ought to be said, that the hostility generally felt by him towards his white neighbor, was not shared in an equal degree by all his brethren. There were some noble exceptions, who from the first had been known as "friendly Indians;" and, indeed, several whole tribes had always shown themselves the true friends and allies of the whites. Some of these were undoubtedly induced to join the cause of the early settlers, with the hope and prospect of retaliating, through their coöperation, upon other tribes, some real or supposed injuries of long standing. From these various motives of policy, revenge and real friendship, they acquired many allies, even among the Indians themselves; such was the friendship of Uncas, the Mohegan—Miantonimoh, the Narraganset—of Wequash, the Pequod—and also of the father of the famous King Philip. His was, indeed, true friendship—a friendship, which, when contrasted with the deep hatred and unrelenting hostility of his son Philip, appears still more noble and disinterested. In these instances, when the aborigines of New-England were so friendly and peaceable, the good Puritans—to their praise be it spoken—true to their principles, made every practicable effort to civilize, enlighten, and introduce among the Indians the blessings of Christianity. In these benevolent efforts they were by no means unsuccessful; and whenever they were so to an extent which enabled the poor savages to appreciate these blessings, their gratitude towards their benefactors knew no bounds. The success of Mr. Elliot, as a laborer in this good work, has been mentioned. All the friendly natives entertained a most sincere respect and affection for that truly pious and excellent character. They regarded him as a spiritual father and guide, and looked upon him with an esteem and reverence little short of the awe they would have felt for a teacher commissioned to them directly from the *Great Spirit*. He had passed much time with several of the smaller tribes, where he had been eminently successful in disseminating the principles and precepts of the Christian Religion.

With this cursory and general view of the relative positions of the Indians and Pilgrims, we are now prepared to state their particular bearing and influence upon the history of the little colony of S——. When, after the lapse

of several years, the savage inhabitants saw the wilderness rapidly receding before these hardy and persevering laborers saw their game dispersed, and their favorite haunts invaded. This result, which they neither foresaw nor dreamed of at first, they now began to *feel* in all its force: and the strongest passions which could animate the savage breast were awakened. Their native enmity and jealousy once thoroughly aroused, operated with full and fearful force. With this feeling of hatred, they only waited for some daring and enterprising champion to marshal and concentrate their strength, and lead on their warriors. Such a leader was soon found in Philip, the celebrated Sachem of Pokanoket. This distinguished Indian Chief, enraged at the encroachments of the colonists, entered into a confederation with the most powerful tribes of New-England, with the resolute and deadly purpose of accomplishing the entire destruction of the whites. In forming this alliance, he evinced a degree of firmness and artful intrigue, such as might do honor to the more refined diplomatic powers of even the modern politician. It is said, that he was soon able to enter the field at the head of an army of between three and four thousand savage warriors—a force sufficient, at the time we are now speaking of, to carry terror and dismay into the hearts of the colonists. It was from an interview with some of the warriors of Philip, that Brown, on the evening of his visit to the jail, had just returned; and it was to their protection that he intended to commit Old Meg, and would have done so, if he had succeeded in procuring her escape from the jail, had she not, as stated in the last chapter, expired in his presence: and thus released him from all his obligations to redeem to her a pledge, which it would have been extremely dangerous to fulfil. It also was from an interview with some of the friendly Indians above spoken of that Charles Elliot had arrived, when he met Brown, as about to leave the prison, in the jailer's apartment. True to a promise of protection, which he had made to Rebecca when they left the crowd the day she was charged by Old Meg of witchcraft—faithful to that promise to the afflicted girl, Charles Elliot had been actively and incessantly engaged in her behalf. Ceasing now to despise a delusion which had become quite too serious to create disgust—however disgusting it might be in itself considered—tortured to intense agony by his fears for Rebecca, and almost suspected himself, as was evident from the cautions of the judge to his father—for it was even dangerous to assist the afflicted and possessed—Charles knew not where to look, or whither to go for assistance. He cared and felt little for himself: he was solely anxious to save his beloved Rebecca. Immediately after the Quakeress had been taken from the protection of her lover by the officer, who was commanded by the judge to apprehend her and commit her to close confinement, in utter misery and despair Charles had rushed from the excited crowd that flocked to witness the trial of Old Meg, and pursued his course without knowing and scarcely caring whither, till he became conscious of the presence of some one, and immediately felt on his arm the gentle touch of his sister Anne. She had been the sharer of all her brother's counsels and now did not desert him; and never stood man in more need of woman's quick wit, than did Charles Elliot of that of his truly affectionate sister.

"Is there no hope, brother?" said she kindly, as she came up with him and walked by his side.

"I know of none for *her*," answered her brother, in that sad, bitter tone, which tells so deeply of dejection, and which is the very index of despair—"Did you see Brown to-day? This is *his* work."

"Ah, brother! I saw him. It was at his suggestion that *she* was apprehended."

"I knew it—I knew it! Yet he shall not—"

"Dearest brother," interrupted Anne, "let us not talk of

him, but devise some way, if possible, to save our dear Rebecca. Is there no way—no remedy?"

"Angel of mercy!" exclaimed Charles—"but my dearest Anne you do me great injustice. There is—there shall be a way. He shall not triumph;—she shall live. Think you they will condemn her? They cannot—they dare not—they shall not do it! But what can I do? Or what can we do? I shall be—I am suspected; but I care only for her sake—her life. What can we—what shall we do, dearest Anne?"

"Listen to me, my brother," said she, while her countenance lightened up with a beam of hope—"Listen to me, Charles. You know that our father has made many friends among the Indians; will they not, brother, protect her, provided we can contrive to rescue her from prison?"

"Merciful Angel! This is indeed a bright sunbeam shining into my poor distracted mind. I will not tarry here a moment, but immediately seek out these friendly people, who will do any thing for our family. Nay, detain me not, Anne; I go immediately."

"Yet stay, brother," resumed Anne. "Let us consider well of this matter? Are you sure of success? And if so, do you think to bring the Indians here before we have concerted a plan for Rebecca's safe release from the prison? Or will it be necessary to bring them here at all? We may not need even *their* assistance, for Rebecca is only arrested on suspicion, and may not be condemned. Let us wait patiently the result, and meanwhile let us not be idle. We will minister to her wants, and relieve her sufferings. Know you not, Charles, that our father daily visits the poor prisoners, and has even had access to Old Meg herself? Through his influence with the magistrates, I may be able to visit Rebecca in her confinement, and assist her in escaping! All this, dear Charles, we can do before her trial; and if she is condemned, which may the Lord prevent, we shall yet be able to execute our designs."

"In very deed, sister, you are an excellent and wise counsellor," answered Charles, perceiving the reasonableness of all these suggestions, and beginning to hope that Rebecca might not be in such imminent danger as he had apprehended. "I will follow your advice, and, in the meantime, will not, as you say, remain idle in behalf of her who is dearer to me than life. Yet, sister, shall I not go immediately to the Indians, and be prepared by every means in our power for the worst fate that can befall us—the condemnation of the innocent Rebecca? Ah! sister, my heart saddens and sickens at that cruel thought!"

"Do as you will, brother. Go! and see that you fall not out by the way, nor into the hands of Philip or his savage warriors: for you know it is feared that he entertains no kind intentions towards us lately."

It was in pursuance of these arrangements that Charles had visited some of the friendly Indians—returned to the colony—and that he had, through the instrumentality of his sister and father, been able to hear occasionally from her: and moreover, that by means of a permit, which also he obtained from his sister, he now stood, as we left him at the close of the last chapter, in the presence of Brown and the jailer, hoping to gain access to his afflicted and beloved Rebecca.

POWER IS KNOWLEDGE.

"Hallo, Jim! where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Going to the theatre, to see that glorious boy, Knowledge."

"Going to see knowledge?—acquire it, you mean."

"No, I don't; I'm going to see *Power*. Knowledge is Power, they say; so Power must be Knowledge. What time did you rise this morning?"

EARLY LAYS.

BY WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

XXXVII.

HERE'S A SPELL.

1.

Here's a spell I've wove
In the pale moonshine,
For a happy love,
And a heart like thine;
Take it then, I pray,
Bind it to thy heart,
It will soon allay,
Dearest, every smart.

2.

More than this, when sad,
It will quickly bring
Thoughts to make thee glad,
From a sacred spring;—
And thine eye shall glow,
With its early fire;
And thy heart shall know
All its young desire.

3.

Yet, even more I give;—
With its magic powers
It will all revive
Of thy childhood's hours;
All the buried joys,
Thou didst so deplore,—
All that Time destroys
It will still restore.

4.

Wouldst thou not behold
The long-lost, the blest,
The loved, the never cold,
Thou hast once possessed,
Won down from the skies
By the spell I bring?
Lo! before your eyes,
Each immortal wing!

5.

'Tis a sov'reign spell
For the wounded breast,
And fond spirits, well
Its attributes have blest:
'Tis a flow'r, the fruit,
Sweetly sad to see,
When Love made mournful suit
To Memory!

XXXVIII.

GO, THOU BRIGHT GAZELLE.

1.

Go, thou bright Gazelle,
Thou hast charm'd me well;
Yet those wooing eyes,
And the smiling grace
Of thy winning face,
My proud heart defies.

2.

'Twere for thee a doom,
Did thy beauty's bloom
In my bosom raise
All the maddening might
Of that wild delight,
Known in other days.

3.

Sadly down thou'st come
From thy native home;—
Here thou may'st not win
One poor love whose flame
Is not born of shame—
Selfish—full of sin.

4.

Love, himself, would come,
Hovering round thy bloom,
Arm'd; and, like a thief,
He would all destroy,
Till thy every joy
Would become a grief,

5.

And thy hope would fail,
And thy heart would ail,
And, ere many days,
All the virgin red
Of thy cheek be fled—
Lost to every gaze;

6.

And they'd have no care,
When, no longer fair,
Thou hast felt the doom:
Of the crowd that knew,
Is there one, would strew
Flowers upon thy tomb?

XXXIX.

LIGHT OF HEARTS AND LOVE.

1.

Light of hearts and love,
When my eye first found thee,
Didst thou ever move
With less than blessings round thee?
Gentle eyes and hearts were there,
Gentlest hopes were given,
Winter shed no snowy tear
In thy summer heaven.

2.

I did worship then
With a pure affection,
Though, from other men
I hid the dear connection.
Would that hour we both hath died,
With no care to wring us—
Not a self-reproach to chide,
Not a shame to sting us!

3.

Then we had been blest,
We had known no sorrow,
And were sure, in such a rest,
Of a joyful morrow.
Now we live apart—
If, unseen, unseeing;
Dead in hope, denied in heart,
Be our mortal being.

4.

Hours no longer come
With their airy fleetness;
Flow'rs no longer bloom
With their dewy sweetness;
Lights that charm'd thy day,
Nights, whose angel treasure
Shone with blessings on our way,
Yield us no more pleasure.

5.

Weep we not the hour,
The hour we still love only,
When Love himself had pow'r,
To make his own hearts lonely :
For happiness departed
He would not have us sigh—
He bears his torch inverted,
He shows us how to die.

XL.

DESTINED TO SEVER.

1.

Destined to sever,
Ah, hapless! for years ;
Perchance, again never
To meet—or in tears :
What, in the weary hours,
Then, shall repay
For the blooms, for the flowers
Fate takes away ?

2.

What shall restore thee
That sweet sunny clime,
When life stood before thee
Unshadow'd by Time ;
When Hope, in glad bowers,
Sang like the young bird—
Born of beams, amidst flow'rs—
Childhood first heard.

3.

To me, what can being
Then bring, to restore
Those first joys, once fleeing,
We never see more ;
Those nights when no sorrow
Brooded over Love's sky,
And no gloomy to-morrow
Stood frowningly by !

4.

With no hope to cheer us,
In the stern Future's brow,
With nought to endear us
To that which is now ;—
Where look we, sweetest,
For the joys that still last,
The brightest, the fleetest,—
Ah, me ! to the Past !

XLI.

COME TO THE LOVED ONE'S TOMB.

1.

Come to the loved one's tomb,
Thou, the false-hearted ;
Where are the flow'rs, whose bloom
Soothes the departed ?
Hast thou his memory graced,
With one sad tear ;—
Hast thou one tribute placed
On his cold bier ?

2.

Is he not all forgot
Whom thou didst swear,
From thy heart, from thy lot,
Not Death should tear ?
Are not thy vows broken,
Though never cross'd ?—
His fond love's last token—
Is it not lost ?

3.

'Tis the dead that calls on thee,
His spirit is nigh ;
And the chill that falls on thee
Prepares thee to die !
Should the false maiden live,
Who no truth can discover ?—
Shall the loved one survive,
Thus forgetting the lover ?

4.

From the grave comes that voice,
From the tomb is that token ;
'Tis the youth of thy choice,
For the faith thou hast broken :
He stands by thy side
In the gloom of this hour,
And he summons his bride,
With a bridegroom's own pow'r.

5.

Away, to the grave
Where his cold form reposes ;
No shrubs o'er it wave,
No sad yew, no sweet roses :—
Hadst thou but planted
With sad heart, one sweet flow'r,
No doom had been granted
Upon thee this hour.

6.

Like him, the neglected,
Go, cold and forlorn,
Despised and dejected,
Forsaken, forsworn :
No flow'r to wave o'er thee,
The pensive to move ;
No heart to deplore thee,
Thou false one, to love.

XLII.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL, SWEET RIVER.

1.

Then, fare thee well, sweet river,
A long, a last farewell ;
I am borne from thee forever,
By another stream to dwell ;
But I feel, thus sadly roving
Along thy banks, that I
Shall see none so worthy loving,
Beneath the blessed sky.

2.

Thou hast bless'd me with a beauty,
Like a smile from the Most High ;
Thou hast cheer'd me with a murmur
Of sweet music melting by ;—
I have seen thee in thy glory
When the loved-ones saw thee too ;
But I see them now no longer,
And to them, and thee, adieu !

3.

Farewell, ye shaded waters,
Sweet waters of my youth,
Whose every sound was gladness,
Whose every song was truth ;—
Dark clouds have come about me,
Ye, too, have felt the change,
And your billows only flout me
With a murmur sad and strange !

4.

Yet well my heart has loved thee,
And it dearly loves thee still ;
I cannot choose but love thee,
Let me roam where'er I will ;

Thou art still unto my spirit,
Like a smile from the Most High;
Thou art still most worthy loving
Of all beneath the sky.

XLIII.

LEAVES ARE FALLING.

1.

Leaves are falling
From on high;
Birds are calling
In the sky;
Winter's blowing
From his tower:
Summer's going,
From her bower;
Flowers are dying
In the vale;
Zephyrs flying
From the gale;
Winds that nourish'd,
Shriek in fear;
Fields that flourish'd,
All are bare;
And the pinion
Winter waves,
Has dominion
Over graves;—
Graves of Pleasure,
Graves of Spring,
With each treasure
That they bring;
All o'er-shrouded
By the storm,
Which has clouded
Nature's form:
From her riven
Each sweet birth;
Blacken'd Heaven,
Blighted Earth!

2.

Wherefore linger
Idly thus;
When Joy's finger
Beckons us?—
When, all smiling
From afar,
Love beguiling
Waves his star;
When young Summer
Driven hence,
Yields each comer
Recompense;
Bids the banish'd
From our clime,
Seek the vanish'd,
There, of Time!
There she treasures
All her own,
All the pleasures
Ever known;
There her flow'rs
Fresh, unwrung,
Still are ours,
Ever young:
Still defying
Storm and frost,
She's supplying
What is lost;—

Still she captures
Soul and eye;—
To her raptures
Let us fly.

TO ANTOINETTE.

If the worldling would laugh, and the critic would sneer,
At the friendships that dawn
On our life's early morn,
They would trample upon the first flower of the year;
And the dew brush away
From the delicate spray,
That would soon in a beautiful blossom appear.

But we feel, when the tear-drops are filling our eyes,
With a pure joy so deep
That we only can weep,
That we truly have learned the rich blessing to prize,
Of friends that are given
In mercy by Heaven,
Like the patriarch's ladder to lead to the skies.

As the hues that proclaim the departure of night—
The young morning's rich glow—
Will less roseate grow,
Till at last they are lost in the days azure light;
Though its ardor may cease,
Love like ours will increase—
With each change still becoming more pure and more bright.

CORNELIA.

Hartford, Conn.

COWPER.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

In the gallery of the English poets, we linger with peculiar emotion before the portrait of Cowper. We think of him as a youth, "giggling and making giggle" at his uncle's house in London, and indulging an attachment destined to be sadly disappointed; made wretched by the idea of a peculiar destiny; transferred from a circle of literary roysterers to the gloomy precincts of an Insane Asylum; partially restored, yet shrinking from the responsibilities incident to his age; restless, undecided, desponding even to suicidal wretchedness, and finally abandoning a world for the excitement and struggles of which he was wholly unfit. We follow him into the bosom of a devoted family; witness with admiration the facility he exhibits in deriving amusement from trifling employments—gathering every way-side flower even in the valley of despair, finding no comfort but in 'self-deception,' and finding this in 'self-discipline.' We behold his singular re-appearance in the world in the capacity of an author,—Genius reviving the ties that misfortune had broken. We trace with delight his intellectual career in his charming correspondence with Hayley Hill and his cousin—the vi-

vidness of his affections in his poem to his mother's picture, the play of his fancy in John Gilpin, his reflective ingenuity in the Task. We recall the closing scene—the failing faculties of his faithful companion, his removal from endeared scenes, his sad walks by the sea-shore, his patient, but profound melancholy and peaceful death—with the solemn relief that ensues from the termination of a tragedy. And when we are told that an expression of “holy surprise” settled on the face of the departed, we are tempted to exclaim with honest Kent—

O, let him pass ! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this rude world,
Stretch him out longer.

At an age when most of his countrymen are confirmed in prosaic habits, William Cowper sat down to versify. No darling theory of the art, no restless thirst for fame, no bardic frenzy prompted his devotion. He sought in poetic labor oblivion of consciousness. He strove to make a Lethe of the waters of Helicon. The gift of a beautiful mind was marred by an unhappy temperament ; the chords of a tender heart proved too delicate for the winds of life ; and the unfortunate youth became an intellectual hypochondriac. In early manhood, when the first cloud of insanity had dispersed, he took, as it were, monastic vows—and turned aside from the busy metropolis, where his career began, to seek the solace of rural retirement. There, the tasteful care of a conservatory—the exercise of mechanical ingenuity, repose, seclusion and kindness, gradually restored his spirit to calmness ; and then the intellect demanded exercise, and this it found in the service of the muse. Few of her votaries afford a more touching instance of suffering than the bard of Olney. In the records of mental disease, his case has a melancholy prominence—not that it is wholly isolated, but because the patient tells his own story, and hallows the memory of his griefs by uniform gentleness of soul and engaging graces of mind. To account for the misery of Cowper, is not so important as to receive and act upon the lesson it conveys. His history is an ever-eloquent appeal in behalf of those, whose delicate organization and sensitive temper expose them to moral anguish. Whether his gloom is ascribable to a state of the brain as physiologists maintain, to the ministry of spirits as is argued by the Swedenborgians, or to the influence of a creed as sectarians declare, is a matter of no comparative moment—since there is no doubt the germs of insanity existed in his very constitution. “I cannot bear much thinking,” he says. “The meshes of the brain are composed of such mere spinner’s threads in me, that when a long thought finds its way into them, it buzzes and twangs and bustles about at such a rate as seems to threaten the whole contexture.” Recent discoveries have proved that there is more physiological truth in this remark,

than the unhappy poet could ever have suspected. The ideas about which his despair gathered, were probably accidental. His melancholy naturally was referred to certain external causes, but its true origin is to be sought among the mysteries of our nature. The avenues of joy were closed in his heart. He tells us, a sportive thought startled him. “It is as if a harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited.” In reading his productions, with a sense of his mental condition, what a mingling of human dignity and woe is present to the imagination ! A mind evolving the most rational and virtuous conceptions, yet itself the prey of absurd delusions ; a heart overflowing with the truest sympathy for a sick hare, yet pained at the idea of the church-honors paid to Handel ; a soul gratefully recognizing the benignity of God, in the fresh verdure of the myrtle, and the mutual attachment of doves, and yet incredulous of His care for its own eternal destiny ! What a striking incongruity between the thoughtful man, expatiating in graceful numbers upon the laws of Nature and the claims of Religion, and the poor mortal deferring to an ignorant school-master, and “hunted by spiritual hounds in the night-season ;” the devout poet celebrating his Maker’s Glory, and the mariner trembling at the waxing moon ; the affectionate friend patient and devoted, and the timid devotee deprecating the displeasure of a clergyman, who reproved his limited and harmless pleasures !

It has been objected to Hamlet, that the sportiveness of the prince mars the effect of his thoughtfulness. It is natural when the mind is haunted and oppressed by any painful idea which it is necessary to conceal, to seek relief, and at the same time increase the deception by a kind of playfulness. This is exemplified in Cowper’s letters. “Such thoughts,” he says, “as pass through my head when I am not writing, make the subject of my letters to you.” One overwhelming thought, however, was gliding like a dark, deep stream beneath the airy structures he thus reared to keep his mind from being swept off by its gloomy current. To this end, he surrendered his pen to the most obvious pleasantry at hand, and dallied with the most casual thoughts of the moment, as Hamlet talks about the “old true-penny in the cellerage,” when the idea of his father’s spirit is weighing with awful mysteriousness upon his heart, and amuses himself with jöking Old Polonius, when the thought of filial revenge is swaying the very depths of his soul. Cowper speculates on balloons, moralizes on politics, chronicles the details of his home-experience even to the accidents resulting from the use of a broken table, with the charming air of playfulness that marks the correspondence of a lively girl. How often are these letters the proofs of rare heroism ! How often were those flowers of fancy watered by a bleeding heart ! By what an ef-

fort of will was his mind turned from its sad forebodings, from the dread of his wretched anniversary, from the one horrible idea that darkened his being, to the very trifles of common-life, the everyday circumstances which he knew so well how to array with fresh interest and agreeable combination! Cowper's story indicates what a world of experience is contained in one solitary life. It lifts the veil from a single human bosom, and displays all the element of suffering, adventure and peace, which we are apt to think so dependant upon outward circumstances! There is more to be learned from such a record than most histories afford. They relate things *en masse*, and battles, kings and courts pass before us, like mists along a mountain-range; but in such a life as that of Cowper's, we tremble at the capacity of woe involved in the possession of sensibility, and trace with awe and pity the mystery of a "mind diseased." The anatomy of the soul is, as it were, partially disclosed. Its conflicting elements, its intensity of reflection, its marvellous action fill us with a new and more tender reverence. Nor are the darker shades of this remarkable mental portrait unrelieved. To the reader of his life, Cowper's encounter with young Unwin, under the trees at Huntingdon, is as bright a gleam of destiny as that which visited his heart at Southampton. At the very outset of his acquaintance with this delightful family, he calls them "comfortable people." His term may seem rather humble compared with such epithets as 'brilliant,' 'gifted' and 'interesting;' but to a refined mind it is full of significance. Would there were more comfortable people in the world! Where there is rare talent in a companion, there is seldom repose. Enthusiasm is apt to make very uncomfortable demands upon our sympathies, and strong-sense is not infrequently accompanied by a dogmatical spirit. Erudite society is generally devoid of freshness, and poetical spirits have the reputation of egotism. However improving such companions may be, to sensitive persons they are seldom comfortable. There is a silent influence in the mere presence of every one, which, whether Animal Magnetism is true or not, makes itself felt, unless the nerves are insensible; and then there is a decided character in the voice and manner, as well as in the conversation. In comfortable people, all these are harmonized. The whole impression is cheering. We are at ease, and yet gratified; we are soothed and happy. With such companionship was Cowper blessed in the Unwins. No 'stricken deer' that ever left the herd of men, required such a solace more. We cannot wonder it proved a balm. The matronly figure of Mrs. Unwin and her 'sweet, serene face,' rise before the fancy as pictures of actual memory. We see her knitting beside the fire on a winter-day, and Cowper writing opposite; hear her friendly expostulation when he overtasked his mind, and

see the smile with which she 'restored his fiddle,' when rest made it safe to resume the pen. We follow them with a gaze of affectionate respect as they walk at noon along the gravel-walk, and honor the maternal solicitude that sustains her patient vigils beside the sick-bed of the bard. In imagination we trace her demeanor, as with true female tact she contrived to make the people regard her charge only with reverence. Like a star of peace and promise, beams the memory of this excellent woman upon Cowper's sad history; and Lady Hesketh and 'Sister Anne' are the lesser, but still benignant luminaries of that troubled sky. Such glimpses of woman vindicate her true rights more than all the rhetoric of Mary Wolstonecraft. They prove her claim to higher respect than can attach to the trophies of valor or genius. They exhibit her in all the dignity of pure affection, in the discharge of duties and the exercise of sentiment more exalted than the statesman or soldier can ever boast. They throw around Olney more sacred associations than those which consecrate Vaucluse. Not to a selfish passion, not to ambitious display, not to petty triumphs did these women minister, but to a kindred nature whose self-sustaining energies had been weakened, to a rare spirit bereft of a hope, to a noble heart overshadowed by despair. It was an office worthy of Angels—and even on earth was it thus fulfilled.

It is not surprising that Byron denied to Cowper the title of poet. To an impassioned imagination, the tone of his writings cannot but appear subdued even to absolute tameness. There are, however, in his poems flights of fancy, fine comparisons and beautiful descriptive sketches, enough to quicken and impart singular interest to the 'still life' so congenial to his muse. He compared her array not inaptly to a quaker-costume. Verse was deliberately adopted by Cowper at a mature age, as a medium of usefulness. His poetry is not therefore the overflowing of youthful feeling, and his good judgment probably warned him to avoid exciting themes, even had his inclination tended in that direction. He became a lay-preacher in numbers. His object was to improve men, not like the bard of Avon by powerfully unfolding their passions, nor like Pope by pure satire; but rather through the quiet teachings of a moralist. He discourses upon hunting, cards, the abuses of the clerical profession and other prevailing follies, like a man who is convinced of the vanity of worldly pleasure and anxious to dispel its illusions from other minds. His strain is generally characterized by good-sense, occasionally enlivened by quiet humor, and frequently exhibits uncommon beauties of style and imagery. It is almost invariably calm. Moral indignation is perhaps the only very warm sentiment with which it glows. It may be questioned whether Cowper's previous experience was the best adapted to educate a reformer. He was

a member of a society of wits, called the 'Non-sense Club;' and from what we can learn of his associates, it is highly probable that the moderate pursuit of pleasure was a spectacle very unfamiliar to his youth. Hence, perhaps, the severe light in which he viewed society, and the narrow system upon which he judged mankind.

'Truths that the theorist could never reach,
And observation taught me I would teach.'

It is obvious that the poet's observation was remarkably nice and true in certain departments of life, but his early diffidence, few companions and retiring habits must have rendered his view of social characteristics, partial and imperfect. His pictures of spiritual pride and clerical foppery are indeed life-like, but prejudice blinded him to many of the redeeming traits of human nature, and the habit of judging all men by the mere light of his own consciousness prevented him from realizing many of their real wants, and best instincts. His notions on the subject of music, the drama, life in cities, and some other subjects, were one-sided and unphilosophical. He generally unfolds the truth, but it is not always the whole truth. There is, too, a poetic remedy for human error, that his melancholy temper forbade his applying. It is derived from the religion of hope—faith in man—the genial optimism which some later bards have delightfully advocated. To direct men's thoughts to the redeeming aspects of life, to celebrate the sunshine and the flower as types of Eternal Goodness and symbols of human joy, to lead forth the sated reveller and make him feel the glory of the stars and the freshness of the breeze, to breathe into the ear of toil the melodies of evening, to charm the votary of fashion by endearing portraiture of humble virtue—these have been found moral specifics, superior to formal expostulation or direct appeal. Cowper doubtless exerted a happy influence upon his contemporaries, and there is an order of mind to which his teachings are peculiarly adapted. He speaks from the contemplative air of rural retirement. He went thither "to muse on the perishing pleasures of life," to prove that

The only amaranthine flower on earth,
Is Virtue; the only lasting treasure, Truth.

In favor of these principles he addressed his countrymen, and the strain was worthier than any that had long struck their ears. Gradually it found a response, confirmed the right intentions of lowly hearts, and carried conviction to many a thoughtful youth. There was little, however, in this improved poetry, of the "richest music of humanity," or of the electrifying cheerfulness of true inspiration, and hence, much of it has lost its interest, and the bard of Olney is known chiefly by a few characteristic gems of moral meditation and graphic portraiture. Our obligations then to Cowper as a teacher, are comparatively limited. He was conscious of a good design, and felt himself a sincere advocate.

But nobler yet, and nearer to the skies,
To feel one's self in hours serene and still,
One of the spirits chosen by Heaven to turn
The sunny side of things to human eyes.

The most truly poetic phases of Cowper's verse, are the portions devoted to rural and domestic subjects. Here he was at home and alive to every impression. His disposition was of that retiring kind that shrinks from the world, and is free and at ease only in seclusion. To exhibit himself, he tells us, was 'mortal poison;' and his favorite image to represent his own condition, was drawn from the touching instinct which leads a wounded deer to quit the herd and withdraw into lonely shades to die. He desired no nearer view of the world than he could gain from the 'busy map of life'—a newspaper; or through the 'loop-holes of retreat,' to see the stir of the great Babel and not feel the crowd. I knew a lady whose feelings in this respect strongly resembled those of Cowper, who assured me, she often wished herself provided like a snail, that she might peep out securely from her shell, and withdraw in a moment from a stranger's gaze behind an impenetrable shield. Such beings find their chief happiness in the sacred privacy of home. They leave every public shrine to keep a constant vigil at the domestic altar. There burns without ceasing the fire of their devotion. They turn from the idols of fashion, to worship their household gods. The fire-side, the accustomed window, the familiar garden bound their desires. To happy domestic influences, Cowper owed all the peace of mind he enjoyed. He eulogized the blessing with grateful sincerity.

O friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue and to peace,
Domestic life in rural leisure passed!

"Constant occupation without care"—was his ideal of existence. Even Winter was endeared by its home-enjoyments.

I crown thee king of intimate delights
Fire-side enjoyments, homeborn happiness.

It was here that the poet struck a responsive chord in the hearts of his countrymen. He sung of the Sofa—a memorial of English comfort;—of Home—the castle of English happiness and independence;—of the Newspaper—the morning and evening pastime of Englishmen;—of the 'hissing urn' and 'the cups that cheer, but not inebriate'—the peculiar luxury of his native land;—of the 'parlor-twilight,' the 'winter evening,' the 'noon-day walk'—all subjects consecrated by national associations. Goldsmith and Thompson are the poets of rural life, and Cowper completes the charming triumvirate. The latter's love for the country was absolute.

I never framed a wish, or formed a plan,
That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene.

His description of the pursuits of horticulture, winter landscapes, and rustic pleasures, eloquently

betray this peculiar fondness for the scenery and habits of rural life. Many of these pictures are unique, and constitute Cowper's best title to poetic fame.

NUN'S WORK.

Those roses seem before me now—
They were most beauteous flowers—
Bright as if freshly from a bough
Of Ghazepoor's glorious bowers.

The scarce-unfolded petals kept
Half hid—like nature's art—
The pure, the perfect blush that slept
Deep in the glowing heart.

Fresh, as if dews around them stole,
And healthful morning air,
E'en fragrancy—the rose's soul—
Viewless, seem'd breathing there.

And linen, frail as gossamer,
Beside the roses lay,
As robes some Fay had broider'd her
Against her bridal day.

"*They were Nun's work;*"—a paradise
Of loveliness and bliss
Rose, like some charm-work, to mine eyes—
Wondrous, in world like this.

And youth's most bright, romantic dreams,
So often theme for mirth,
Had then, beneath truth's sober beams,
I thought, a place on earth,

Where Innocence and Beauty dwelt
Midst fancy-work and flowers,
As sin, nor pain, nor grief were felt
In this wide world of ours.

And long unbroken was the spell—
Nun's work, so frail and bright,
Of some Elysium, still, would tell,
Where all was love and light.

And many a sigh my heart did breathe
That fate would point the way,
And I—a Nun—might garlands wreath—
My life a rosy day.

Since then I've known the charities
Of mother, wife and friend;
Those sweet and sacred sympathies
With all my being blend:

Thou of the cunning hand—hast thou
Such fountain in thy heart,
As hallows with its sacred flow
Thy sweet and gentle art?

Is thought unfettered as the wind?
Thy heart's affections free?
Bounds high thy pure, elastic mind?
Poor Nun! I pity thee.

Maine.

ELIZA.

THE PAST.

There is no past to the child at play
Who thinketh only of the morrow,
Who ne'er hath bent beneath the sway,
Of e'en the very lightest sorrow.

There is no past to the maiden gay
Who lives in the sunny light of love,
Her world is the present, but away
On fancy's wings to the future she'll rove.

There is a past, to the weary man
As he gazes on his sinless youth,
And glad would restore full half life's span,
To regain its innocence and truth.

There is a past, and a fearful past,
To the sinner on his dying bed,
And mournfully he sighs at the last
For time that so noiselessly hath sped.

There is a past to the saint in heav'n
And he loves each moment to retrace,
While blessing God that the past was giv'n
To make him heir of Eternal Grace.

CORNELIA.

Hartford, Conn.

CULTURE OF THE FINE ARTS.

BY J. K. FISHER.

Painting and Sculpture have not, in this country, received so much attention as Poetry, Music, Architecture, and other arts which contribute to the refinement of society. It is not because they are deemed unworthy of sedulous culture; for, though few of our countrymen have seen examples that could give a just idea of their powers, yet, from the fact that all civilized nations have held them in high esteem, and generally bestowed a liberal patronage upon them, they are convinced that they must possess some qualities of importance.

The reason commonly assigned for our backwardness, is that we are not wealthy; but there must be other causes;—for the Greek republics, with less wealth than we possess, did more than all modern nations together. What may be the excuse for their deficiency, I leave for them to say; but ours, I fear, arises from an indolent proneness to walk, at humble distance, in the footsteps of our transatlantic exemplars;—and this, not because the people want sense and generosity, but because the multitude of leaders, taking their notions of the "rabble" from the writings of foreigners, rate them as mere children in intellect and principle, and govern them by humoring their supposed caprices. The majority of American people have intelligence, and public spirit and wealth enough to do more than all Europe now does for the Arts; and that they have not, like the ancient Greeks, provided themselves with magnificent collections,

is because it never has been proposed to them by those who are accustomed to lead in public affairs.

Works of this nature do not suffer by use, nor much by the effects of time, and millions may enjoy them without their being impaired; and, since their cost is beyond the means of individuals, the purchase of them by combinations is obviously the proper course. This has been attempted by private associations, which would do much if you could make them powerful in numbers and wealth; but this is not done;—probably because there is not confidence, to begin with, in their success and stability. As in war, and in mechanics, so in affairs of this nature, great results do not depend on the actual amount of power, so much as on its concentration; and this principle is well known to these associations, which are formed for the very purpose of bringing into masses the small sums which individuals are willing to pay. But a more extended combination, one whose prominence cannot be doubted, is necessary to inspire confidence; for, though men are ready to contribute liberally if they can believe that others will do the same, so that a decided effect shall result, they are not disposed to join in a small and spiritless effort, which is not likely to survive through its feeble and troublesome non-age. The willingness to contribute is our power, in this case; a guaranty that others shall contribute, is the means to concentrate it. I have made a proposition, addressed more particularly to the citizens of New-York, but which is equally applicable to all parts of the country, in which this condition is embraced in its fullest sense, as it requires every man to pay according to his ability; that is, that the expense be paid from the city treasury, and the institution open free to all. Were a law passed to appropriate a respectable sum, from thirty to a hundred thousand annually, it would soon produce a magnificent collection; and generous individuals, having confidence in its stability, would increase it by donations of such works as a careful policy might not allow the managers to buy. All would aid in its support;—the poor man's pence, and the rich man's shillings, would be merged in an effective mass, capable of purchasing works of magnitude and excellence;—it would be burdensome to none;—it would be beneficial to all; for every one, for the trifle he would pay, would have the *full* use, if not the exclusive use, of property worth a thousand or perhaps a million times the amount of his contribution.

The chief features of my plan are:—to pay the cost from the public treasury: to have the admittance free: to keep it constantly open: to make exchanges, for limited times, with galleries in other cities: and, in order that the funds may not be squandered, to pay but a part—a half or fourth—of the value of each work that is purchased; but to leave the artist at liberty to repurchase it, at any time, for the same price. He would be al-

lowed to set what price he pleased on his works; and when sold, he would of course receive the balance. This patronage would *sustain* artists;—to be *remunerated*, they must wait for the slow but certain growth of their reputation: and, while it is known that the multitude of works are of the quality which captivates most at first sight, and palls on acquaintance, no real artist will wish the public to act on the principle of paying the full value, to the encouragement of quacks, and the certain injury of art. No great artist is avaricious, though he may feel the want of money, and know that his efficiency depends on having enough for his convenience; and when this is sure, he is glad to dismiss it from his thoughts. It is, however, necessary to the true interest of art, that there should be no compulsory sales, at very small prices; but, in bargaining for such works, the consideration of a purchaser should be, not whether some needy artist will be obliged to abate his price, when such and such bills are due, but whether the sum he demands can, in any other way, bring a greater amount of pleasure. In this way, the public and the artist—I mean the true and skilful artist—would mutually accommodate each other: he would allow for the uncertainty of taste, and give the *use* of his works for less than an absolute equivalent: they would furnish him the means of present efficiency, and preserve his works in the best place for their merits to be discovered; and whenever a purchaser would give their value, whether in the artist's old age, or after his death, they would give to him or his family the remainder of his due.

There would be many other advantages attending an institution that should keep works constantly before the public; not the least important, the encouragement of true criticism, and the certain ultimate exposure of that which is false. At present, you have exhibitions open but six or eight weeks—not long enough to distinguish the good from the bad—which allows superficial critics an opportunity to mislead the inexperienced. It is known, too, that praise is purchased by good wine, oysters, pastry, dinners and suppers, and, when artists cannot afford these, by portraits: and, as mean wretches will thrust themselves into every profession, especially where an ample chance of deception exists, cliques will be formed for the purpose of reciprocating praise, and thus staggering those newspaper writers who are not confident of their own judgment. All this imposture would recoil on its authors, if a few years time were allowed; but now, before you discover the trick, the productions are removed.

Another advantage is, that strangers, who visit cities at all seasons, would see whatever artists might have for sale. There is now no place, constantly open, where you can see works of American artists; but you may find abundance of very *old* paintings, which will be shown you as the

works of Raffaele, Titian, Correggio, and other great masters. It is not to be wondered that people who believe the stories of these intolerable knaves, and mistake their "undoubted originals" for examples of what the fine arts are capable of, should regard them as useless. A public gallery, by developing taste, and reforming criticism, if it should prompt men to spend more than they now do, would give them their money's worth; and generally, it would be found that to spend a hundred dollars judiciously is not so bad as throwing away fifty. The proprietors of works of art, who have purchased them for the gratification of their taste, may sometimes wish to sell them, or be compelled to do so; and there is no reason why they should not have the same opportunity that artists enjoy, provided the works are respectable. This privilege, while it would for the time enrich the public collection, would save this part of a private estate from forced and disadvantageous sale, and provide the owners with such a part of the value as would suit the objects and interest of the institution to pay, and leave the remainder until their merits should find them purchasers.

Besides these more direct advantages, there would be others of great importance—the motives which were inculcated when the arts flourished, and which may have been the chief cause of their flourishing,—the love of fame, honor, and of the arts themselves—are not now presented so effectively as they would be if such an institution existed. The fame of the present time, is of an impure character, and seems to obey no certain law, but rather to be at the disposal of intriguers and hirelings, who would burn the very temple of fame to roast their own eggs; the hasty observer, therefore, is not encouraged to strive for it, as he would if there were an opportunity of refuting the errors of criticism. It is not the *pecuniary* effect of fame that an artist covets—that would be avarice—so much as the esteem of those whose society he wishes to enjoy. It supersedes the want of money, to a great extent; and it is the passport to the society of talented men—the only kind a man of genius can be very desirous of. Give him, then, a chance of obtaining this passport, and he will not seek admission into the society of those who are allured by expensive display—as otherwise he may be tempted to do—for some kind he must and will have. If his productions could remain constantly in a public gallery, which every man of taste would occasionally visit, they would in time make an impression on such persons, if they possessed much power of pleasing; the abuse, if such there should be, of ignorant and malicious critics, and the ascendancy of meretricious rivals, would be forgotten, or remembered only to excite a stronger feeling in favor of merit that had been neglected in consequence of them; and he would be encouraged by a prospect of the best reward that man can be-

stow,—an inducement which, in the non-age of human virtue, is too important to be left out of the account.

He might, also, hope for a higher fame than that which brings the good wishes and moderated respect of contemporaries, if the arts were cultivated with anything that might deserve the name of zeal; for he would not need to swerve, for a livelihood, from the walk of art he had chosen; and he would have that constant training without which the greatest genius never acquired skill. With these advantages he might, with reason to warrant him, attempt to rival or surpass the artists of Greece and Italy; but now, when he sees the great works of thirty centuries, and knows they were done by men who, with the highest genius, combined every advantage of education, and constant exercise in the highest branches of art, with means of providing every convenience—when he contrasts with it his own condition—he cannot, without more courage than falls to the lot of man, persevere in so arduous an undertaking. I know something of the spirit of modern artists, having studied with some hundreds of them in the English Academy; and I do not believe one in fifty deems it possible to equal, much less to surpass, the great masters: I am certain that one who should openly speculate on the chances of doing such a feat himself, would be laughed at as the most conceited of mortal men. Even the most talented among them, say that great works cannot be produced without a liberal government patronage, like that of Greece, and the church and princes—of Italy sufficient in amount to give constant exercise, not to one or a few, but to a numerous school; for no great artists ever did rise among a multitude of poor ones, and there is no authority for supposing one ever will. The advocates of "natural talent" may point to isolated cases, some Phidias from the marble-yard, or some poet from the cobbler's bench—and affirm that they are examples to the contrary; or, sometimes, they will make history for the occasion, and say that Homer, Milton, Giorgioni, Leonardo da Vinci, and others, great and small, are instances of genius bursting forth spontaneously: in short, there is a class of wranglers who, relying on the ignorance or forbearance of those they address, will take any easy method of maintaining the notions which they got, they know not when or from whom, but probably from their nurses;—it therefore is necessary to scrutinize the facts which may be advanced to show that genius, like instinct, requires no example to develope it, or instruction to direct it. No one has authority to say that the world, during the dark ages, had no men of great natural capacity, or that nature was unusually bountiful in the period of Grecian science; when it can be shown that the spirit—the freedom and ambition—of the two were so different, the surrounding examples

so totally dissimilar, as to account, with the highest probability, for the greatness of the one and the degradation of the other. Give the artists, then, if you wish to be benefitted by their services, a fair field and a glorious task. There are no mighty "lions in the path;"—there is no desperate poverty, no unwonted deficiency of intellect:—nothing is wanted but to wake up and soberly consider whether we must continue to trudge on slowly, behind the countries whose institutions we have rejected for those of a democratic character, because we hold freedom to be the parent of excellence. We have power enough: all we want is concentrated action.

I need not say how much it would improve the range and tone of conversation, to have such a place of resort open during the day and evening, where friends could meet, and comment on the pictured history of other times. The leading events of any period, represented with due regard to historic correctness, would, as the basis of a conversation, be far better than the printed volume; they would aid the recollection, and often convey ideas more clearly than words could do; and the constant incentive they would offer would tend to make those *acquainted* with history who had merely *read* it, and those familiar who were merely *acquainted*. The philosophic reflections; the comparison of one time with another, and all times with our own; the application to the purposes of life, which make history valuable;—these would be educed; and the young would acquire such a pleasing foretaste and general idea as would allure them to the study, so prepared that the usual barrenness would no longer be complained of. Whoever has read the historic novels of Scott, and afterwards the real history of the events he pictures, must have felt an interest, an excitement of curiosity, and formed a clearer comprehension of them than he would have done, had he, like most who read "for improvement," gone to it without his affections. The ignorant even, who seem born to provoke booksellers, would catch a smattering which might serve to entertain them, and perhaps might at length have their attention excited. The antiquities also, the manners, costume, architecture, the mythologic and poetic fictions, the scenery and animals of a refined people, all would be interesting and instructive to those who regard anything more than the mere business part of history. What materials we have for such works, what mines of ancient remains, none can conceive who have not been in the museums of Europe. How much more might easily be collected, if there were enterprise to send a few architects and painters to Egypt, Greece, Asia Minor, and other countries, no one, perhaps, can tell; but the report of travellers would seem to promise a rich harvest. Dream, for a moment, of the temples of Egypt, restored by learned architects, and represented on

canvass by excellent painters; and let them be peopled with their ancient occupants!

It would have the happiest effect on the *manners* of the less favored portion, to be in the way of observing the educated and refined. At present there is no effective place of amusement that is not too expensive for the poor man; consequently, since he must have excitement, he goes to the only place where he is welcome—the drinking shop—to meet the most pernicious examples, and temptations which few are found able to resist. Some object to a public gallery, for the very reason that it will bring these people in their way, and if it proposed a companionship, there would be abundant cause for objection; but no intrusion, or improper conduct whatever occurs in the galleries of Europe, where the whole populace are admitted on certain days. It would be like the public street, excepting that it would be free from noise and disorder; and no person of charitable feelings, or of real dignity, could be otherwise than pleased to see the humblest citizens enjoying the benefits of such a place. If it is pretended that the American "rabble" cannot be kept in order, let those who make that pretence say what proportion of the people properly belong to that class—how many of them take pleasure in misbehaving, and how many public men would be required to carry them before the magistrates, to be dealt with according to law.

I have before said that the people would readily adopt such a proposition, if it were clearly explained, and brought before them at the polls; but there are many who do not believe them so liberal. There is a notion, prevalent with some, that the great mass are insensible to the beautiful, and unwilling to support liberal institutions, especially if they pertain to the fine arts. All their experience proves this, they tell you. They have got up exhibitions, and made a famous noise; yet the people took no notice of them. They have indeed! but their shows were not worth a poor man's penny, yet they have demanded twenty-five cents for a single admittance, and fifty for a season of two months or less; and because the people were not content with this, they conclude that there is no spark of liberality among them. If these croakers will tell how, before they made these experiments on the popular munificence, they found that a nobler and manlier effort should not be made, instead of frittering away time and patience with their small trifling, I shall be much enlightened; if not, I shall regard their words and actions as a verbal and practical calumny, the more disgraceful as they lack originality, and are but the echo and embodiment of the worn-out abuse bestowed on the population of Europe.

We have abjured the sway of hereditary rulers, not for the heavier yoke of popular *caprice*, but for the sovereignty of reason and justice, which

we deemed the multitude able to comprehend. We sought a better government; not to be rid of all government. Who, then, has discovered that our movement was a blunder? or that the mere physico-utilitarian system is what we wanted? What men of transcendent genius are they, who confess that they cannot, with their learning and eloquence, persuade this grovelling multitude to an act of liberality, and dare not propose it, lest they should make themselves unpopular? Ah! they are wise men, and wonderfully original! Let them go on, and make the local elections a mere test of the strength of parties in general politics;—it will make newspapers sell, as it has done before. But the majority—the honest, sensible, decent men, will by-and-bye look to their affairs; and the local contests will be between the friends of order and improvement, and the hangers-back, as such contests always should be. They will no longer endure the stench of slaughter-houses, and the poisonous gases from privies and gutters, the drumming and howling at midnight, nor the king-log administration of whig and loco-foco mayor and aldermen. Why should we care which party these functionaries approve? Tell us whether they will enforce the laws, as they are sworn to do.

Let this city, if no other precedes it, set the example; and every considerable town, nay, every village in the Union, will before long have its collection. The cities once well provided,—the artists well disciplined, the small towns could obtain pictures easily;—they might hire them, if they could not afford to buy; and the village Library or Lyceum would have a gallery over it, where people might sometimes meet on other purposes than ordinary business. The whole matter rests on this mighty point:—have the people enough taste, liberality, patriotism, or public spirit, to pay annually from five to thirty cents, according to their respective means, for so noble an object?

New-York City.

TO A WITHERED ROSE.

Pale flower! so lovely in thy bloom,
How quickly have thy tints decayed!
Thy withered leaves a lesson teach,
And tell how Earth's bright objects fade.

Emblem of life's deceitful hopes,
Thy sweets but bloom one transient day—
So lovely whilst their brilliance lasts,
But ah! how soon they're past away!

And yet a fragrance lingers still
Within thy early blighted leaves,
And sweetly breathe thy odors round
To soothe the heart which o'er thee grieves.

And thus, when all Earth's hopes are dead,
And mourning o'er their tomb we bend,
The Spirit's fragrant odors rise,
And, crushed on earth—to heaven ascend! M.

THE STAGE.

It is a truth, which, I think, may be collected from history, that it often happens that those agents which, when properly applied, are the most powerful for effecting good, are, when misapplied, its most dangerous enemies. The most complete idea which we can form of a perfect government, is one where a king reigns, who is mild and moderate in the exercise of his power—wise and prudent in the management of public affairs—and who makes the happiness of his subjects the sole object of his solicitude. It is when the regal office is thus administered, that it fulfils that sublime idea which is given of it in the Scriptures, where it is represented under the "image of a very large and strong tree, whose top reaches to heaven, and whose branches extend to the extremities of the earth. It supplies a grateful shade, and secure retreat to beasts of every kind; animals both wild and tame are safely lodged under its hospitable branches—the birds of heaven dwell in the boughs of it, and it supplies food to all living creatures." Hence we see, that when the Lord wished to bless his chosen people, he sent Cyrus to reign among them; and, by endowing that prince with qualities suitable to his high station, made him the dispenser of peace and happiness over the whole nation. But we find that this same form of government, which, in its purity, is the fruitful source of blessings of every kind, is, in its perverted state, the most formidable instrument of cruelty and oppression. When in the hands of a mild and humane prince, it forms a safeguard and defence for a people—particularly for the poor and weak, who may find, beneath the shade and protection of royalty, a sweet peace and tranquillity; but when wielded by a man who, disregarding the happiness of his subjects, is prompted by no other motives but those of interest or ambition, it falls like a pestilence upon a land. If Cyrus was a blessing to the Medes and Persians, Nero was a curse to Rome. History abounds with examples confirming this principle. What is superstition but the corruption of Christianity? The same feeling, which now prompts the Christian to kneel at the altar of his faith, prompted the blind Egyptian, two thousand years ago, to worship with equal devotion and veneration at the shrine of his Isis and Osiris. That, which, in its purity, is acknowledged to be the greatest gift ever bestowed by God on man, is, in its perverted state, a fruitful fountain of crime and ignorance. At its touch, learning has withered; civilization has fled before it; and, whenever it has been admitted, it has discovered itself to be a Pandora's box, filled with disease and death. I think, then, that the conclusion is correct—viz., that it often happens that those agents, which, when properly applied, are the most effective instruments for good, are, when misapplied, its most dangerous enemies.

Under this class of agents may be included the Stage. It is formidable, whether for good, or for evil. When in the early days of Greece, it was enlisted on the side of morality and virtue, they flourished under its influence; but now that it has turned traitor to their cause, and joined the opposing ranks, it has become their most fearful enemy. Now, the question has often been asked, whether or not theatrical representations are beneficial to the morals of a people? If the question meant to be agitated is, whether theatrical amusements in their original design, as they existed during their infancy, in Greece, are beneficial, I answer affirmatively. But if, as I presume is the case, the question is intended to be applied to theatrical amusements, as they are now found, I answer in the negative; for I propose to show in what follows, that modern theatrical amusements are but corruptions and abuses of the original plan; and that although the fountain is pure, yet that the stream has

become corrupted in its course, and is pestilential and deadly to every land through which it flows.

Before proceeding to give a brief sketch of the Stage as it formerly existed—for which I shall be indebted to Rollin—I would allude to one great fundamental difference between Ancient and Modern scenical representations. I refer to the distinct passions of the human heart which are addressed. The two great principles for moving the passions among the ancients, were those of terror and pity. These they conceived to be the soul of tragedy. They disdained to address any less noble feeling. As yet, the whining tones of the lover, and his puling sentimentalism, were of no repute among them, and were never admitted into their choice pieces. It was not until the time of Corneille—who was the first who brought French tragedy to any perfection—that the passion of love was held in any estimation. He found a people enamored of love and romance, and, ambitious of popularity, fell into the predominant taste of the age. Since his day that passion has become the ruling spring in every play, and essential to its success upon the Stage. Nothing so much delights a *modern* audience, as to hear a lover whispering soft words into the ear of his mistress, or sighing like a furnace at her cruelty and inconsistency.

When we contrast theatres as we now find them, with the appearance which they exhibited two thousand years ago, they can scarce be identified. We cannot conceive how institutions so diametrically opposed to each other in their nature, and in their effects, could have sprung from a common origin. The child which in its infancy was an example of morality and virtue, and held out the brightest promises for manhood, has, in its growth, been corrupted and demoralized—its whole nature perverted, and its energies misapplied.

The first mention which we find made of a theatre, is at Olympia. We are told that there was at the Olympic games, “a theatre, in which the orators, historians and poets of Greece, made trial of their capacities, and submitted their productions to the censure and judgment of the public.” At these games, the combat was not only physical but mental. The mind as well as the eye was feasted. Lucian tells us that there were assembled here all the poets, orators and first geniuses of Greece, to contend for the prizes. Philosophers, historians, rhetoricians, sophists—all repaired to these games to publish their performances. It was here that Herodotus first read his history to assembled Greece; and it was received with so much applause, that the names of the Nine Muses were given to the nine books which composed his work. With so much eagerness were these prizes sought, and in such high estimation were they held, that kings were sometimes known to lay aside their dignity and enter the lists: for we learn that Dionysius, believing himself to be the first poet of his age, composed several pieces, which he caused to be read at Olympia. Alcibiades did not consider that an Olympic crown detracted in the least from the lustre of those laurels which he had won in the service of his country.

But the emulation and zeal which was exhibited at Olympia, was nothing when compared with that which existed at Athens. Theatres were not then, as they now are, under the charge of individuals who use them as instruments of private aggrandizement. They were the property of the state, and, under its supervision and guardianship were employed as agents for improving public morals, and refining public taste. The doors were thrown open to every one—every citizen was entitled to a place at these public scenical representations. The government paid for him, and every inducement was held out to secure his attendance. At any rate, he was present by possibility and legal fiction—therefore a place must be provided for him. Hence it is that we are not surprised, when we learn that

the Athenian theatre was adapted to an audience of thirty thousand souls. Since, then, the ancient theatres, unlike the modern, were under the guardianship of the state, and were used as instruments for the dissemination of pure morality and refined taste, we may readily conceive that the greatest care was taken in the selection of the pieces which were to be exhibited. Hence we find that “judges were appointed to decide upon the merit of the tragedies and comedies; and that performance which had the most voices, was declared victorious—received the crown as such, and was represented, with all possible pomp, at the public expense.” No piece was ever presented to the people until it had passed through this ordeal, and was purged of every thing which could corrupt good principles, or offend the most delicate taste. The effects of this system, as might be anticipated, were in the highest degree beneficial. Under its influence, morality flourished—the genius of the people exhibited itself in the most dazzling manner—love of eloquence and poesy—taste for the sciences—justness of sentiment—elegance of ear, and delicacy in all the refinements of language, were carried to greater perfection than in any other nation upon earth. It is said, that a poor woman who lived by selling herbs at Athens, discovered Theophrastus to be a stranger by a single word which he used in expressing himself. Rollin, in his “Introduction” to Ancient History remarks, that “one cannot sufficiently admire the extreme delicacy expressed by the Athenians on several occasions, and their solicitude to preserve the reverence due to morality, virtue, decency and justice.” He states in illustration of this reflection, that “Euripides having put into the mouth of Bellephron a pompous panegyric upon riches, which concluded with this thought—*Riches are the supreme good of the human race, and with reason excite the admiration of gods and men*,—the whole theatre cried out against these expressions, and he would have been banished at once, if he had not desired to have the sentence respited until the conclusion of the piece, in which this advocate for riches perished miserably.” Indeed it seems that so great was their admiration of virtue, and so strong their detestation for vice, that nothing in detraction from the former, or in extenuation of the latter, could be tolerated by them. On one occasion, as the players were pronouncing this verse of *Æschylus*,

“’Tis his desire

Not to appear, but to be the great and good,”

the whole theatre rose, and, with one accord, applied it to Aristides.

But what a different spectacle does the Stage exhibit at the present day! Do we find any of this veneration for virtue, and detestation for vice, as formerly? Did we ever hear of such a thing as one of our *modern* players being hissed from the stage for uttering an immoral sentiment? Indeed are not such sentiments rather encouraged and applauded, and almost demanded by public taste? What a truly palatable entertainment for a *modern* audience would be a poem in commendation of virtue—a satire upon vice, or an eulogy in honor of some soldier or statesman, who had done great service to his country! One of your fashionable female opera-dancers, with forehead pale with cream, and blushing to her eye-brows in rouge—with her flesh-colored pants, and gauze trappings, tripping about upon her “light fantastic toe,” and emulating in the apish distortions of her body, constitutes a much more dainty repast. They gain much more encouragement from the merit of their heels than of their heads. We are told that one who jumps up, and flourishes her toes three times before she touches ground, may have three hundred a-year—she who flourishes them four times, gets four hundred; but she who arrives at five is inestimable, and may command what salary she thinks proper. Acting, doubtless, on the principle that a

woman is "most adorned when least adorned," the whole cumbrous appendage of dress, with its flounce and furbelow, has been entirely discarded, and even the simple fig-leaf of Mother Eve has been laid aside as a superfluity. In this respect, at least, their efforts to be *natural* have not proved entirely vain. Yes! theatres are no longer what they were. They have been abused and perverted. The stream in its course has become corrupted and polluted. From being powerful agents for the improvement of public morality and public taste, they have become the instruments of their destruction and overthrow—from being schools for virtue, they have become sinks of pollution, in which too many of the unhappy youths of our land have been lost forever.

But to return from this digression. While Tragedy was thus busily employed in advancing the cause of morality and virtue, by holding up for imitation the characters of those who possessed them, Comedy was not idle in her own way. The *ends* aimed at were identical. The difference was in the *means* by which they were to be attained. Tragedy sought to do good by extolling virtue—Comedy by satirizing vice. Wherever it lurked, whether in the hut, the palace, or the temple, Comedy would hunt it out, and drag it from its hiding-place. None were exempt. Generals, statesmen, magistrates—even the gods themselves were frequently sacrificed to public derision. Often was the priest torn from the altar, and his character openly anatomized upon the stage for the amusement of an Athenian audience. Horace, in his fourth satire, forcibly describes the character of comedy at the time of which we are speaking.

"With Aristophane's satiric rage,
When ancient comedy amused the stage,
Or Eupolis, or Cratinus' wit,
And others that all-licensed poem writ:
None, worthy to be shown, escaped the scene,
No public knave, or thief of lofty mien:
The loose adulterer was drawn forth to sight;
The secret murderer trembling lurked the night;
Vice played itself, and each ambitious spark;
All boldly branded with the poet's mark."

Thus we see that none escaped. Every one "worthy to be shown," rich and poor, high and low, were abandoned to the poet's "satiric rage;" and "all was well received, provided the comedy was diverting, and the Attic salt not wanting." Nor was this done by *indirect* allusion. The subject of the satire, whoever he was, was dragged upon the stage, and there exposed in his *own proper name and dress*; for we are told that "it (Comedy) represented all transactions, with the name, gesture, and likeness in masks, of whomever it thought proper to sacrifice to public derision." The temerity of these men is astonishing. Often would they make the subjects of their raillery persons who were the principal characters in the state, and were the greatest favorites of the people, when they discovered in them qualities unworthy their admiration. Cleon having returned on one occasion unexpectedly triumphant, was received with the warmest enthusiasm, and cried up as the greatest general of the age. Aristophanes knowing him to be a bad man, and not being in the least awed by his great power, determined to place him in his true light, and made him the subject of a comedy. When his piece was completed, no one of the players daring to expose himself to the ill-will of so powerful an enemy, he was compelled to represent the character himself. In this comedy, the poet, notwithstanding the unbounded popularity and power of Cleon, accused him of embezzling the public revenues—of being cruel and avaricious—of deceiving the people; and ended by denying him the credit of his victories by giving it to his inferior officers. Many other instances of like boldness are on record, where the chief men have been dragged from their high places, and exposed to public scorn and derision.

This continued to be the case until Lysander usurped the government, and placed it in the hands of the Thirty Tyrants. We are told that then "the calling persons by their names upon the stage was prohibited; but poetical ill-nature soon found means of eluding the intention of the law, and of making amends for the restraint which was imposed upon it, by the necessity of using feigned names." But when Alexander the Great made himself master of Greece, by the defeat of the Thebans, this liberty was taken away, and the poets were excluded entirely from participation in public affairs. From that time, comedy became "only an imitation of private life, and brought nothing upon the stage but feigned names and fictitious adventures."

"In this new glass, w'ilst each himself surveyed,
He sat with pleasure, though himself was played;
The miser grinn'd whilst avarice was drawn,
Nor thought the faithful likeness was his own;
His own dear self no imaged fool could find,
But saw a thousand other fops designed."

Now, if we will but contrast this brief and very imperfect sketch of the ancient Stage with its present appearance, we cannot but observe the complete revolution which has taken place. The institution has entirely changed sides. Deserting the ranks of decency and virtue, it has allied itself with the powers of evil. As to the *causes* of this change—without attempting to seek them in that tendency to decay which all human institutions seem to exhibit as they advance in age—they may, perhaps, be in part attributable to the different hands into which the Stage has fallen. Formerly it was a public institution. It was under the protection of the state, and was used by it as an instrument for conveying useful instruction to the people—for exciting their patriotism, and for improving public morality and public taste;—thus making it a link in that great chain of causes which conspired to make Athens the nursery of learning and the arts, and the admiration of the world. But now it has fallen into the hands of individuals, and is used by them merely as an agent for the advancement of their selfish ends. The objects having changed, as a consequence the means for effecting them must change. When the encouragement of morality and learning were the ends proposed, we have seen that the most scrupulous regard was paid to the pieces which were presented to the people; and nothing was exhibited which had the minutest tendency to detract from that veneration which is due to virtue, or which could offend the most delicate taste. But when it became a private agent for the accumulation of wealth, this care and regard was lost sight of. So the proprietors obtained their object, which was emolument, they were not over-nice about the means employed. As it was to the people that they were to look for patronage and support, it became their study, as it was their interest, to indulge, and often to anticipate, their slightest whims. Living upon the vices and corruptions of the community, and drawing their nourishment from the sores and festers of the public body, instead of applying the probe at once, it was their aim to excite and stimulate the wounds with which it might be afflicted. When they saw any disease eating at its heart, instead of acting the part of the true physician, and prescribing healthful medicines, they would administer their noxious drugs and poisons to stimulate it in its course, in order that when the frame was prostrate and helpless, vampire-like, they might fatten on its life-blood. However beneficial then the *ancient* Stage might have been, I cannot but think that *modern* theatrical representations are prejudicial to morality, and the interests of society.

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Westmoreland, Va.

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